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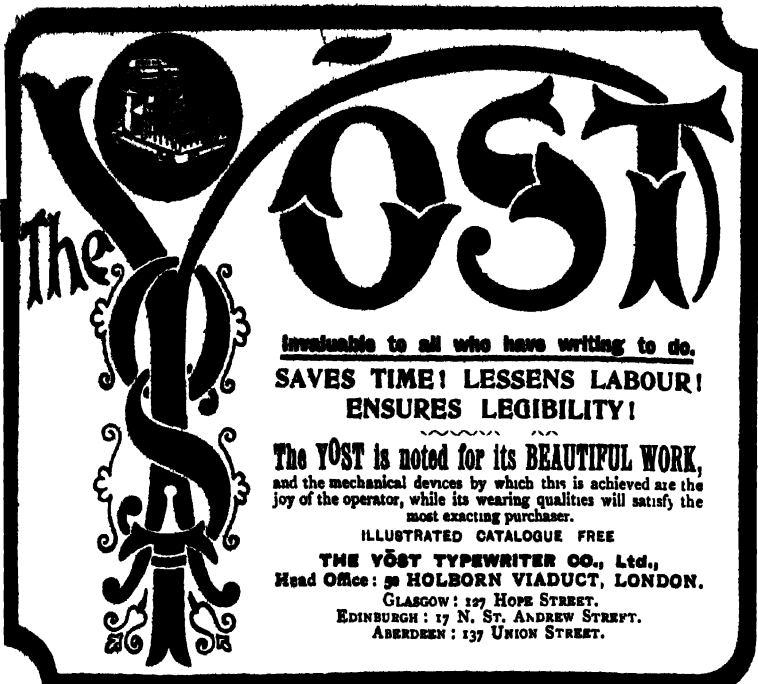
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THE  
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1902.

N<sup>o</sup>. CCCC I.

ART. I.—*L'Empire Libéral : Etudes, Récits, Souvenirs.* Par  
EMILE OLLIVIER. In six volumes. Paris: Garnier  
Frères, Libraires-Éditeurs.

THE inner history of the Second Empire is gradually acquiring distinctness. The men who were associated with its fortunes have given us, one after another, their reminiscences or their criticisms. The Duc de Persigny, M. Thouvenel, the Duc de Gramont, and M. Benedetti are only prominent examples of statesmen who have been anxious to explain their shares in the fortunes or misfortunes of the Emperor. Writers like M. Maxime du Camp and M. de la Guéronnière have thrown light on portions of the history. Novelists like Victor Hugo, the brothers Margueritte, and M. Zola have told the story of the circumstances in which the Empire had its birth, and of the catastrophe which overwhelmed it at its close. Historians like M. Rothan have illustrated important passages in the diplomacy of the reign. M. de la Gorce is summing up with admirable impartiality and clearness the annals of the Second Empire; and, finally, M. Ollivier is recording the transition from autocratic to constitutional government and, as we presume, intending to offer some apology for his own share in the events which directly led to the crowning disaster of Sedan. The reader who is acquainted with these and other similar works ought to have no difficulty in understanding the history of France during the reign of the Third Napoleon. ~~But~~ <sup>For</sup> ~~that~~, indeed; the many years before the history of England from 1850 to 1870 is told with the knowledge, the perspicacity, and the eloquence with which M. de la Gorce has related the history of France during the same period.

If M. Ollivier's six volumes are the latest contribution to our knowledge of the subject, they are, at present, incomplete. The narrative is brought down only to 1864; and it is much more concerned with the autocratic government of the first half of the reign than with l'Empire Libéral which gives a title to the work. Many of the most interesting chapters in the book have already appeared in the pages of a great French review; and, perhaps in consequence, the book as a whole is deficient in what an artist would call its 'values.' But we have hardly the right to expect the proportions which are required in a history in a work which professes only to consist of studies, narratives, and reminiscences. The latter word is, perhaps, M. Ollivier's excuse for inserting a much fuller account of his own proceedings in the French legislature than would be justifiable in a mere history of the reign.

Notwithstanding these defects the book is full of interest. M. Ollivier has been able, from his own experiences, to add to our knowledge of the period, and to throw fresh light on the character of the Emperor. We are far from thinking that Napoleon III. was either a great statesman or a great ruler. He committed many faults which we cannot excuse; he was responsible for many mistakes from the effect of which France was destined to suffer severely. Yet amidst all his faults and all his mistakes we cannot avoid being attracted by his personality. He would probably have been a much more successful monarch if he had been a less generous man. He was no match for the resolute diplomatists with whom, at various stages of his career, he was associated or confronted. He gave himself away at Plombières to Count Cavour: he gave himself away at Biarritz to Count von Bismarck. In the one case the Emperor's weakness was of less importance; for the end at which Count Cavour was aiming was the end which Napoleon himself desired. In the other case it was attended with fatal consequences; for the great Prussian minister played with the Emperor, and, securing for himself all that he desired for Prussia, threw over, one after another, the concessions which the Emperor undoubtedly thought had been secured for France.

In the years of his youth, his captivity, and his exile, the Emperor had carefully considered the policy which he should pursue if he ever attained power. He borrowed from the First Napoleon that doctrine of nationalities which was ultimately destined to lead to the chief success and the crowning

disaster of his reign. The French people had always sympathised with the Italians in their sufferings, and with the Poles in their oppression, and Napoleon had himself taken part in the revolutionary movement in the Romagna in 1830. M. Ollivier categorically asserts that Louis Napoleon had no connexion with the Carbonari, the secret society which, later in his life, he was so often charged with having joined. The reason which he gives for his opinion that the Carbonari had their origin in Naples, and that their organisation did not extend to Tuscany and Rome, those parts of Italy in which Napoleon resided in his youth, does not satisfy us. We readily admit, however, that we have never been able to discover any evidence which has convinced us that Napoleon had joined the Carbonari in his earlier years. There may be grounds for presuming, but, so far as we know, there is no proof, that he joined the society. The allegations of men like Lord Malmesbury and Count Vitzthum to this effect are probably founded on the mere gossip of their contemporaries; and we may perhaps assume that the Emperor would sooner or later have struck a blow for Italy if Orsini's horrible crime had not precipitated his action.

The Emperor, when he went to war in 1859, had a clear idea of what he intended to accomplish. He desired a free, but he had no wish for a united, Italy. He was willing that Piedmont should extend from the Alps to the Adriatic, on the sole condition that the French slopes of the Alps should be ceded to France. But he had no inclination to disturb the existing arrangements either in Central or Southern Italy. France, strengthened by the addition of Savoy and Nice, could view with equanimity an extended Piedmont. But neither France nor her ruler had any relish for a united Italy, with twenty-six millions of inhabitants, on her south-eastern frontier.

The ideas which the Emperor had formed found expression at Villafranca. Alarmed at the rumours of Prussian intervention and the movements of Prussian troops to the Rhine, he thought himself compelled to stop halfway in his march to the Adriatic; but, in other respects, he gave effect to the ideas with which he had commenced the campaign. He arranged that the Italian States should be formed into a confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope; he surrendered Lombardy, which he received from Austria, to his Piedmontese ally; and with some generosity he forbore from exacting the price of his assistance—the incorpo-

ration of Savoy and Nice in France. He thought, in fact, that, as he had only given Piedmont one half the extension which he had foreshadowed at Plombières, he was not entitled to any portion of the reward which he had stipulated should be paid to him on the completion of his whole programme.

In truth, Napoleon rose to his zenith on the day on which he signed this famous treaty. He had never before, he never again, attained so striking a position. For, on that day he stood, beyond dispute, the most powerful man in Europe. He had gone to war for an idea, but for an idea which found favour with all that was best in liberal Europe; he had defeated the army which was supposed to be the most highly organised on the Continent; and he had displayed a moderation in victory which was as creditable to him as his success in arms. Thenceforward it seemed certain that no great change could be effected on the map of Europe without his concurrence. Thenceforward the statesmen of Europe thought it their first business to endeavour to fathom his thoughts, and to forecast his intentions. Even in this country the sense of the power which he had displayed on the battlefield created the panic which Lord Palmerston did so much to encourage, and which Mr. Cobden vainly endeavoured to allay. We sometimes forget that the great Volunteer movement, which has done, and is doing, so much for England, was due to the impression produced by the campaign which was concluded at Villafranca.

Yet at that very moment, when the Emperor might have been forgiven for thinking that fate had declared itself in his favour, and that he might safely rely on the destiny which was still before him, the tide which had borne him to fame and fortune was already turning. During the eleven years in which he had occupied the first place in the French Republic and Empire everything had gone well with him. France had enjoyed an increasing prosperity which was reflected in the new boulevards, new streets, new buildings which were being constructed not only in Paris but in almost every provincial town. Whatever opinion might be formed of the autocratic government which the Emperor had established, there was no doubt that France, as a whole, had derived advantage from the good order which resulted from his rule. The mere fact that he was on the throne, receiving and repaying the visits of contemporary sovereigns, was a proof that he had triumphed over the traditions of 1815, and over the prejudices of European

Courts. The birth of a son had apparently given fresh stability to the Empire, and had given his people a new interest in his dynasty. And yet the writing was already on the wall, if any Daniel had been there to read it. The very campaign which had just concluded so successfully, the very arrangements which he had dictated at Villafranca, were to involve him in difficulties and embarrassments from which he was never to extricate himself. For, if Villafranca saw the Emperor at the height of his power, it saw the commencement of his fall. And in Italy, to use M. de la Gorce's striking language, the fate of the Second Empire was sealed.

In the first place, powerful as he had proved himself on the battlefield, the Emperor was unable to give effect to the arrangements which he had made. He had set a flood in motion which he could not control, and Italy was enabled, in defiance of his will, to carry out the settlement on which she had set her heart. The Emperor had decided that Central Italy should take back her old rulers; and Central Italy showed an increasing disinclination to do anything of the kind. Had the Emperor been endowed with the resolution of Count Cavour, or with the iron determination of Prince Bismarck, he would have insisted on the conditions which he had laid down at Villafranca being fulfilled. No power in Italy could have withstood his will if he had had the courage to enforce it. But Prince Napoleon had told the Emperor of Austria that France would not suffer force to be used to effect the restoration of duke or grand duke. And Lord John Russell was always asking for some definite pledge that France would not employ herself the force which she had refused to allow Austria to exert. Short of force, however, nothing could restore the old system which the Italian campaign had destroyed. There was literally no mean between marching troops into Tuscany and the adoption of Lord John Russell's policy of leaving the Italians to settle their own affairs for themselves. As the months wore on after Villafranca it was accordingly evident that a great military success was likely to be followed by a great diplomatic reverse. The Central States of Italy, against the will of the Emperor, and in defiance of his orders, were, one after another, throwing in their lot with Piedmont; and the Emperor, pledged not to allow Austrian interference, and reluctant to discredit the whole of his Italian policy by employing the arms of France against the Italians, was

compelled to stand by and see Northern and Central Italy consolidate themselves against his will. The Emperor was learning for the first time that the doctrine of nationalities, which it had been so convenient to raise, was very difficult to control. He endeavoured to cover his failure by acquiring fresh boundaries for his own Empire. We do not wish to condemn, if we cannot wholly excuse, the annexation of Nice and Savoy. It was not altogether unreasonable on the Emperor's part to maintain that, if Savoy and Nice were the price which Piedmont had agreed to pay for the extension of her kingdom to the Adriatic, the forfeiture should be exacted if a larger and more populous territory than Venetia were added to Victor Emanuel's dominions in Central Italy. But if, from this point of view, the annexation of Savoy and Nice was excusable, there is no doubt that the act itself increased the Emperor's difficulties. Nothing in his career had done him such good service as the close alliance which he had formed with this country. He was ready to make large sacrifices to maintain the friendly relations with England which he had satisfied himself formed a strong guarantee for the permanence of his rule. And the annexation of Savoy and Nice deprived him, at a single stroke, of this advantage. He never recovered from the effect of the suspicions which the act excited; he never completely regained the confidence of the Prime Minister of England, or the goodwill of the English people. They felt that he had entered on a new policy of extending the bounds of his Empire which might, in the near future, be productive of results opposed to the peace of Europe and the best interests of England.

The course of events, moreover, increased the embarrassments in which the Emperor had been involved in the closing months of 1859 by the attitude of Central Italy, and in which he had involved himself in the opening months of 1860 by the annexation of Nice and Savoy. For, before this controversy was settled, the action of Garibaldi in invading Sicily raised a new issue which could not be otherwise than disquieting to the Emperor. Opposed as he had been throughout to the union of Italy, he saw other Italian provinces abandoned by their old rulers, and prepared to throw themselves into the arms of Piedmont. He tried again to stem the tide which was running steadily against him; and if he had had his own will would have prevented Garibaldi from crossing the Straits of Messina. But this country, through Lord John Russell, kept on repeating the

eternal conclusion that Italy should be left free to settle its own affairs, and the Emperor hesitated to act alone or against the opinion of the ally whose friendship he still desired to preserve. He contented himself with stationing a French fleet at Gaeta to afford a possible refuge for the King of Naples. And this policy only emphasised the failure of his diplomacy. For France, and indeed Europe, received an object-lesson of the Emperor's incapacity. He showed himself opposed to the union of Southern and Northern Italy, yet powerless to prevent it; the crowning act—the capture of Gaeta—was actually accomplished in the presence of the French fleet.

This discomfiture was preceded by an occurrence still more fatal to the prestige of the Empire. The Piedmontese Cabinet considered that it could only prevent Garibaldi's march on Rome by itself invading the Roman provinces. Rome, however, was occupied by a French garrison; the Pope had enlisted in his support volunteers from every Catholic nation; and a French officer, General Lamoricière, had been permitted, against the strong advice of some of Napoleon's own counsellors, to assume the command of the contingent. Thus the invasion of the Romagna involved an attack upon territory whose capital was occupied by a French garrison, and whose frontiers were defended by a force commanded by a French officer. Such a proceeding seemed so dishonourable to France that her Foreign Minister, M. Thouvenel, wished the Emperor to dispatch an ultimatum to Turin; and the Duc de Gramont, the French Ambassador at Rome, inferring that M. Thouvenel spoke the mind of the Emperor, told the Papal Government that the Emperor would not tolerate Piedmontese aggression. The Emperor was thus committed by his agents to the defence of the Pope, and the defeat of the Papal troops seemed to emphasise his inability to resist the march of the Piedmontese. The sovereign of Northern Italy, who knew his own mind and who was supported by his minister, seemed able to defy at every turn the powerful Emperor, who was vibrating between resolution and irresolution, and whose ministers were unable either to guide or influence their master. Italy, so the Emperor had decided, should not be united, and the union of Italy was practically complete. Rome, so the Emperor had promised, should be defended against aggression, and the Pope had been stripped of his richest provinces by the Piedmontese soldiery.

Only a little more than a year had passed since Napoleon

at Villafranca had laid down the conditions on which the question of Italy was to be settled. Every portion of his programme had been torn up. Italian federation had passed out of the possibilities of practical politics, and the union of Italy, notwithstanding the Emperor's opposition, had been almost completely accomplished. Everything that the Emperor had desired had been abandoned; every end which he had resisted had been attained. The victory on the battlefield had been followed by diplomatic disaster, and the Emperor had shown that, if he was still the master of many legions, his will was no longer law.

The discredit into which the Emperor thus fell weakened his authority, and his treatment of the Pope exposed him to severe criticism. Both in the inner circle of the Emperor's Court and in French society there was a difference of opinion on the events which had been thus accomplished. At Court the Empress was passionately devoted to the cause of the Pope, while Prince Napoleon was equally zealous for the union of Italy. The Empress, on the one side, endowed with all the religious fervour of her race, could not even contemplate the desertion of the head of her Church in the hour of his necessity. 'Mort soit, Rome jamais' was her comment on the report that Garibaldi was inviting the Italians to bind themselves under the oath 'Roma o morte.' But, if the Empress was inspired with a passionate desire to save the head of her Church, Prince Napoleon was actuated by at least as strong a determination to extend the rule of his father-in-law. The government of the Pope, so the Prince openly argued in the Senate, was unworthy, effete, and did not deserve a defence. United Italy, moreover, was in need of Rome, and Rome must be surrendered to it. This was the policy which the Emperor ought to pursue, and this was the policy which the Prince believed, notwithstanding all the assurances to the contrary, he would ultimately adopt.

The contrary views which were thus pressed on the Emperor by his wife and his cousin found expression in the country. Catholic and Conservative France—the France to which the Emperor owed his throne, and on whose support he relied for the maintenance of his dynasty—warmly espoused the cause which the Empress was unceasingly pleading. Liberal France, on the contrary—the France which was still suffering from the extinction of liberty and the repression of opinion—as eagerly adopted the views of the Prince. The Emperor found himself in this dilemma.

If he listened to the Prince he exposed himself to the tears of his wife and the reproaches of his supporters. If he attended to the Empress he was liable to be charged with abandoning the cause for which 30,000 French soldiers had laid down their lives in 1859.\* A stronger man than the Emperor would have resolutely faced the difficulties of the situation, and have definitely decided on the policy to be pursued. But the Emperor, throughout his career, always shrank from arriving at a decision on the day which he could defer till the morrow. He could not bring himself either to abandon the Pope or to impose a distinct veto on the aggression of the Italians. His vacillating and uncertain policy secured the support of neither Turin nor Rome, and offended both. The Italians complained that the Emperor's attitude was preventing them from crowning the edifice of a United Italy by giving her Rome as her capital. The Papal Government complained that the presence of a French garrison had prevented it having recourse to other assistance, and had not preserved it from the loss of its territory.†

The Emperor, moreover, was confronted with another difficulty, an indirect legacy of the Italian campaign. In Italy he was the champion of liberty; in France he was the head of an autocratic government. He was practising one principle at home and advocating another abroad. The dilemma which he was thus preparing for himself was pointed out on the eve of the Italian war. 'You are compromising,' said M. Plichon in the French Chamber, 'the internal tranquillity of France. For you cannot be revolutionary in Italy, and remain conservative at home.' 'If you are going to crush the despotic rule of Austria,' said M. Jules Favre on the same occasion, 'my heart, my blood, my life are at your service. But when the victory has been won, I shall claim from the conqueror that he will concede to his own people the liberties which he will have restored to another nation.'

\* In a remarkable interview which he had with M. de Falloux in 1860, the Emperor explained his difficulties by saying, 'I have always been bound to the cause of Italy, and it is impossible for me to turn my guns upon her.' (Memoirs of M. de Falloux, ii. 226.)

† Cardinal Antonelli, on being congratulated on the dismissal of M. Thouvenel, who was in favour of the French troops evacuating Rome at a definite date, replied: 'Non; c'est alors que nous commençons à trembler. Ce sont nos amis qu'on chargera de nous exécuter.' (Le Secret de l'Empereur, ii. 439, note.)

Perhaps the Emperor was himself conscious of the inconsistency of giving liberal institutions to Italy while denying them to France. Perhaps, as M. Ollivier hints, he was a little weary of the burden of empire and anxious to shift some of the load on to other shoulders. Perhaps he was anxious to devote to the Life of Cæsar some of the hours which he had hitherto reserved for affairs. At any rate, he decided to give his legislature a little more power. Verily there seemed little risk in such a step. The election of 1857 had returned only five men ('*Les Cinq*,' as they were called) who were avowedly in favour of a more liberal system of government. The two men, who rapidly became the chief exponents of the five, were M. Jules Favre, who was already known as a capable orator both in the legislature and at the Bar, and M. Emile Ollivier, the author of the volumes whose title we have placed at the head of this article. In the sessions of 1857, 1858, 1859, and 1860, the five under M. Ollivier's guidance had shown considerable skill in criticising the autocratic measures of the Emperor without transgressing the rules of debate. They had been encouraged in their difficult task by the sympathy of M. de Morny, the President of the Chamber, who was slowly arriving at the conclusion that the legislature might safely be entrusted with a larger measure of responsibility. M. de Morny's parentage—he was the half-brother of the Emperor—gave him ready access to the Emperor's ear. He prevailed on the Emperor to accord to the legislature a little more liberty of discussion, and to formulate the decree of November 24, 1860, the foundation-stone of *l'Empire Libéral*. Perhaps there is no better proof of the restrictions under which the legislature had previously acted than is afforded by the concessions contained in this decree. It introduced three reforms:—1. It restored the Address to the throne at the opening of each session, and thus afforded the Opposition an opportunity of criticising every salient point in the policy of the Government. 2. It directed the publication in the '*Journal Officiel*' of authorised official reports of the proceedings of the Senate and the Legislative Assembly, and thus brought the delegates into touch with the people. 3. It undertook that the Emperor should be represented, and that his measures should be defended, in the Chambers by ministers without portfolios. Perhaps, when we in this country are a little inclined to denounce the abuses which have crept into and are prolonging the debate on the Address, it may do us good to recollect that the restoration of the

Address was the first stage which marked the passage from autocratic to liberal government in the Second Empire.

'Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.' Almost exactly a year after the publication of this decree, the Emperor took another and still more significant step. On November 15, 1861, he announced his intention to reorganise the financial arrangements of the Empire, and to surrender the right which he had hitherto exercised of opening supplementary credits when the legislature was not sitting. This concession was even more striking than that which preceded it. For the men who control the purse will, in the long run, govern the country. Napoleon, indeed, found it necessary to disregard his own promise almost as soon as he had given it. The necessities of the Mexican expedition induced or compelled him to raise a supplementary credit of 35,000,000 francs (1,400,000*l.*) without the authority of the legislature. But this illegal action, of course, strengthened the hands of the Opposition. It gave M. Ollivier himself the opportunity of declaring that the true method of preventing irregularity was to make the minister responsible to the legislature. It was a striking sign of the progress which had been made that constitutional government and a responsible ministry should have been openly demanded in the autocratic Chamber which had been elected in 1857.

At the time at which the demand was raised both parties were making elaborate efforts in preparation for a fresh election. The general election of 1863 was fought in very different circumstances from those which had existed during the general election of 1857. In 1857 there was a general disinclination among Liberals to engage in politics; in 1863 there was as general an interest in the progress of affairs. In 1857 the Liberals had experienced difficulty in finding candidates; in 1863 their chief difficulty consisted in deciding among many candidates who were the most competent to stand. In 1857 Paris had with some hesitation returned five Liberals. In 1863 the five and their allies swept every constituency in the French capital. In the provinces, indeed, the machinery at the disposal of the Government enabled it to prevail over the attacks of the Liberals and the discontent of the Church. But the whole aspect of the Chamber was altered by the elections of 1863. An obscure group of five members had developed into a party; and the opposition, which this party was preparing, was facilitated by the concessions which the Emperor had himself made: by the decree of November 1860, and the financial

reforms of November 1861. The elections of 1863—so wrote M. de Morny—had left the Emperor and the democracy face to face.

Conscious of the great change which had, almost silently, been effected in the principle on which his government was founded, the Emperor himself set his mark upon it by changing his machinery. No man had served him more faithfully than M. de Persigny: no man had struggled harder to win victory in 1863. If he had failed to make any impression on Paris, no man had done more to ensure the victory of Imperialism in the provinces. In throwing himself into the struggle, M. de Persigny had adopted a policy in which he firmly believed. This policy was based on the principle that ministers should be responsible to the Emperor alone; and M. Ollivier was already demanding—and the electors were supporting the demand—that they should be responsible to Parliament. The Emperor marked his sense of the change by removing M. de Persigny from office. At the same time he replaced the ministers without portfolios—who had been appointed under the decree of 1860—by a Minister of State, who was made the mouthpiece of the Government before the Chambers on all occasions. For the latter office he selected M. Billault, by far the most eminent of the ministers without portfolios, and a man whose tact, whose temper, whose debating skill, and whose liberal opinions qualified him to fill the first place in a responsible ministry. The dismissal of M. de Persigny, and the selection of M. Billault, were, in fact, accepted as much more important indications of the drift of the Emperor's policy than the decrees of 1860 and 1861. For he had deliberately parted from the faithful supporter whose policy was most distinctly opposed to M. Ollivier's demand; and he had as deliberately selected the Liberal statesman whose appointment was certain to be welcome to M. Ollivier and his friends. By a singular misfortune, M. Billault was struck down by sudden illness on the morrow of his appointment, and the Emperor replaced him—the saying at the time was that they had given M. Billault 'un remplaçant plutôt qu'un successeur'—with M. Rouher. No one foresaw at the time the consequences of the appointment. No one foresaw that, in giving the Chamber a new mouthpiece for his Government, the Emperor presented not merely the Chamber but France itself with a master. 'It was on the '18th of October, 1863,' so writes M. de la Gorce, 'that the Emperor made M. Rouher Minister of State. That

‘date should be remembered by the historian. For on that day began the reign of M. Rouher.’

A little more than four years had passed since the Emperor at Villafranca, exercising an authority which none of his subjects dared question, had practically dictated the terms on which the peace of Europe should be assured. In the interval everything both in Italy and France had tended to discredit his policy and to shake belief in his destiny. For Italy, against the will of the Emperor, had become a powerful kingdom—a serious menace, as many Frenchmen thought, to France; while the Pope, instead of being promoted to the chief place in a new Italian Federation, had, to the dismay of all pious Catholics, both in France and elsewhere, been stripped of his possessions. Catholic France was angry at the spoliation of the head of the Church; military France was annoyed at reflecting that the defeat of the Pope had been accompanied by the defeat of a French general; and that French ships and French troops had stood idly by, while the King, whom they had been sent to support, had been driven from his last stronghold, and the Pope, whom they had been directed to sustain, had been reduced to extremity. In the discredit of the Emperor’s policy, and in the universal unpopularity of his measures, Liberal France had naturally seen fresh opportunities for criticising his system, and had claimed that the self-government which had been given to Italy should, at least, be extended to France. The exertions of the Liberals had led to concessions which, large in themselves, had become larger from the manner in which they were carried out. The elections of 1863 had constituted an Opposition formidable not merely from its numbers, but from the ability of its members, and from the success which they had already achieved; and the Emperor, instead of being the autocratic head of a State whose legislature was a mere echo of his will, found himself the chief of a government confronted with a Parliament prepared to seize every opportunity of criticising, and even thwarting, his policy.

Had the Emperor, at this juncture, frankly accepted the full consequences of changes to which he had himself agreed, the history of the next few years might have taken another course. Even if the great disaster of 1870 had not been averted, the responsibility for it might have rested on the ministers and not on the sovereign. But, in truth, Napoleon’s temperament was ill adapted to fit him to work with a constitutional ministry. Incapable of decision, he

could not bring himself to part with the right to decide. He could not, in other words, devolve on others the responsibility of decision. It would, indeed, be possible to argue that he habitually deprived his advisers of the opportunity of giving him advice. Frank to a fault with foreign statesmen, he usually concealed his intentions and his decisions from his own ministers. A conspirator by nature,\* he conspired against his own advisers. Count Walewski enjoyed his confidence in 1858. Yet Count Walewski was not made acquainted with Napoleon's interview with Count Cavour at Plombières in July, nor with the secret treaty between Sardinia and France in December. M. Thouvenel succeeded Count Walewski: yet M. Thouvenel was deceived as to the Emperor's intentions in 1860 towards Rome, and was never fully informed of the Emperor's Mexican policy. M. Drouyn de Lhuys was M. Thouvenel's successor, and he, too, had to complain that he was allowed, in the name of his Government, to declare that the Emperor would never agree to arrangements which he had already accepted. The Emperor, in fact, took a positive pride in his reticence to his own servants. 'Do not attach any 'importance'—so he said to the Prussian ambassador—to 'the words of my ministers. I alone am acquainted with 'the foreign policy of France.' The Emperor's habitual refusal to entrust his advisers with his intentions was inconvenient enough when he was the autocratic master of France; it became full of danger when he permitted parliamentary criticism and parliamentary interference. For the men who were charged with the defence of his policy did not know his whole mind: and, though they might not have found it always easy to explain the views of a despot, it was ten times more difficult to interpret the thoughts of a Sphinx.

It was, moreover, the Emperor's misfortune that the closing years of his reign were years pregnant with great events in the history of the world, in which France either had, or thought she had, a deep interest. In Europe, Poland was again rising for its independence; Germany was demanding the solution of the Schleswig-Holstein question; and Prussia was preparing for the great struggle which was to bring her, in one stride, to Sadowa, and in another to Sedan. If, in Europe, the doctrine of nation-

\* M. de la Gorce says of him, 'Rêveur et conspirateur, il le fut sur le trône et toujours.'

alities, which the Emperor himself had done so much to encourage, was raising issues which could not easily be determined, in North America still more serious problems were being settled by war. For, in the United States, the great Civil War was deciding the issues of slavery and freedom, of union and secession; while in the neighbouring republic of Mexico the struggle between Juarez and Miramon was throwing one of the richest countries in the world into disorder, and involving the foreigners, who had settled in it to make their fortunes, in danger to their persons and in ruin to their estates.

France had always felt a keen interest in the cause of Poland. The majority of Frenchmen would have preferred a war of nationality for the Poles to a war of nationality for the Italians; thoughtful Frenchmen, at any rate, understood that, while a united Italy on their south-eastern frontier might be a possible menace to their own country, a restored Poland, in the east of Europe, could only be a menace to other nations. Into the causes of the Polish insurrection, indeed, Frenchmen did not probably inquire too minutely. We suspect that, even now, they are not likely to accept M. Ollivier's view of a movement, in which he seems to think that most of the excesses were committed by the Poles, though they may perhaps appreciate from his narrative the difficulties of Napoleon's position. In the first place, the Emperor rightly attached the highest importance to a good understanding with Russia. Without that understanding he would hardly have ventured on undertaking the Italian war of 1859, or on braving this country by the annexation of Savoy and Nice in 1860. It was no slight matter, therefore, to quarrel with Russia by becoming the champion of the Poles. But, in the next place, if the sympathies of his own subjects with the Poles compelled him to interfere, it was not easy to see what he could do. As M. Ollivier puts it, Napoleon could not dispatch an army in balloons to a country which could not be approached on any side. It was not merely then—as the Polish proverb ran—that Paris was too far. The real difficulty was that Poland was inaccessible.

In these circumstances the Emperor would have probably acted wisely if he had refrained from doing anything. He committed his first mistake in asking this country to join with him in a remonstrance to Prussia for assenting to a military convention with Russia, under which the soldiers of either country were authorised to follow insurrectionary

bands into the territory of the other. The British ministers were quite as hostile to this convention as the Emperor. Lord Russell—for Lord John had now become a Peer, and we must consequently give him his later title—spoke of it in terms of unmeasured severity. But the very reasons which made the Emperor hesitate to pick a quarrel with Russia made them shrink from taking any step which might lead to a disagreement between Prussia and France. Lord Palmerston, in particular, had never recovered from the distrust of Napoleon with which the annexation of Savoy and Nice had inspired him. He believed that the Emperor was bent on seizing the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, and that he was seeking a pretext for a quarrel which would enable him to move an army upon the Rhine. We are disposed to think that, in this respect, Lord Palmerston did the Emperor an injustice. The more we read, the more we learn of the policy of Napoleon III., the more we feel satisfied that he was ready to incur almost any sacrifice to regain the good understanding with this country which he had lost in 1860, and that he placed the English alliance above the rectification of the Rhine frontier. But we cannot agree with M. Ollivier that Lord Palmerston's suspicions were unnatural. Great rulers should recollect that, in politics as in private life, the broken pitcher may be mended, but that it never can again be trusted to hold water.

Foiled in his first effort, the Emperor had next to consider whether he would accept Lord Russell's proposal that all the Powers should agree to present remonstrances at St. Petersburg. We are not among those who think that this proposal was a wise one. Remonstrances which it is not intended to support by action are not likely to carry much weight. And, as a matter of fact, the notes, which were presented by all the Great Powers except Prussia, ultimately resulted in a somewhat discourteous refusal on the part of Russia to continue the discussion. This refusal produced a wild burst of excitement in France. In the Chambers, in society, in the streets, arose a clamour for war. The Emperor, wiser than his subjects, resolutely refused to embark single-handed upon a campaign which the simplest study of geography showed to be full of difficulty. He endeavoured to cover his retreat by his favourite expedient of a congress of sovereigns. But this proposal, which perhaps would in no case have been accepted, was practically destroyed by a despatch of Lord Russell, which M. Ollivier admits that it is difficult to answer; and Lord

Russell—so M. Ollivier alleges—made his despatch more unpalatable by communicating a copy of it to the ‘Times’ before the original reached the French Foreign Office.

Thus the unhappy insurrection, which led to the final subjugation of Poland, increased the discredit into which the Emperor had already fallen. The man who, in the earlier part of his reign, had marched from victory to victory, seemed in the latter part of his reign to move from failure to failure; and the ruler who in the first period had seemed always ready to use his military strength in a cause in which he believed, appeared in the latter period either incompetent or afraid to support his opinion on the battlefield against a first-rate Power. In the latter part of 1863, indeed, there was good reason why the Emperor should shrink from such a struggle. For, with inconceivable folly, he had allowed himself to become involved in a campaign, 5,000 miles from home, which was exhausting the resources of his country and locking up thousands of men in another hemisphere. The Mexican war, however, had so fatal an effect on the fortunes of the Second Empire, and its incidents are so imperfectly known in England, that it is worth while devoting a few pages to the subject.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Mexico was the scene of civil war. Two men, Juarez and Miramon, were struggling with alternate success for the mastery. In the course of the struggle things were done on both sides which it was difficult to justify. Many Europeans, French and English especially, attracted by the wealth of the country, had settled or were carrying on business in the republic, and these adventurers—*Uitlanders* they would have been called to-day—were exposed to arbitrary taxation and personal violence. In August 1860, for example, a considerable quantity of silver, the property of British subjects, was ‘commandeered’ (we again use a more modern word) on its way to the coast, by Juarez’s orders. Three months afterwards a large sum of money was taken from the British Consulate at Mexico itself by a force under Miramon’s officers.

Outrages of this character justified grave remonstrance. If remonstrance failed in its effect, precedent could be quoted for a resort to stronger measures. The complaints which this country had against Mexico in 1860 were at least as serious as those which she had preferred against Greece ten years before. It so happened, however, that this country was not alone in its complaints against Mexico.

France and Spain were in very much the same position; it was natural, therefore, that the representatives of the three Powers should meet and discuss the possibility of concerted action. They accordingly met in London in the autumn of 1861. They agreed to send a joint expedition to Mexico, and to seize and occupy certain positions on its coast as security for the settlement of their claims and the safety of the Uitlanders.

In the negotiations which thus took place it soon became evident that France was anxious to go much further than England was prepared to follow. France was already contemplating the reversal of Juarez's government, while London was determined to confine itself to obtaining pecuniary redress for the wrongs which British subjects had suffered. The fact was that, in the days of his exile, Napoleon had dreamed a dream of a Latin Empire in the New World intersected by a canal joining the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific, and that the outbreak of civil war in America had apparently supplied him with an opportunity for giving effect to his dream. He had in Mexico a representative—M. de Saligny—who had penetrated his thoughts and who made it his business to supply him with arguments for his policy. 'M. de Saligny became the indefatigable 'accuser of Juarez. With premeditated bitterness, he recited 'all the violence which had been committed in the past, he 'added all the vexatious experiences which the Uitlanders 'had recently undergone, and by dexterously grouping his 'facts he composed a picture, true in its main features, but 'artificially coloured, to produce an effect.' And he repeated, by every mail, the same story; he added, as its moral, the same advice; it is necessary to have in Mexico a force sufficient to protect our interests; the time has come when we must support our remonstrances by force.

The forces which the allied Powers determined to send hardly came up to M. de Saligny's expectations. Spain, indeed, dispatched a little army of 6,000 men, under General Prim; France a contingent of 2,500 men, whom it placed under the command of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière. This country was content with sending a couple of line-of-battle-ships, some frigates, and on landing some 700 marines. The allied forces, however, on their arrival at Vera Cruz, in January 1862, disclaimed all thoughts of war. They had come with the intention of securing redress, but with the best wishes for the happiness of Mexico. They proceeded to formulate their demands. The English claimed the punctual

execution of treaties and the prompt payment of all debts. The Spaniards made a somewhat similar demand. The French demanded a lump sum of 12,000,000 piastres (about 1,500,000*l.*), and 'the loyal and immediate' execution of the Jecker contract.

In 1856 Miramon, in sore want of money, had contracted a loan with M. Jecker—a Swiss banker—for the nominal amount of 3,000,000*l.* M. de la Gorce states that M. de Morny, the half-brother of Napoleon, and the President of the French Chamber, had a corrupt interest in the loan. M. Ollivier, whose friendship for M. de Morny is apparent in many passages of his book, says that he is not in a position either to affirm or to deny the truth of the story; but that he can give a formal assurance that the Emperor never gave a minute's consideration to the Jecker loan. However that may be, it is certain that M. de Saligny included in the French demands the loyal and immediate execution of the Jecker contract; and that the British and Spanish representatives protested against the claim, and declared that it was 'shameful.'

It was one thing to formulate demands of this character; it was another to enforce them. It is true that the allied troops were at Vera Cruz. But their presence there did not enable them to procure any money, and the men were already beginning to melt away with fever. It was, in fact, becoming plain either that the troops must be moved to some higher and healthier part of the country, or that the expedition must be abandoned. The allied forces, however, were not strong enough to venture into the interior; they found themselves, in consequence, forced to negotiate with Juarez, and they concluded the Convention of La Solidarad. Under this treaty Juarez gained the great advantage of recognition by the allies; he was even permitted to fly his flag at Vera Cruz. In return, the French were allowed to establish themselves at Tehuacan; the Spaniards at Orizaba and Cordova. The commandant of the British contingent preferred to embark his men on board his vessels, and keep them, under healthier conditions, at sea.

Before the news of this convention reached Europe, the Emperor, a little jealous of the numerical superiority of the Spanish force, decided on reinforcing his own troops; and, early in 1862, he despatched General Lorencez with 4,000 additional men to Mexico. With this new force came General Almonte, the natural son of Morelos, the hero of the Mexican war of independence—a man who had been

selected by Miramon to represent him at Paris, and who had persuaded the Emperor that there would be no difficulty in overthrowing Juarez's government, and establishing monarchical institutions in its place. General Almonte's presence accentuated the difficulties of the situation. He came with the object of overthrowing Juarez's government; and he found that the allies had just made a solemn treaty with that government, under which French troops were moving into healthier quarters at Tehuacan, and Juarez's own flag was flying at Vera Cruz. He found, too, that every suggestion which he made for interference in the internal affairs of the country increased the tension between the commanders of the allies. The differences between the allies became so acute that the British, who, in pursuance of their instructions, were rigidly refusing to intervene in the internal politics of Mexico, resolved to withdraw from the expedition. The Spaniards, with some hesitation, followed their example. The French were thus left alone to carry out the ambitious projects of their Emperor, which were slowly becoming manifest.

It is satisfactory to note that, in recording these proceedings, French historians are agreed in according praise to both the policy and the conduct of the British Government. Neither M. de la Gorce nor M. Ollivier has any special liking for Lord Russell, who in 1862 held the seals of the British Foreign Office. But M. de la Gorce calls his criticism of the French policy singularly wise; and M. Ollivier defends M. Thouvenel from any charge of dishonesty by affirming that in his heart he thought with Lord Russell.\* We may assume, therefore, that the only criticism which French historians have to offer on our withdrawal from the expedition is an expression of their regret that their own Government did not follow our example. The French, in fact, were surrounded with difficulty. The treaty of La Solidaridad had apparently made an attack on Juarez impossible; and General Almonte could not carry out his own views, or perhaps even Napoleon's instructions, without destroying Juarez's power. The French, accordingly, under General Almonte's inspiration, set themselves, as a first step, to tear up the convention to which they had just agreed, and they charged Juarez, in a document—which M. Ollivier says he blushes to copy—with a breach of its

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\* 'Au fond, l'honnête Thouvenel pensait comme Russell.' Vol. iv. p. 381.

stipulations. A miserable and unworthy excuse—which the French troops themselves are said to have resented—was made the basis of an unworthy and unjustifiable war.

Success in military matters occasionally is held to justify the unjustifiable. If the French, however, had entered on a war without excuse, they commenced it in a state of ignorance which is almost inconceivable. General Lorencez declared at the very outset of the campaign that the French were so superior in race, in organisation, in discipline, and in other qualities, that at the head of 6,000 men he was master of Mexico. Within a month this *soi-disant* master of Mexico had been foiled in an attack on Puebla—an open town—and forced to retire with a loss of 500 men.

News of this disaster reached Paris in June 1862, and the Emperor, to do him justice, at once roused himself to the necessities of the situation. He hurried off reinforcements to Mexico; he raised the grand total of the French troops to 27,000, and ultimately to 34,000 men; and he selected General Forey, who had served under his orders in Italy, for the supreme command. General Forey arrived in Mexico in August 1862, but he did not find himself in a position to open the campaign till February 1863. Puebla, the scene of General Lorencez's defeat, was only taken after a two months' siege, at the end of March. Mexico, the capital of the country, was occupied in June. Juarez hastily retired into the more inaccessible portions of the Republic. A provisional government was instituted, which took for its title 'The Regency of the Empire,' and the French persuaded themselves that Mexico had reached the limit of its trouble, and that they themselves had come to the end of the war. General Forey, made a marshal, was recalled, and the command was entrusted to his chief lieutenant, General Bazaine.

The conviction that the war was at an end, that Mexico (to use General Bazaine's phrase) was 'conquis, pacifié,' induced the Archduke Maximilian to accept the crown, which the Emperor had from the first contemplated he should receive. But the war was not at an end. Juarez, though he had abandoned his capital, still maintained his authority in the more inaccessible portions of the territory. He called on his fellow-countrymen to unite in a great effort to save their independence. The country, at his orders, was covered with bands of guerillas, who intercepted the convoys and cut the communications of the French. In such a struggle the Mexicans had many advantages. True,

their men were badly trained, badly clothed, badly fed, badly armed, and, in many cases, forcibly taken from their homes against their will; but they were brave, temperate, tired by no exertion, and, mounted on lean but wiry ponies, they had a mobility which the French did not possess. The very women aided their cause. They followed their husbands to the field, watched over the transport and commissariat, and, when a halt was ordered, prepared the food.

Thus, if General Forey in the summer of 1863 had returned to France with the conviction that he had, in the language of his successor, conquered and pacified the country, that successor, General Bazaine, soon found that he was in the presence of a guerilla war which was much more trying than the regular warfare with which General Forey had dealt. It is only fair to add that he carried out the work with energy and skill. Towards the end of 1863, or nearly two years after the commencement of the war, three-fourths of the territory and four-fifths of the population were acquired for the Empire. In the beginning of 1864, two years after the first expedition had sailed, only some detached commandos—as we should call them to-day—kept up the semblance of organised resistance. ‘Every day it was announced that they were scattered to the winds, and every morrow saw them re-appear as numerous as ever.’

The more cheering reports, which continued to arrive in Europe, encouraged the Archduke Maximilian to embark on his fatal expedition. And in June 1864 the unhappy Prince, and his still more unhappy wife, landed at Vera Cruz. He may, perhaps, be forgiven for inferring from what he saw that General Bazaine’s boast that the country was ‘conquis, pacifié’ was justified. The resistance which the French were still meeting seemed gradually weakening, and measures were in progress to ensure its more rapid collapse. General Bazaine was organising a great movement—it would be called to-day a great ‘drive’—by which he hoped to clear the whole of Northern Mexico from the Juaristes, and to drive Juarez himself across the frontier. His complete success induced him to repeat the same operation in Southern Mexico, where he gained a similar advantage. The beginning of 1865 was the most prosperous period in the French occupation, and the culminating point in Marshal Bazaine’s career. Fortune had apparently smiled on the Commander-in-Chief. He might almost have been compared to Alexander in Dryden’s famous poem. He had even ‘the lovely Thais’

at his side in the person of a Mexican lady, whom he had married in Mexico.

At this point, however, we part company with M. Ollivier, whose narrative has not yet been brought down to the final issue, and we must turn to other sources for a brief summary of the difficulties in which Marshal Bazaine was about to be involved, and which were ultimately to lead to the withdrawal of the French, and to the defeat, the capture, and the execution of Maximilian.

These difficulties arose from two causes. In the first place, even the Emperor Napoleon—dreamer as he was—would have never embarked on the Mexican campaign if the existence of civil war in the United States had not made it certain that he had no reason for fearing American intervention. During the three years of warfare the Americans had stood sullenly aloof, powerless to take any steps in opposition to a policy diametrically opposed to the Monroe Doctrine. In the spring of 1865, however, when the Mexican war was entering on its fourth year, the resistance of the Southern States collapsed. Large bodies of armed men, disbanded in the States, were only too ready to embark on some fresh enterprise, and Juarez's partisans had no more difficulty in securing recruits in Texas than the Fenians at the same time encountered in raising recruits for an attempt on Ireland. The Juaristes enjoyed, however, an advantage which the Fenians did not share. Texas 'marched' upon Mexico; bands of guerillas could easily cross the frontier; and the Government of the United States declared that it would require all the cavalry of Europe and America to prevent their doing so. But the action of the United States was not confined to a passive toleration of armed incursions from their own country. Freed from the pressure of civil war, they rejected with disdain a proposal of the French Government that they should recognise Maximilian; they emphasised their refusal by accrediting a diplomatic agent to Juarez himself.

Those persons who are fond of speculating on the 'what might have been' may perhaps interest themselves in discussing whether, if General Lee had not surrendered in 1865, Maximilian might have established his dynasty. Practical men will be satisfied with observing that the surrender at Richmond necessitated surrender in Mexico. But the Emperor's own policy had made retreat as difficult as advance. By destroying Juarez's government and substituting Maximilian he had deprived himself of any respon-

sible persons with whom he could treat. So far as French policy could effect it, Juarez and his partisans had been converted into rebels against the government of their country. But governments do not make treaties with rebels; they crush them. From the very nature of their position, therefore, the French could not demand less than unconditional surrender. Unfortunately, however, Juarez and the brave men who were fighting for him could not accept this view of the situation. From their point of view they were not rebels, but patriots. If the French could accept nothing less than unconditional surrender, they could accept nothing less than independence. There was absolutely no mean between the two demands. Large as it was, Mexico was not large enough for both Maximilian and Juarez.

In France, moreover, the expedition was becoming more and more unpopular. The Government commanded a great majority in the French Chamber; the small minority did not dare to display its hostility. But it found ample opportunity for criticism in the constant applications which were made to it for supplies: How comes it—so men began to ask—that in this country which we are told is at peace we continue to fight battles? It is pleasant enough to learn that the forces of our enemy are scattered; it would be much more pleasant to know that they would not reform. The Juaristes, said another, are like the brigands of Naples, who, we are assured once a week, have been entirely destroyed. M. Forcade, in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' spoke out even more strongly. 'How long,' he asked, 'are we to persevere in this gigantic folly?'

But, in truth, it did not require the arguments of the Opposition to influence the Emperor. In 1865 he had only one object—to withdraw, if possible with honour, from an expedition which he should never have undertaken; and, in the beginning of 1866, he announced to his legislature that he was accordingly arranging for the withdrawal of the French troops. This decision destroyed the sole hope which Maximilian still retained of preserving his already tottering throne; yet, hard as it was on Maximilian, it was inevitable. Many months, in fact, were not to pass before the Emperor was to find himself face to face with fresh proof that it had already been too long delayed.

For if, in the six years which had passed since the Emperor had risen to the zenith of his power at Villafranca, the star of his destiny had been steadily declining,

its lustre was to be almost extinguished by the events of the critical year which was just beginning. For Count von Bismarck was preparing his spring upon Austria, and the struggle between the Man of Iron at Berlin and the weary and irresolute sovereign at Paris was commencing, which was only to terminate, more than four years afterwards, at Sedan.

Before venturing to attack Austria, Count von Bismarck thought it wise to address himself to the French Emperor; and thus it happened that Sadowa was preceded by an interview at Biarritz, just as Solferino had its origin in the meeting at Plombières. The secrets of the Biarritz interview have not been completely revealed,\* but the course of subsequent negotiations makes it comparatively easy to infer what passed at it. There is little doubt that the Emperor opened the interview by an expression of his strong desire to complete his programme of 1859 by giving Venice to Italy; and that Count von Bismarck saw that he could practically obtain a free hand in Germany if he gave a promise that this transfer should be effected. 'Si l'Italie n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer,' was the famous phrase in which he expressed his sense of the advantage which the Emperor's predilections for Italy were giving him. But he did not rely on the Emperor's wishes respecting Italy alone. He dexterously held out the hope that Prussia would consent to a rectification of the French frontier on the Rhine. It is certain, however, that the Emperor took no steps to embody this arrangement or this promise in writing, or even to obtain Count von Bismarck's assent to it in a form which could not be subsequently repudiated. He gave the Count all he asked, and exacted nothing but the vaguest of assurances in return for his concession.

This loose method of transacting business was no new thing with the French Emperor. At Plombières, six years before, he had left it uncertain whether France was to receive from Piedmont, as the price of French assistance, Savoy and Nice, or Savoy alone. His success on the first

\* Since this article was in type, M. Ollivier has published in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' (1<sup>er</sup> Juin 1902) an article on L'Entrevue de Biarritz, which we presume will become a chapter in one of his forthcoming volumes. There does not appear to be much in M. Ollivier's conclusion which is inconsistent with our own. But it may be convenient to some of our readers to refer to his account of this famous interview.

occasion may have satisfied him that he could safely follow the same precedent. But he also made the great mistake of miscalculating the strength of the two combatants in the approaching duel. He was deceived, not only by the reports of his own officers, but by his own experience of the Austrian army, into believing that, even with the aid of Italy, the task of Prussia would tax her utmost resources; and that the war which she was provoking would inevitably be long. The Emperor, in other words, thought that he was sanctioning a war which would last certainly for months, and possibly for years; and in which, after both combatants were exhausted, he might intervene with decisive effect, and obtain all that he required. The victory of Sadowa rudely dispelled the illusion, and in a council, which was held at Paris immediately afterwards, M. Drouyn de Lhuys urged the Emperor to summon the Chambers, to demand supplies, to 'impose' the intervention of France, and to move an army on the Rhine. M. de la Valette, who a few months afterwards succeeded M. Drouyn de Lhuys as Foreign Minister, resisted this counsel, and, in resisting it, he showed that France was not in a position to adopt the energetic policy which M. Drouyn de Lhuys was recommending. Mexico had consumed everything, and France, though nominally disposing of many legions, could not place a fully equipped army of 50,000 men on the Rhine. Verily, if M. de la Gorce is right in saying that 'the fate of the Second Empire was sealed in Italy,' its grave was dug in Mexico.\*

An English reader has difficulty in believing that even the Mexican war could have reduced the military power of France to so low a level that she was unable to place in 1866 a fully equipped army of 50,000 men on the Rhine. Englishmen had been taught to believe, English statesmen had publicly declared, that Napoleon was the master of 500,000 regular troops; and how is it possible to reconcile this belief and these declarations with the fact which M. de la Valette urged, and which Marshal Randon practically admitted, that the Emperor had not 50,000 fully equipped

\* M. Ollivier denies that the Empire was exhausted by the Mexican campaign. He contends that the consumption of men, guns, and money in Mexico was too small to make any difference. But he apparently forgets that the effect of the Mexican campaign was to divert the supplies intended for the army at home, and to prevent the Emperor from applying for further supplies for its reorganisation.

men whom he could place on the Rhine in 1866? It is certain, however, that the Emperor himself had long been aware of the deficiencies of his own army. The Crimea had taught, and Italy had enforced, the lesson that reorganisation and decentralisation were necessary; and the Emperor in 1860, with the assistance of Marshal Randon, had prepared a scheme of military reform which in some respects anticipated the system on which Mr. Brodrick proposed to reorganise our own army. The reforms, however, required money; the Emperor's ministers advocated economy; and the Emperor himself—on the eve of conceding fuller control to the legislature—was not over-eager to ask for large supplies. He received, too, but little support from the military men, who should presumably have been the first to encourage military reforms. It was clear, for example, to ordinary persons that the substitution of a rifle for the old smooth bore should be followed by the addition of a movable sight, enabling the soldier to adjust the elevation of the piece to the distance of the object to be fired at. The wise committee of military experts, to whom the new rifle was referred, invented, on the contrary, an elaborate system under which the thumb of the soldier's left hand could be used as a sight:—

‘Pour la distance de 400 mètres, il passait le pouce de la main gauche à cheval sur le canon et visait par le sommet de l'articulation; pour 600 mètres il levait le pouce et visait par le sommet de l'angle.’

—advice which, a few years afterwards, had its parallel in the opinion which high military officers in France pronounced on the incontestable superiority of the Prussian artillery. ‘Our officers,’ so they argued, ‘would easily defeat this advantage by an alteration in tactics. All that would be necessary would be a livelier attack than had been usual in previous wars. They must push on boldly till they reached a point where the superior range of the Prussian artillery would no longer give the enemy an advantage over the inferior guns of France.’ Every profession is, in fact, conservative of its own traditions; and the last persons from whom large military reforms are to be expected are the distinguished military men who have passed their lives in the surroundings which they are called on to improve.

In carrying our narrative to this point we have travelled beyond the period over which M. Ollivier's present volumes extend. The subject of them seems to us one of the most

interesting and most instructive in history. The central figure—the Emperor himself—is pathetic in his fortunes and misfortunes. He perhaps never merited the position to which he attained at one period of his career, but he certainly did not deserve the fate which overwhelmed him at its close. As a ruler, we believe that he was honestly anxious to promote the prosperity of France and the happiness of the world. But, as a ruler, he had the fatal defect that he was full of ideas, eager to give effect to them, yet over-timid in carrying out the views which he was over-bold in initiating. Thus he drifted, from first to last, on the tide which alternately carried him to victory and defeat. In the first eleven years of his rule fate declared itself in his favour, and the flood of fortune carried him to Villafranca; in the last eleven years of his reign destiny deserted him, and he drifted on a sea of sorrow to ruin and Sedan.

- ART. II.—1. *Lyra Heroica : a Book of Verse for Boys.* Selected and arranged by WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. Sixth edition. London: David Nutt. 1900.
2. *Patriotic Songs : a Book of English Verse.* Selected and arranged by ARTHUR STANLEY, with an introduction by the Right Reverend J. E. C. WELLDON. London: C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. 1901.
3. *Pro Patriâ et Regiâ.* Being Poems from Nineteenth Century writers in Great Britain and America. Collected and edited by Professor KNIGHT, St. Andrews. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1901.
4. *Ballads of the Brave.* Selected and arranged by FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.
5. *Songs of England's Glory.* London: Isbister. 1902.

MOST things in the world may be brought within the scope of Drama, whether the theatre or the novel be the vehicle of the Muse. Subjects adapted to Epic or Lyrical Poetry are more rare. The toils and struggles of ordinary life, business, politics, law, commerce, afford no inspiration, although, as Shakespeare proved in his sonnets, they can be made to supply imagery. Walter Landor makes Pericles say to Thucydides, in the sweet presence of Aspasia, speaking of History, 'Let the books of the Treasury lie closed as 'religiously as the Sibyl's; leave weights and measures in 'the market-place, Commerce in the harbour, the Arts in 'the light they love, Philosophy in the shade; place History 'on her rightful throne and, at the sides of her, Eloquence 'and War.' The poetic Trinity is Wisdom, with Love on her right hand and War on her left.

The Epic has its own themes, high and rare. There must be a labour so heroic as to afford a foundation for many a canto, whether it is the destruction of Troy, or the return of a man to his own country; or the foundation, by long effort and resistance to temptations, of an eternal city; or the passage from Earth through Hell and Purgatory to the heights of Heaven; or the Fall and Rise of Man. This is the supreme Poetry, and near akin to the noblest History. It is poetry so great that, as Milton saw, no man can write it unless his own life is a poem. His soul must be like a star and dwell apart. And in Epics the noblest parts are those which describe not outward war, or outward love, but those which penetrate the deep-sea levels of thought and

feeling. The Homeric poems (or, at least, the 'Iliad'), true as they are to elemental feelings, and spacious and glancing as the sea, are yet books for boys when compared with the 'Æneid' and with the 'Divine Comedy.' Virgil's Epic is like a great question; Dante's like a great answer.

Minor poetry may be broadly covered by the term Lyrical, as distinguished from Epic and Dramatic. It, too, derives its inspiration from Wisdom, Love, and War, distinct or blended. Chirpings in verse about the Seasons, incorrect when read beyond the Equator, or descriptions of natural scenery, are not poetry at all, but soulless chimeras, abound though they do in our magazines. To draw, as Wordsworth does, the 'still, sad music of humanity' from the instrument of Nature is a very different thing. As Wisdom, or Religion, is the highest atmosphere in which man breathes, so Lyrical poetry inspired by this motive attempts the highest flight. It is not, probably, the earliest flight. War, said the Greek Philosopher, is the father of all things. It is the begetter of the earliest poetry all the world over. Rude chants reciting deeds of battle, like the war-dance of many tribes, were intended to stir up the emotions to a kind of intoxication necessary, in addition to love of clan, to make men run counter to the instinct of individual self-preservation, and face violent death. In later days long discipline and training, as a supplement to love of country, took the place of excited emotions; and now in civilised war even the nerve-exciting drum is heard no more. The next development of poetry may have been the chant intended to propitiate the tribal gods. Later still came, probably, the poetry used to store up and hand down, in a form easy for memory, the precepts of wisdom and the customs of the people. And lastly was born the love poetry inspired by the desire to seduce the heart of woman when she could no longer be acquired by the easier methods of force or purchase. So Poetry was launched on its main tracks of War, Religion and Wisdom, and Love.

Each passing Age has, in poetry as in other respects, arrayed these themes in the dress woven out of its own thought and feeling. We propose in this article to discuss some of the changes in that region where the dominant motive of poetry is War. The source of War, at least of any which rises higher than the will of a tyrant, or the desire of a combination of bandits for booty, is the love of clan, city, or nation. In this sense it might be said of War, as Dante wrote over the gates of Hell, 'Love made me.' In

the order of Providence, it may be, the love of one's clan or country is a step to lead to higher sympathies, which will in the end make war impossible. Wordsworth says, in his 'Laodamia,' of the passion of man and woman :

'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend  
Towards a higher object. Love was given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;  
For this the passion to excess was driven—  
That self might be annulled.'

The same thing might be said of the passion for one's race or country. This cannot be other than a noble love, so long as men remember that it is not their final end, and do not let it degenerate into idolatry, nor confuse it with desire to stand well with their compatriots; and so long as they recognise that love of country is not, any more than self-interest or kinsmanship, to outweigh love of justice and truth.

The early war poetry is that of the clansman with a gift of expression who took part in the fight, shared in the pursuit and the slaughter, and afterwards at the banquets of the Chief recited the fierce joys of the battle. So, probably, arose the old war ballads of the South and the North. Dull or non-essential stanzas dropped out as the songs, not then fixed in writing, passed from memory to memory; the most spirited and striking stanzas, by reason of their superior fitness to live, survived, and were improved by the working of many minds; and at last, in Greece, arose a Homer who codified all these fragments into a great epic. These are the poems of the races who fight *con amore*. The stakes in those ancient wars were the carrying into captivity or the extermination of the conquered. The victors entered into the land of the enemy to possess it. War, with all its most cruel incidents, no more afflicted consciences untroubled by the Sermon on the Mount than does now the competition of Commerce. The fierce joy of the ancient fighters burns in the magnificent Hebrew ballad of Jael and Sisera :

'They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength. . . . Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked water, she gave milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer ;

and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and smitten through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; . . . where he bowed, there he fell down dead. The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the lattice, "Why is his chariot long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" Her wise ladies answered her, yea she returned answer to herself: "Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey—to every man a damsel or two, to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework? . . . So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord!"

Here is the pure war spirit, not softened but heightened by religion, and heightened to an extraordinary degree. There is not an Arab in all Arabia who would not condemn the treacherous murder of Sisera, both because it is contrary to the wildest morality to offer hospitality to a man and then slay him in his sleep, and because there was 'peace' between Jabin the king of Hazor and the house of Heber 'the Kenite.' Heber, like Piet de Wet, had 'severed his tent from the Kenites.' Did Heber, we wonder, approve of Jael's act, as much as did the singers, Deborah and Barak? Women were ever less restricted by law than men, and break it more readily either for a good cause or a bad one.

The pure delight in battle and in utter destruction of the foe resounds in the Homeric poems, though in them the harshness of war is tempered by a certain religious chivalry, such as Achilles showed towards Priam, which is not found in Semitic war. As Art arose, with its instinctive abhorrence of brutalities, the poetry of war became more abstract. Virgil's fights are anæmic reproductions of those in the Iliad. One feels that war was altogether repugnant to his gentle, civilised, and profound spirit:—

'Nos alias hinc ad lacrymas eadem horrida belli  
Fata vocant.'

The horror of the miserable half-century between Sulla's march on Rome and the battle of Actium is audible, like a sigh, in those words. Horace, though a man of peace, had seen some real fighting, and had seen it with disgust. His references to war are often fine, but they are of the distant landscape kind, and he avoids details as sedulously as a well-bred poet of the reign of Anne.

In the chants of the barbarians returns the voice of those who delight in war. The bards of the Norsemen and Danes, and of the unconverted Saxons, were as ruthless in song as were their folk in fight and massacre and devastation.

The Christian religion softened the people and the song. Chivalry was the compromise between delight in war and a religion of love and forgiveness of enemies. War in the Middle Ages was still cruel, as we learn from Froissart: not only the burning and pillaging of a country, but worse brutalities were the incidents of any English expedition into France in the reign of Edward III. Yet war was bound by some rules, and was tempered by pity. The English and Lowland Scotch fighting was between near cousins, and was carried on in a sportsmanlike spirit:—

‘The Percy leaned upon his brand  
And saw the Douglas dee;  
He took the dead man by the hand,  
And said, “Woe is me for thee!

“To have saved thy life, I would have given  
My landes for years three;  
For a better man, of heart or hand,  
Was not in the North country.”’

Three years’ rental was a handsome valuation of a foeman’s merit.

Here we are far indeed from the spirit of Jews in the days of the Judges, from that of Danes and pagan Saxons, or from that of the Indian Mutiny. English and Scottish opponents, Froissart tells us, were wont to exchange congratulations after a satisfactory encounter. There was more ferocity in Scottish family feuds than in Warden raids, and these feuds inspired the most vivid poetry. Their savage spirit lives in the sixteenth-century ballad of ‘Edom of Gordon,’ perhaps the strongest of its kind. How firmly the note of approaching woe is struck in the first stanza:

‘It fell about the Martinmass,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Edom of Gordon to his men,  
“We maun draw to a hauld.”’

That hot Northern blood which in later times, following the channels opened for it by great Englishmen, has found its vent in every quarter of the world, drove its possessors, so long as it was pent up at home by Southron force, into many a stormy love passion, and many a bloody deed of hate and revenge. Every glen had its tale of ‘dule and ‘sorrow.’ The Gaelic chants of the Highland clans have vanished, but the incessant broils of the Lowlands have

left as fine a stock of ballads as any country has to show. They came from the heart of the people, a race as poetic as the southern Anglo-Saxon is the reverse. What a Homeric spirit breathes in the ballad of 'Kinmont Willie'! The wrath of the 'bold Lord keeper in Branksome Hall' where that he lay' when he hears that Lord Scroope 'has 'ta'en the Kinmont Willie' recalls the wrath of Achilles for the slaying of Patroclus :

'He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,  
He garred the red wine spring on hie ;  
"Now a curse upon my head," he said,  
"But avengèd of Lord Scroope will I be.

"O, is my basnet a widow's curch ?  
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree ?  
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,  
That an English lord should lightly me ?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,  
Against the truce of Border tide ?  
And forgotten that the bold Buccleuch  
Is keeper here on the Scottish side ?"

So long as Europe was bound together by a common Church and by the cosmopolitan order of chivalry, there was much to mitigate war. The sixteenth century saw the break-up of this *régime*, and for a time, till a new order of things had established itself, there was a return towards the more savage and pagan spirit of war. Episodes in the Catholic and Protestant wars in the Low Countries and in Germany, the sack of Antwerp for instance, or that of Magdeburg, were worse than anything that had happened among Christians during the preceding centuries. Even in these islands we could make small boast of our superior civilisation. In Ireland a deep difference of race led in the Tudor days, when the bond of a common faith was broken, to campaigns almost of savage extermination. England was full of poets during the second half of the sixteenth century, but they paid little attention in verse to the wars of their day. The ballad of the 'Brave Lord Willoughby' was, perhaps, the best of those which referred to contemporary events. It opens finely :

'The fifteenth day of July,  
With glistering spear and shield,  
A famous fight in Flanders  
Was foughten in the field.'

It is a stout old poem throughout, with that curious relish

for exact, no doubt, but unpoetic statement of fact which has in all ages marked the true English popular poetry :

‘ To the soldiers that were maimed  
And wounded in the fray,  
The Queen allowed a pension  
Of fifteen pence a day,  
And from all costs and charges  
She quit and set them free ;  
And this she did all for the sake  
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

‘ Then courage, noble Englishmen,  
And never be dismayed ;  
If that we be but one to ten,  
We will not be afraid  
To fight with foreign enemies,  
And set our country free.  
And thus I end the bloody bout  
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

The honest old sea-ballad of the fight made by the good ship the ‘ Angel Gabriel ’ of Bristol against a Spaniard belongs to the same time. The metre must have suggested to Macaulay that of his famous ‘ Armada ’—

‘ Attend you, and give ear awhile, and you shall understand  
Of a battle fought upon the seas by a ship of brave command.  
The fight it was so glorious, men’s hearts it did fulfil,  
And it made them cry, “ To sea ! to sea ! with the Angel Gabriel.” ’

Here is another of the spirited stanzas :

‘ Our Captain to our Master said, “ Take courage, Master bold ! ”  
Our Master to the seamen said, “ Stand fast, my hearts of gold ! ”  
Our Gunner unto all the rest, “ Brave hearts, be valiant still ;  
Fight on, fight on, in the defence of our Angel Gabriel ! ” ’

One can hear the hoarse sea-voices chanting this, the last lines in chorus, in old taverns of Bristol Port.

We owe much in Milton’s ‘ Paradise Lost ’ to the civil wars in England, but little surviving poetry directly relates to that brave encounter between the aristocracy and the middle class. There is on one side an heroic sonnet or two by Milton, on the other a gallant love and war poem or so, like Lovelace’s perfect ‘ Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,’ and there is Marvell’s extremely judicious ‘ Ode to Cromwell.’ None of these is exactly war-poetry.

Nor did the wars which lasted, with one short break, from 1689 to 1712, inspire any great English poem. Addison’s ‘ Campaign ’ stands as far on one side of the line which

divides idealism from realism, or, rather, the abstract from the concrete, in this field, as Mr. Kipling's 'Barrack-room 'Ballads' stand on the other side. Its most famous passage is worth quoting, as a type of the best poetry in this kind. The battle of Blenheim has begun :

' But oh ! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious troops in battle joined ?  
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound  
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound ;  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
And all the thunder of the battle rise.  
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,  
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage :  
So when an angel by divine command  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,  
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.'

These are noble lines in their way, and deserving of perpetual remembrance. Yet perhaps there is more vitality in a line of a French song—'Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre.'

The Seven Years' War made us paramount in India and America, but its heroes, like the brave who lived before Agamemnon, found no immortalising poets. There was David Garrick's admirable 'Hearts of Oak,' produced in a pantomime in that year of wonders, 1759 :

' Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
To add something new to this wonderful year.'

But what else ? In 1775 began a war in which, under a dark cloud of disgrace on land but amid a finishing blaze of glory at sea, half the British Empire disappeared. Perhaps no Englishman had the heart to celebrate either such a victory as Long Island or such a defeat as Saratoga, and the Americans did not grow fine poetry. Besides, the world was not yet escaped from a long commercial and unlyrical period.

Next came wars which were indeed of a kind to inspire poetry, especially when the tremendous power of Napoleon

rose upon the foundations of an atheistic Republic. For five years before Trafalgar we were fighting at sea, and ready to fight on land, in the noblest of all causes, the defence of the soil on which one is born and bred against a mighty foreign invader. When this danger had been removed, we still found ourselves, for a time almost unaided, resisting a nation which was then twice as large as our own, and controlled all the countries of the West and South. During the Peninsular War we were defending the independent existence of weaker nations against a tyrant of immense power and genius. The British armies were in the chivalric position described by Spenser :

‘Nought is more honourable in a knight,  
Ne better doth beseeme brave chivalry,  
Than to defend the feeble in their right.’

The feeling of all Europe, and even of part of France, was with us in that fight against Napoleon. In this case, at least, it might have been said ‘*securus judicat orbis terrarum*.’ The British Isles teemed with poets produced, no doubt, by the intellectual upheaval which, in politics, took the shape of the French Revolution. Two great poets, Byron and Wordsworth, were of the first rank, and around them were lesser stars, differing in brightness, Scott and Crabbe, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Southey and Landor; Moore, Campbell, Rogers, and others. Yet all this war gave birth to few poems of the martial-patriotic order directly connected with the events of the day—few, at least, which have survived the year of their birth. There are Campbell’s three great war poems, there is Wolfe’s perfect ‘Burial of Sir John Moore,’ and four or five successful sonnets by Wordsworth. Among the best of these is his address to the Men of Kent, in October 1803, when, after a brief pause, the war had recommenced, and Bonaparte was forming his camp at Boulogne :

‘Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,  
Ye children of a soil that doth advance  
Its haughty brow against the coast of France,  
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !  
To France be words of invitation sent !  
They from their fields can see the countenance  
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,  
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.’

The true fire is in that, although material realism is absent.

Byron, of all his contemporaries, was best qualified by temperament to be a great war-poet. His 'Assyrian came 'down like the wolf on the fold' splendidly embodies the fierce old Hebrew spirit. But Byron should have been born in France. He was out of sympathy with his own countrymen. His glorious stanzas on Waterloo were almost forced from him despite his will by the spirit of poetry :

'Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay.  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms ; the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array !  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it.'

Never, indeed, was there a better theme than the Duchess of Richmond's ball, where Love and Gaiety vanished in the morning before the stern apparition of War and Death, nor has a theme been more superbly treated.

If the martial-patriotic poems, fit to survive, were few for a war so long and great, the second Punic War of our history, these are immortal. One can hardly conceive a finer battle-lyric than Campbell's 'Hohenlinden.' It is not in the realistic style, yet there is in it nothing conventional as in Addison's 'Campaign.' It stands, as poetry should, halfway between the abstract and the concrete. In eight four-lined stanzas of concentrated speed, every word telling, and in a metre fitting like the make of a racehorse to its purpose, the poet brings before the imagination the quiet winter scene before the battle, the fierce excitement of the moments before the armies joined issue, the crash of the contending guns, the storm-centre or crisis of the fight—and then the scene quiet once more, but morally how different, when the battle was over, and the armies had vanished !

' 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

'The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave,  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Few, few shall part where many meet ;  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.'

How effective is the unexpected return to the fierce old race-names in the scene of elemental passion, and what a sound of onslaught is embodied in the second of these stanzas! Mark the effect of the full stop after 'the combat deepens.' One feels the crisis of the battle begin, as the trumpet sounds for the charge of the Bavarian horse.

In the 'Battle of the Baltic' Campbell seizes as truly the slow movement of the old sailing war-ships drifting into battle, and the gradual dying away of the cannonade as one enemy's ship after another was put out of action. The thing is not so much described as embodied in the movement of the verse. A modern sea-fight would require a swifter metre. Two modern warships, steaming full pace ahead, with their far-reaching guns, might be in action ten minutes after they saw each other's smoke above the horizon. A modern sea-fight might be as much a surprise as one by cavalry coming over the edge of a hill. Campbell's 'Mariners of England' is, perhaps, our best patriotic ode. It is an interesting example of the transmutation of a good old popular piece of verse into far finer metal. Then, again, Campbell's 'Soldier's Dream' is the most beautiful rendering in English verse of the war-weary mood. Altogether, if, as Eton boys used to be sagely instructed, 'a few good verses are better than a great many bad ones,' no British poet surpasses in this kind the Scotchman Campbell. One can understand what Walter Scott meant when he said that 'he could imitate other poets of his day, but not Campbell, because the peculiarity of Campbell lay in his 'substance and not in his style.' It was in a few poems only, however, of this poet that the style was so one with the theme. Campbell himself seems to have founded his expectations of fame upon 'The Pleasures of Hope' and 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' poems in the late Georgian style, which few can now relish. He spoke of his 'Hohenlinden' as a 'damned drum and trumpet thing!' So great may be the delusions of poets as to the relative merits of the results of their laborious lucubrations and their real inspirations.

Like Campbell's best poems, Wolfe's 'Burial of Sir John Moore' embodies with singular felicity in the essence of its simple metre the feeling of one side of war, and it will endure while and wherever English is spoken or read.

What did the Crimean war produce in this field? One splendid war lyric certainly, which ranks with the English

classics in this kind—Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light 'Brigade.' There is not a word too much, or too little, or misplaced, or out of taste in those half-dozen stanzas. Sir Franklin Lushington and Mr. Henry Lushington wrote several poems included in the most patriotic anthologies, but they are of the forcible-feeble kind, not good enough to reprint at this distance of time. The Chinese 'opium war,' with its dubious object and easy success, is not one in which Englishmen can find any gratification. But it chanced to bear poetic fruit in one of the finest poems of this kind—Sir Francis Doyle's 'Private of the Buffs,' with its noble moral :

' Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;  
 Vain, those all-shattering guns ;  
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
 The strong heart of her sons.  
 So let his name through Europe ring—  
 A man of mean estate,  
 Who died as firm as Sparta's king,  
 Because his soul was great.'

The desperate and heroic race-struggle in India in the summer of 1857 has hardly found its poet. Tennyson's retrospective 'Defence of Lucknow' was not written when he was in his full powers, and seems to be too laboured and remote from the real thing. One feels in it too much the action of the pump, as Fitzgerald said of some of his friend's later work. The feeling of the Mutiny time lives best, perhaps, in the poems of Sir Alfred Lyall, who had the advantage of being in his youth amid those troublous scenes, and yet, as a civilian, standing somewhat aloof from the full tide of war. In his 'Theology in Extremis' and his poem on a soldier's burial amid the Himalayas to the piercing northern melody of 'Annie Laurie,' episodes or scenes of the war stand out in vivid relief, and his 'Somnia' recalls, though without any imitation, the spirit of Campbell's 'Soldier's Dream :

' A late moon that sinks o'er a river,  
 Flowing luminous, languid, and still ;  
 Long white tents that shroud men, and shiver  
 In the cold morning breeze from the hill ;

' Just a thin veil of darkness above you,  
 While the cool quiet hour is your own ;  
 Then farewell to the faces that love you,  
 With the fast fading night they'll be gone.

' Look up, see above you the star-land  
 Wanes dim with the flush of the dawn,  
 You are called from your flight to the far land,  
 And your visions must break with the morn

' But your soul, by sweet memories haunted,  
 Still wanders, forgetful and free,  
 To the West, and in echoes enchanted  
 Hears the long winding splash of the sea.

' Ah, sleep, though the falling dew wet you ;  
 Ah, rest in that home while you may ;  
 Other scenes, other sounds, shall beset you  
 When you wake, and your dreams pass away.

' When the sun beats aflame on your faces,  
 What the old fighters felt, ye shall feel,  
 When the pitiless strife of the races  
 Flashes out in the smoke and the steel ;

' For the plain, bare and burning, lies yonder,  
 And perchance, when the war-cloud has passed,  
 Never more, day or night, shalt thou wander,  
 And thy sleep shall be dreamless at last.'

The American Civil War was an embodiment of a great struggle of contending ideas ; on the one side those of human freedom and the unity of the United States, on the other those of State liberty and rights of property. Some of the poetry which was born of it will be an enduring part of the American heritage. Of such a kind is Bret Harte's 'Réveillé,' with its stirring opening :—

' Hark ! I hear the tramp of thousands,  
 And of armed men the hum :  
 Lo ! a nation's hosts have gathered  
 Round the quick alarming drum,—  
 Saying, " Come,  
 Freemen, come !

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.'

Whittier's 'Barbara Frietchie' is an excellent model of narration of a touching and striking incident of war.

The Afghan War of 1878-80 did not elicit either from official or unofficial bards any immortal British poem. It did produce a fine crop of ballads of the primitive kind among the Afghan mountaineers, some of which have been rendered into excellent French prose by M. James Darmesteter in his 'Chants populaires des Afghans.' They are true border ballads, written by bards who were not distant

literary artists, but had seen that of which they wrote, and had themselves keenly enjoyed the pleasure of shooting at the Firangis. The names of Râpat (Lord Roberts), who has 'sworn upon the Gospels that he will take Kâbul,' Kamnâri (Cavagnari), Warbarton (Colonel Warburton, of Peshawur), figure oddly in this uncivilised poetry. Here is a spirited little 'ghazal' concerning a hero called Muhammed Jân :—

'He fights always, never flies, the admirable youth. He leaps upon the Firangis; his name is Muhammed Jân.

'The English are come from London, thinking to take Kâbul; he fires at them his great pistols, every moment.

'They make war on those who believe in the Law of the Prophet; he covers himself with honour, he covers all the Pagans with shame.

'The place of the Pagans is in the fifth circle of hell; for them deep is the abyss, dark is the tomb; they burn in eternal flames.

'He who has ascended so high on the ladder of the martyrs, the colour of the flower,\* rests on his bed in Paradise.

'Since thou must depart from this world, O, Muhammed-Dîn, make thyself a dervish at the door of the All-Glorious.

'He fights always, never flies, the admirable youth; his name is Muhammed Jân.'

'Let death come suddenly upon them, and let them go 'down alive into hell,' said the Hebrew psalmist. 'The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly.'

The latest South African war has been illustrated by countless deeds of valour, and has caused tears enough to flow, Heaven knows; but it has not, we think, inspired a single poem which is likely to live.† One poet of a rather cold order of merit, Mr. Watson, has been compelled by conscience to indite sonnets and other poems condemning the British cause. Mr. Kipling's verses upon the departure for Table Bay of the fifty thousand men, who were so easily and rapidly to conquer the Dutch Republics, had some go and ring, but were ephemeral. Mr. Swinburne, under the influence of over-excited feelings, has written a poem or two which, in his own interest, had better be forgotten as soon as possible. The Poet Laureate has written exhortations

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\* The blood of martyrs is supposed to make red roses grow.

† Except, perhaps, a little poem by Mr. Newbolt, quoted by the Bishop of London in his sermon at St. Paul's, before the King, on June 8, 1902.

hardly exhilarating enough to animate the gentlest charge:—

‘Comrades in arms, from every shore  
 Where thundereth the main,  
 On to the front they press and pour  
 To face the rifle’s rain;  
 To force the foe from covert crag  
 And chase them *till they fall*,  
 Then plant for ever England’s flag  
 Upon the *rebel wall*.  
 What! wrench the sceptre from her hand  
 And bid her bow the knee?  
 Not while her Yeomen guard the land  
 And her ironclads the sea.’

In justice to the Laureate it must be said that this was written in December 1899, before the Boers had proved that they could not only defend trenches and difficult hill positions, but attack on the open veld as bravely as any soldiers in the world. It may be that English education has so bred in our poets, and infused into our mental atmosphere, the habit of sympathy with small nations defending independence against mighty empires, that, however just and necessary this war may have been, not even a Poet Laureate can celebrate it with the fire which burned in Athenian poets when they remembered Marathon and Salamis.

Byron lit his torch at that hearth of freedom when he wrote his noble ‘Isles of Greece:’

‘The mountains look on Marathon—  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
 For, standing on the Persian’s grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

‘A king sat on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o’er sea-born Salamis;  
 And ships by thousands lay below,  
 And men in nations;—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set where were they?

‘And where are they, and where art thou,  
 My country? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more!’

It is a far cry in this region of poetry from Lord Byron to Mr. Alfred Austin.

Altogether in civilised lands there is no great crop of fine poetry directly referring, like the innumerable chants of barbarous bards, to wars contemporary with the poet. Modern bards have, on the whole, succeeded better in retrospective war poetry. Of this kind is all the war part of Shakespeare's plays; his themes were furnished by the wars of ancient Rome, of Henry V. in France, and the Wars of the Roses. His contemporary, Michael Drayton, wrote an admirable war-poem in this retrospective kind, 'The Battle of Agincourt,' fought two centuries before his time.\*

'Upon Saint Crispin's day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which fame did not delay  
To England to carry.

'O, when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
Such a King Harry?'

Not while a nervous Scotch pedant sits on the throne, the truly English poet may have desired to intimate in this closing stanza.

Walter Scott was singularly unsuccessful in his attempts to celebrate the martial exploits of his own contemporaries. He failed where his less great countryman, Campbell, succeeded. No one could compare Scott's poem on Waterloo with his ballad of the 'Red Harlaw,' or his gay 'Bonny Dundee.' Only when 'distance lends enchantment to the view' is Scott really inspired. But no doubt the military animation of his own day gave mettle to one of the best battle pictures in verse, the Flodden scenes in 'Marmion.' He is said to have composed them while galloping about the Portobello sands during the camp-out of the mounted volunteer corps to which he belonged. With what imagination and vigour that fight is described, from the first view caught of the position by the English lord, arriving just in time—through the wavering fortunes of battle—till the canto dies away with the splashing through Tweed of many a broken band, on their way to spread the dismal news of the disaster,

'Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield.'

One cannot visit Flodden, so untouched and unchanged to

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\* The poem was published in 1605.

this day, without seeing the fight as Sir Walter imagined it. One sees Marmion ride up to Lord Surrey by the tiny Norman church of Braxton hamlet, rein in his horse, salute, and receive instructions.

“ The good Lord Marmion, by my life !  
 Welcome to danger's hour !  
 Short greeting serves in time of strife :  
 Thus have I ranged my power :  
 Myself will rule this central host,  
 Stout Stanley fronts their right,  
 My sons command the vanward post  
 With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.  
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,  
 Shall be in rearward of the fight,  
 And succour those that need it most.  
 Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,  
 Would gladly to the vanguard go ;  
 Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,  
 With thee their charge will blithely share ;  
 There fight thy own retainers too,  
 Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.”  
 “ Thanks, noble Surrey ! ” Marmion said.

A scene in the amusing and interesting autobiography of stout Sir Harry Smith, a warrior of the real old English breed, shows how true Scott is to life. Major Smith, coming from the American campaign, arrived on the field of Waterloo, by what he would doubtless have called ‘damned ‘good luck,’ just in time for the fight on the 18th of June, a fine morning after the soaking rain of the night. He was sent forward by his brigadier to get instructions from the Duke.

‘ About 11 o'clock I found His Grace and all his staff near Hougomont. The day was beautiful after the storm, though the country was very heavy. When I rode up, he said, “Hullo, Smith, where are you from last ?” “From General Lambert's Brigade, and they from America.” “What have you got ?” “The 4th, the 27th, and the 40th; the 81st remain in Brussels.” “Ah, I know, I know, but the others; are they in good order ?” “Excellent, my lord, and very strong.” “That's all right, for I shall soon want every man.” One of his staff said, “I do not think they will attack to-day.” “Nonsense,” said the Duke, “the columns are already forming, and I think I have discovered where the weight of the attack will be made. I shall be attacked before an hour. Do you know anything of my position, Smith ?” “Nothing, my lord, beyond what I see—the general line, and right and left.” “Go back and halt Lambert's Brigade at the junction of the two great roads from Genappe and Nivelles. Did you observe their junction as you rode up ?” “Particularly, my lord.”

"Having halted the head of the brigade, and told Lambert what I desire, ride to the left of the position. On the extreme left is the Nassau Brigade, those fellows who came over to us at Arbonne, you recollect. Between them and Picton's division (now the 5th) I shall most probably require Lambert. There is already there a brigade of newly raised Hanoverians, which Lambert will give orders to, as they and your brigade form the 6th Division. You are the only British staff officer with it. Find out, therefore, the best and shortest road from where Lambert is now halted to the left of Picton and to the right of the Nassau troops. Do you understand?" "Perfectly, my lord." I had barely turned from His Grace when he called me back. "Now, clearly understand that when Lambert is ordered to move from the fork of the two roads where he is now halted, you are prepared to conduct him to Picton's left." It was delightful to see His Grace that morning, on his noble horse Copenhagen, in high spirits, and very animated, but so cool and so clear in the issue of his orders, it was impossible not fully to comprehend what he said; delightful also to observe what his wonderful eye anticipated, while some of his staff were of opinion the attack was not in progress.'

Macaulay wrote verse with as much vigour as he wrote prose. His historical war-poetry has now been declaimed by several generations of boys, and should surely please boys for ever. The 'Lays of Rome,' 'The Armada,' 'Naseby,' and 'Henry of Navarre' are in this class. No Englishman, at any age, can read the Armada alarum without emotion. The other poems, perhaps, do not altogether fulfil Newman's definition of a classic, for, while they enchant boyhood, they less please the more fastidious taste of maturity. They lack the subtle distinction of fine poetry. If one compares Macaulay's 'Naseby' with Scott's Cavalier lyric, 'Heaven 'shield the brave gallants who fight for the Crown,' one certainly feels that in Macaulay the vintage is less fine. But if Macaulay's poems, like his prose, lack something of the more delicate aroma, yet they, also like his prose, are crowded with knowledge and full of life. Macaulay, in prose and verse, marshals and handles his armies of facts with consummate ease and power, like a commander of the first order. What a magnificently concise and rapid survey of England from Cornwall to Kent, and from Kent to Carlisle, is contained in 'The Armada'! Here are some stages in the swift march:—

'The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:

The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,

And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.'

The six lines summon up in the brain eight different scenes and associations as rapidly as a skilled pianist can throw off different chords from his instrument.

Returning once more to Scotland, one cannot forget Aytoun's pathetic and beautiful 'Burial March of Dundee,' the echo of a lost cause.

The poets of the Young Ireland school produced some good poems inspired by the memory of past valours, rebel or exile valours, it is true. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has rightly included in his agreeable 'Victorian Anthology' 'The 'Irish Brigade' of Thomas Davis :—

'They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true,  
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few,  
And they who survived fought and drank as of yore,  
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more,  
For in far, foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,  
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.'

And there is an Irish charm and music about John Casey's rebel poem, 'The Rising of the Moon,' which celebrates the miserable insurrection of the downtrodden Catholic peasants in 1798—so heroic, so stained by atrocities, and so savagely suppressed :—

"O, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall, tell me why you hurry so?"

"Hush, ma bouchal, hush, and listen," and his cheeks were all aglow;

"I bear orders from the Captain,—get you ready quick and soon;  
For the pikes must be together at the risin' of the moon."

"O, then, tell me Shawn O'Ferrall, where the gath'rin' is to be?"

"At the old spot by the river, right well known to you and me;  
One word more—for signal token, whistle up the marchin' tune,  
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the risin' of the moon."

In our own days the memory of England's naval glories has found admirable expression in some poems by Mr. Henry Newbolt, who, like Campbell (but more to the realistic side of the line), holds his path between the extreme abstract and realistic schools. Nothing could be better in this way than his 'Drake's Drum,' or his 'Ballad of the 'Bold Menelaus':

'It was morning at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant days,  
And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,  
When the frigate set her courses, all a shimmer in the haze,  
And she hauled her cable home, and took the-tide.

'She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,  
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free,  
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore  
When the bold Menelaus put to sea.

Mr. Newbolt is by no means a mere war-poet. He always writes with fine taste, as well as with ardour and spirit, and has a very distinct style of his own.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has invented a style and discovered a subject-matter, and has, like Pope and Tennyson before him, founded a school. One hears his echoes everywhere. This proves the originality of his genius. He is the discoverer who inaugurates a new line in the poetic trade-routes. Mr. Kipling suddenly brought down poetry from the high cliffs upon which it had been kept by the Tennysonian school to the familiar levels of streets, and barracks, and ship-decks; he won the heart of an immense public, and he extended the influence of poetry. He did in poetry that which Macaulay did in history, making his themes seem really like plain and visible life. Mr. Kipling has not much used his lyre (he would probably prefer to call it his banjo) to celebrate specific deeds of old, or battles of to-day. He has translated into verse with extraordinary fidelity and skill the view taken of life by the unlettered Englishman of the roving disposition, the kind of man, a rough idealist in his own way, who becomes soldier, sailor, rancher, denizen of mining camps, who may be found taking the chances of life with the same ironical stoicism in every land and on every sea.

‘ Speakin’ in general, I ’ave tried ’em all,  
The ’appy roads that take you o’er the world,’

says the new Ulysses.

Here, now, by way of contrast with the classic battle-pieces which we have quoted, is a picture by Mr. Kipling of a British regiment of the line going into action. ‘ ‘E,’ in the first line, is the sergeant, that cement of the army :—

‘ ‘E knows each talkin’ corpril that leads a squad astray,  
‘E feels ’is innards ’eavin’, ’is bowels givin’ way ;  
‘E sees the blue-white faces all tryin’ ’ard to grin,  
An’ ’e stands an’ waits an’ suffers till it’s time to cap ’em in.

‘ An’ now the hugly bullets come peckin’ through the dust,  
An’ no one wants to face ’em, but every beggar must ;  
So, like a man in irons, which isn’t glad to go,  
They moves ’em off by companies uncommon stiff an’ slow.

‘ An’ now it’s “ Oo goes backward ? ” an’ now it’s “ Oo comes on ? ”  
An’ now it’s “ Get the doolies,” an’ now “ The captain’s gone ; ”  
An’ now it’s “ bloody murder,” but all the while they ’ear  
‘Is voice, the same as barrack drill, a shepherding to rear.’

Mr. Kipling is as strong a war realist, though for a different motive, as Tolstoy is, or Verestschagin in his pictures. He is not a mere glorifier. He has ventured once or twice, in prose and in verse, to describe, as no English poet has done before him, a shameful rout of British soldiers. There are his verses called 'That Day,' beginning—

'It got beyond all orders, an' it got beyond all 'ope ;  
 It got to shammin' wounded an' retirin' from the 'alt.  
 'Ole companies was lookin' for the nearest road to slope,  
 It were just a bloomin' knock-out, an' our fault.'

Mr. Kipling's war-poetry is to that of Campbell, Scott, Byron, and Tennyson much what, in the sphere of another passion, the work of a novelist like Maupassant is to the 'Nouvelle Héloïse' of Rousseau, or to the 'Corinne' of Madame de Staël. He tears aside the veil of poetic weaving by which the beauties and glories of war are made to appear, the defects or ugliness hidden. This is something new. Mr. Kipling's is not the frank, childish pleasure in blood and carnage of old Norse, or Welsh, or Afghan bards reciting before barbarous audiences. He is the modern realistic artist consciously describing fights in which he has not taken part for the amusement of a public which has also not taken part, but which likes to have its sensations excited in a novel manner. The grateful public, one may add, rewards its favoured bard not, like the barbarous chief, with cups or chains of gold, but by the purchase of thousands of copies of cheaply printed volumes. It may be that poetry, like perhaps much else, passes—to borrow an expression from a discerning writer—through three stages, those of uncivilisation, civilisation, and decivilisation—and that the last resembles the first, with an immense moral difference. If Mr. Kipling's lower treatment, for he has a much higher one at his command, anticipates or founds the war-poetry of the future, some will look back with regret to the style of 'Hohenlinden' and 'The Eve of Waterloo.' Both in love and war the superior part of man's mind craves for a certain reserve and idealisation. If this be thrown away, it is a sign of corruption and decay, or of retreat from the upward struggle. 'We must not,' says Aristotle, 'agree with those who maintain that, being mortal, we should cherish the thoughts which are mortal; but, as much as possible, we should immortalise ourselves, and do all things with a view of attaining to the highest life.'

After all, both in love and war, the abstracting writers probably see things as they really are better than do the realists, who, indeed, also abstract, but abstract the lower or smaller part of the subject, presenting that as if it were the whole. If things be seen rightly, a little that is spiritual, one may venture to believe—upon the assurance of the higher instincts of man—deserves to be represented more largely than much that is material. Tennyson may have depicted an objective fact in its true proportions when he ignored the blood and mangled bodies in the Balaclava charge—the jostling, colliding, and swearing, the terrors and shrinkings. If he had used insincere language, if he had dragged in Mars or Bellona, or described a colonel as a ‘god of war,’ the poet would have departed from truth, but not by his selection of features. It is true that the higher emotions might be better employed, but while they are so engaged it is right that the poet or painter should ascribe to them their due proportion in the sad business.

Writers like Tolstoy depict the horrors of war in detail because they hate it, and desire that the world shall pass into a period where wars shall be no more. Tolstoy belongs to a country where multitudes who have not the slightest wish to fight or die for their country are driven into the army by force. Under such a system the soul of war may be destroyed, as it was so strikingly when Napoleon, to gratify his ambition, compelled half a million Western Europeans, with no interest in his quarrel, to perish miserably in Russia. Nothing in such a case is left but war’s soulless body. There is, in England, a school of poets who continue the idealising or abstracting treatment of war, avoiding the details in which Mr. Kipling revels. There is something new about writers of this kind also. A hundred years ago poets were satisfied with the simple motive of their country’s triumph. This seemed reason enough in itself why men should with an easy conscience violently deprive of the light of day and life fellow-creatures with whom they had no personal quarrel, why lands should be devastated, and the keen sword of sorrow pierce the hearts of women. The modern writers, we mean those of the finer school, desire to find a motive for this motive, a superior reason why their country should triumph. They seek a deeper justification of actions in themselves contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the Christian religion, and to the better and higher instincts of human nature. They look for a religious or philosophic ground of war.

Some work upon the basis of the Darwinian gospel, and see in evolution the Will of God. They assume, like the Jews of old, that their race is the chosen people, destined to survive and rule, the instrument of Providence to make justice, freedom, and morality prevail. It is almost a new religion. In the poet's mind the soldier is the priest, battle the sacrifice, the slain are the victims. Or the modern poet may depict war as a means of perfecting the individual life, a form of renunciation and death to self. In this case the veil is skilfully drawn over the sheer love of excitement and adventure which makes mettled youths welcome the chance of war as of the finest form of sport. Their zest is ennobled and redeemed by the sentiment '*dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*,' but is not due to it, certainly not in the professional army, where peace work is dull, and the chance of war is the chance of distinction. It is touching to witness the disappointment of young officers in an Indian station when some border quarrel is settled by diplomacy, and the hoped-for expedition is frustrated. There is self-sacrifice, but it takes the form of acquiescence in hopes not fulfilled.

Meanwhile the anxiety of writers at home to find motives for war of a kind superior to those which satisfied their ancestors is perhaps one out of many signs of an increasing contradiction between the fact of war and the conscience of civilised humanity. It is not merely the increased expense of war which has so much diminished its frequency; it is also the moral feeling that the cause for war must be overwhelmingly great. There have been times when princes went to war, in Europe as well as in Asia, almost as regularly as sportsmen to the annual slaying of grouse or pheasants. 'In the month of June,' says William of Malmesbury, '*quando solent reges ad bella procedere*.' In India, of old, the war season always began in October or November, after the rains, when the air was cooler. Even so late as the eighteenth century wars were undertaken with much the same ease of conscience as that with which financiers now fight their wars for possession of the market. There were differences of opinion as to the expediency of wars; there has not, till late times, been much division of opinion as to their morality. Although this feeling is growing, there is, no doubt, at the same time an inclination among writers of the day to glorify war as a good in itself. This may be partly due to a reaction against the tame and sedentary lives which most poets lead in great cities; partly, perhaps, to a disposition of literary men, in days when

literature is not strong, to adore men of action. Truly great poets—Dante, Milton, Wordsworth—have rated their own sacred calling as it deserved.

The deliberate glorification of war by some poets, the subtle justifications of it by others, are signs of this movement of feeling. Our ancestors felt no need either to glorify or to justify war. They took it as a normal incident of life, and described its beauties with zest. They thought it good exercise, as Shakespeare makes one of his comic characters say: ‘Let me have war, say I; it exceeds ‘peace as far as day does night; it’s sprightly, waking, ‘audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, ‘lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; peace makes ‘men hate one another.’ But Shakespeare’s own feeling, as that of all wise men, is rather to be found in these deep lines:—

‘O War, thou son of Hell,  
Whom angry heavens do make their minister!’

War is a great misfortune, a sad necessity, a visitation for the sins of men, a malady burning itself out in fever. If there be reality and truth in the conception that the course of mankind lies upward from the levels of the brute creation, war must vanish from the earth, and civilised war, already half refined away, must become a mere memory, as much as now are, among Europeans, the old barbarous wars with their full and unabated equipment of killing, destroying, ravishing, and enslaving. Modern war is only relatively better; it is evil in itself. The evil may be sometimes necessary, but one may hope that it is so only in consequence of men’s crimes and follies. As a foreign writer has lately said, fatality reigns in the lower sphere of human passions, but its chain may be broken by the intervention of wisdom.

We have pointed out that modern poets have on the whole written better war-poetry when they were divided from their subject by time. One may say also that they write better when they are divided from their subject by space. Campbell, who was roaming in Germany in the year of Hohenlinden, did actually cross one field of recent fight covered with dead horses and other débris, and even saw from an adjacent monastery a slight skirmish between French and Bavarians. With this exception and that of Sir Alfred Lyall, no one of the authors of the later English war-poems which we have quoted had ever, we think, heard a shot fired or seen a sword drawn in battle. The

old clan bards who followed the fray, a little, perhaps, behind the front rank, are now represented in this respect, not by our poets, but by the paid correspondents of newspapers, often, certainly, most poetic writers of prose. These now celebrate the heroes, and award the palm. The actual vision of battle does not seem to inspire poetry. No doubt this is partly due to the great specialisation of all occupations in modern life. Perhaps also, since professional armies, with all their machinery, came into use, war has lent itself less easily to the poet's art. But the fact is also due, we think, to the growing separation between the nature of civilised man and delight in war. It is more necessary than of old for poetry that the brutalities of the business should be softened by distance. Macaulay could hardly have written so gaily of the Roman battles, or Scott of Flodden, had they seen at nightfall the field, more horrible than our modern fields of battle. Sadness and disgust would have deprived the poet of the high spirits necessary for this kind of poetry. The modern poet needs to be at a distance of space from scenes of human slaughter, and writes better still, as a rule, if he is also at a distance of time. And the men who fight do not write. The lust of battle in the soldier is followed by a reaction of disgust, though the desire to fight returns again. 'Nothing,' wrote the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo, 'nothing except a battle lost is half so sad as a battle won.' After war the soldier is often inclined to talk of any other subject in preference. Often he would say, like Claudio in the play—

' But now I am returned, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.'

Finally, it may be pointed out that it is not, in modern times, the greatest poets who have written the best war-poetry. The author of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' was not a professional poet at all. Campbell, Scott, Macaulay do not rank among the highest stars in the poetical firmament, although one of these was the greatest of British romance-writers, and another was one of the greatest of British historians. The distaste of poets for the subject is natural. War, notwithstanding the fine qualities and emotions which it evokes in the nobler natures, is a lower state than peace, as disease, although it, too, may

evoke certain virtues, is a lower state than health, and the poet who devotes himself to celebrate acts of war, although his art may be redeemed if he can reveal the soul of good in things evil, does nevertheless choose a lower region when he might inhabit a higher. A Christian poet may pass through scenes of war, but it must be like Dante through Hell, on his way to Paradise. The loftiest poets have instinctively felt that their true and eternal business is to express, not the darkness of the world, but the manifestations of love and wisdom.

ART. III.—1. *La Situation en Epire, mémoire adressé à la Commission des Ambassades d'Angleterre, d'Autriche et d'Allemagne à Constantinople.* Athens: P. D. Sakellarios. 1900.

2. *Proclamation of the Albanian League at Athens to the Brethren in Albania.* Athens: Anaplasia. 1899.

**T**URKEY, like an examination paper on mathematics, is a list of problems all waiting for solution. To the Armenian and the Macedonian, already painfully familiar to every newspaper reader, have of late years been added the Syrian, the Samian, the Tripolitan, the Arabian, and the Albanian questions, differing from each other in degree of gravity and urgency, as well as in the number and nature of the factors involved. In a previous issue of the 'Edinburgh Review'\* we have dealt with one of these questions. It is our purpose to give here a summary of another no less interesting and equally complex problem. This is the problem known to the student of Near East politics as the Albanian Question.

Albania, from one point of view, may be described as the Armenia of Turkey in Europe. Like that unhappy province, it is a district seamed with mountain ranges, which afford a safe retreat to a highland population chiefly subsisting by the robbery of their lowland and less warlike neighbours. It is also a district inhabited partly by Christians and partly by Mohammedans, two elements which ever live on terms resembling the relations prevalent between the feline and the canine species of brute creation. But here the similarity ends. The Albanians, be they Christian or Mohammedan, both are sections of one and the same stock, both share the same racial attachment to liberty, and both show an equal capacity for preserving it. Their feuds are family affairs, and, like most people engaged in domestic disputes, the Albanians resent nothing more bitterly than interference on the part of outsiders. Whatever the differences which separate the two elements may be, there is one point on which they both agree—namely, a distrust of and contempt for the Turk, to whom they apply an opprobrious and untranslatable nickname.

Indeed, Albania can hardly be considered a portion of the Ottoman Empire in the same sense as Macedonia or Armenia.

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\* 'The Macedonian Problem and its Factors,' October 1901.

Though conquered, it has never been subdued. Nominally consisting of two vilayets, that of Skutari in the north and that of Jannina in the south, with portions of the vilayets of Monastir and Kossovo on the east, it really is a conglomeration of clans to all intents and purposes independent of one another and of all central authority—independence meaning less autonomous administration, or, for that matter, any kind of administration, than the privilege of waging war against each other, plundering their neighbours and abducting their daughters. This is the only form of freedom for which the average Albanian really cares, and he generally succeeds in enjoying it. The Porte in older days tried repeatedly to confirm its grip on the province. The suppression of Ali Pasha, the famous satrap of Epirus, in 1822, and the *coup* ever since known as the massacre of the Beys at Monastir, in 1830, had the same object in view. A later attempt to enforce conscription in Albania led to the insurrection both of north and south, in 1846. But those and similar attempts, though comparatively successful in the south, have never produced any lasting result in the north of the province. The North Albanian of the present day, like his forefathers of the remotest period of which there is any faint record in history, recognises no other rule than that of the chief of his *phara* or clan. This *régime* the Ottoman conqueror was compelled to sanction, and, since the nominal subjugation of Albania in the fifteenth century, the heads of clans have been known by the title of hereditary Beys.

Turkish authority, such as it is, is exercised through the medium of these tribal chiefs, and the Porte, whenever it meditates the introduction of any legislative novelty, is extremely anxious to conciliate them and to secure their good will and support by means of presents and promises. Even normal taxation cannot be enforced except through the Beys. The amount to be levied depends entirely on their approval, and is collected through their instrumentality. It is obvious that the Beys will never lend their countenance to any measure which is likely to affect their own privileges and purses, and accordingly two of the main sources of Turkish revenue, the Public Debt imposts and the Tobacco Monopoly, are institutions unheard of in Albania. The only tribute which the Beys are occasionally inclined to pay, and that as a voluntary contribution rather than as a matter of obligation, is the cattle tax (*djelebe*). Again, in matters judicial no Albanian charged with a capital offence is

amenable to Ottoman justice. Such cases are tried by the tribe council of notables or elders, presided over by the tribal chief. Besides these permanent councils, there is a kind of general assembly in which every family is represented, and which meets periodically in spring and autumn for the discussion and settlement of questions of high import, chiefly concerning the foreign policy of the clan, that is, its relations with its neighbours. The subject most frequently under debate in these popular assemblies is the commencement or the cessation of a tribal blood feud.

Conscription is also carried on through the good offices of the Beys. The Albanians as a race have never recognised the Sultan's right to press them into the service. Yet, whenever the levying of troops is deemed necessary, the Sultan has only to appeal to the Beys, and a number of volunteers, as undisciplined and turbulent as they are brave, are ready to enlist under the imperial standard—drawn thither by the prospect of plunder. For long ages Albania has been the nursery of Mohammedan soldiers, a reserve from which the Sultans have always drawn the bravest defenders of the Crescent. Among the Turks themselves it is generally admitted that the blood of the Albanians has done much to cement the throne of the Osmanlis. To quote the pamphlet mentioned second at the head of this article: 'We Albanians have ever been the pillars of Turkey. Our bones are to be found scattered over Hungary, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, and the Crimea; through Greece, Persia, Arabia, to the confines of India'—a statement which is more than a vain boast. These irregular troops, however, not unfrequently prove as dangerous to their own allies as to the enemy, and during the last Græco-Turkish war Edhem Pasha, the Commander-in-chief, was only too glad to get rid of them at all hazards.

The relative importance of the patriarchal chiefs in question depends not, as that of the patriarchs of old did, upon the magnitude of their herds and flocks, but as in mediæval Europe each baron's strength was estimated by the number of bows which he could put into the field, so the Albanian Bey's power is measured by the number of Martinis at his command. These weapons, when not required for imperial purposes, are employed in the conduct of the civil strife which constitutes the normal state of affairs in the interior of the country. The Albanian is a bred and born fighter, and, like the pickpocket who, in default of another victim, used to keep his fingers in training by practising on himself, when

hard up for a foe he will gladly pick a quarrel with his next-door neighbour. So general is this rule that the cessation of hostilities is emphasised by the term 'peace,' or rather 'truce' (*bessa*), which in Albania is a synonym for ordinary friendship. There is hardly any clan, great or small, that has not a feud with some other clan. Some of these quarrels are of modern growth; others are of so long a standing that their origin is all but lost in the mists of immemorial antiquity. But though the cause may be forgotten, the quarrel continues as a matter of habit or tradition. Feuds are handed down in the aristocratic *odjaks* of Albania by one generation to the next, as games of chess are said to be handed down in the great families of Spain.

These feuds generally originate in the murder of some member of a clan. The rest of the clan consider themselves in honour bound to avenge the crime by 'taking back blood'—that is, by murdering the individual who shed their own friend's blood, or his next-of-kin. The task of vengeance is religiously transmitted from father to son in a direct line, and the nearest relative of the deceased is looked upon as dishonoured until he has performed it. On the other hand, the accomplishment of the sacred duty is celebrated by great festivities and boisterous rejoicings, and the avenger is lionised as befits the man who has saved the prestige of the *odjak*. The Turkish authorities do their clumsy best to suppress the vendetta, and the prisons are crammed with persons guilty of murder. But the fear of imprisonment has never yet deterred a true Albanian from 'taking blood.' In so doing he considers himself as acting in obedience to a time-honoured clan code, in comparison with which State legislation counts as a thing of yesterday. Moreover, the satisfaction which he experiences in carrying out the behests of this *quasi*-divine law makes all other considerations sink into insignificance. How deeply rooted is the conviction in the sacredness of the duty of revenge is shown by the Albanian's every-day conversation: 'I have a blood-feud (*gyak*) on, sir,' was an Albanian heard to say a short time ago. 'If I kill him now, well and good. If I miss him, and am arrested, I shall get, say, fifteen years. The Sultan is certain to let me off five. Very well, ten years hence I shall be set at liberty, and then, if he still is in the land of the living, I will kill him. If he is dead, I will kill his son or brother, please God (*issha'llah*)!'

The speaker was a mere humble retainer, but his point of view is exactly the same as that of any Albanian, no matter

of what rank. When a few years since Djavid Bey, the son of the Grand Vizier, was shot dead in broad daylight, and in one of the busiest thoroughfares of Constantinople, everybody explained his murder as an act of vendetta on the part of the Albanians for the assassination of Gani Bey, an influential fellow-countryman of theirs, who a twelvemonth before had been murdered by one of Djavid's creatures. Nor did the avenger attempt to escape. Why should he? Had he not fulfilled 'the unwritten law of the gods'? Would not his name be ever remembered and revered by his clansmen, and his deed celebrated in rugged mountain verse for the admiration of posterity? What is death itself, let alone mere imprisonment, when weighed against everlasting fame?

In view of this state of things it is hardly to be wondered at that agriculture is not a favourite or flourishing pursuit. Maize is the only kind of corn cultivated, and it barely suffices for the subsistence of a small portion of the population. The deficit is made good by robbery. The ordinary Albanian farmer, after having gathered in his crop, and hung it up between the rafters of his cottage, considers the year's labours concluded. This grain, ground as it is wanted, a cow, and a small stock of fowls supply all his needs throughout the winter. A limited export trade in farm produce is carried on with Trieste, and tortoiseshells, which require neither keeping nor tending, are largely exported to Italy. Despite the absence of peace, and the presence of poverty, the Albanian is a very hospitable individual. A stranger, just as among the Homeric Greeks and the modern Arabs, is looked upon as 'one sent by God'—a sacred and inviolable person. In the smaller villages, where the patriarchal régime is especially powerful, the first rite of hospitality consists in the washing of the guest's feet by the mistress of the cottage. It is also her duty to sleep outside the door of the bedroom assigned to the stranger, in order to be ready at hand to offer assistance, should he chance to be taken suddenly ill during the night. Even the greatest personal enemy is perfectly safe under an Albanian's roof. The host will entertain him kindly, will feast him liberally, and on departing will conduct him half an hour's distance from his house. This is the limit of the forbearance imposed by piety. Once there, the obligation of respect ceases, and the host will proceed to shoot his *ci-devant* guest with the complacency of a man who feels that he is doing a meritorious deed.

A redeeming feature of the Albanian's character is his

warm gratitude for any kindness shown him. If he is slow to forgive an injury, he is still slower to forget a favour. This trait was not long ago vividly impressed upon a foreign consul at Durazzo. The gentleman in question was a qualified doctor, and during an epidemic had saved the lives of many of the inhabitants out of charity. When, some years after, he was transferred, his ex-patients went *en masse* to see their benefactor off, and, as a proof of their sincerity, they promised to kill his successor. They were not to be dissuaded from their purpose except by repeated assurances, accompanied by a solemn oath, that the consul's removal was of his own seeking, and had not been brought about by his successor's machinations, as they imagined. The loyalty and fidelity of the Albanians are proverbial throughout the Levant, and those who employ armed attendants (*cavasses*) of that nationality have many instances of self-sacrifice to relate.

The remarks concerning Albanian barbarism made above apply to the whole of Albania, but it should be added that the degree in which these features prevail is highest in the north and lowest in the south of the country. It is to the northern portion that the term 'Savage Land' (*Yabani*) is specially applied by the Turks—a term reflecting the wild and lawless character of the people no less than the rugged grandeur of the black and bare mountains amid which they live. This portion administratively constitutes the vilayet of Skutari, and is inhabited partly by Albanised Slavs and partly by Albanians of so-called Illyrian descent. Though both are commonly included in the name of 'Ghegs,' the latter are easily distinguished by their peculiar physique, by the fierceness of their temper, and, above all, by the habit of shaving their heads so that only a lock or fringe of hair is allowed to grow on the crown and hang down upon the nape of the neck—a custom recalling to the spectator Fenimore Cooper's Indians despoiled of their plumage. One tribe of the Ghegs—the Mirdites—inhabiting the district between Skutari and Prisrend, among other relics of truly primitive culture, preserve the practice of exogamy, never marrying within the tribe, but habitually providing themselves with wives forcibly carried off from amongst their neighbours. The maid in many cases has no unconquerable aversion to being abducted, but her male relatives make it a point of honour to defend her, and, as a result, a Mirdite wedding is frequently ushered in by a series of funerals.

The language of the Ghegs is as rough and uncouth as

their rocks, as little susceptible of rule as those who speak it, and as primitive as their manners, withal presenting a certain family resemblance to the speech of the ancient Hellenes and Latins in its rudest form. But it is only the resemblance of a half-faded ancestral portrait to its subject's remote descendants.

Such are the Ghegs and their land. The god of light seems to have forgotten to cast a ray to this benighted nook of Europe. History has almost disdained to record the life of a race which, by the caprice of fate, has been suffered to remain in a primordial state of infancy, while its cousins of the south grew, flourished, decayed, all but died, and rose to life again. And yet it is a race brimming with vitality. The continuous drain in men to which North Albania had been subjected for a long series of generations kept down their numbers. But as soon as the current of Ottoman conquest ceased, they began to multiply. During the latter part of the nineteenth century especially the Ghegs, who had been forced to withdraw before the advancing waves of the Slavs, overflowed the landmarks imposed by that movement, and in their turn began to press upon the newcomers. The Slavs were compelled to cross once more the Drin, and to retire further east. Hence the vilayet of Monastir, as well as the district known as Old Serbia, presents the theatre of a constant struggle for existence between the Albanians and the Servians, who are gradually driven towards the banks of the Vardar.

To the south of these tribes lies the land of the Tosks, a milder and less uncivilised race of men, addicted less to fighting and more to farming than are their northern brethren across the Skumbi, though, like them, they are mostly armed *cap-à-pie*. The country still further south is inhabited by a group of clans known as Liaps and Tchams. These have little of the ferocity which distinguishes the other Albanians, and are rather more under the control of the Turkish authorities. Conscription and taxation, though practically matters of as little moment as among the Ghegs, are at all events theoretically admitted to be obligatory. The tribal division has, among them, in great measure been superseded by a corresponding local division into districts, each governed by a great landowner, and the vendetta hardly ever involves whole districts in hostilities, being as a rule confined to individual families. In a word, the further south the traveller proceeds the gentler the people grow, in harmony with their surroundings. The scenery in these parts is less

mountainous, the soil more regularly cultivated, and the population, by scarcely perceptible degrees, merges into the Epirotic Greek. So much so that Jannina, the capital city of the vilayet, actually lies to the south of the Greek frontier, as drawn by the Congress of Berlin in 1878, and, were it not for the refusal of the Porte to carry into effect Article 13 of that treaty, a considerable section of the vilayet would now be in fact what it was then recognised to be in theory—part of the Hellenic kingdom.

The division of Albania into northern and southern is neither arbitrary nor new. It closely corresponds with the delimitation which prevailed in ancient times. Strabo regarded the Egnatian road as forming the boundary line between the Illyrians and the Epirots. Despite the vicissitudes through which the country has passed since the old geographer's day, the modern traveller sees reason to endorse his statement, for the Egnatian road ran parallel to the river Skumbi, which still separates the northern Ghegs from the southern Tosks. Strongly marked and strongly felt as is the distinction between the two tribes, both Ghegs and Tosks acknowledge a common national appellation. Under the name of Skipetar they include all those who use the Albanian speech (*Skip*), a community of sentiment which is not even affected by difference in religion. The name of Skipetar is made to cover a multitude of creeds, Mohammedan as well as Christian. This broad-mindedness is probably due to the fact that neither the Cross nor the Crescent is much more than a mere conventional name to the Albanian. Characteristically enough, the Mohammedan Albanians are mostly Bektashis, an heretical sect deeply tinted with antinomian principles, and therefore congenial to the natural contempt for authority which distinguishes these children of the rocks. In defiance of the precepts of the Koran they openly indulge in wine and pork. Contrary to the practice of Islam throughout the Eastern world they build no minarets to their few mosques, and scorn those who do so. 'How foolish they must be to think that Allah will hear their prayers any the sooner because, forsooth, they offer them up from an elevation a few feet higher than the common level of the earth!' an Albanian was heard to exclaim, and the exclamation showed his hazy notions concerning Moslem practice better than a regular examination in the Prophet's catechism could have done.

In South Albania there are whole so-called Mohammedan districts which do not boast a single place of worship or a

single minister of Allah. These simple believers consider a Turkish name a sufficient passport to the Prophet's paradise; they observe no Ramazan—the great Mohammedan fast—and even dispense with the rite of circumcision, which among the Mohammedans is equal in solemnity to the Christian baptism. Commander-in-chief Eyub Pasha, during the Greek campaign of 1885, on visiting the sick discovered this curious omission, and, shocked thereat, proposed to have the rite administered to the Albanian regiments in the regular way. He was, however, forced to abandon his pious design by the threat of the unwilling proselytes that they would desert bodily to the enemy rather than submit to this ignominy. On another occasion the Turkish Government sent to one of these districts an expert to initiate all the boys into the mysteries of the Mohammedan cult. The great landowners (*aghas*), who had much to lose, submitted with the best grace they could; but the common and irresponsible people rose in arms and put the poor Khodja to death for daring to insult the free sons of Albania, and thus compelled the Porte to recognise that there are limits to the Albanian's susceptibility to religious influence beyond which it is not safe to go. These eccentricities have among the orthodox believers earned the Mohammedan Albanians the sobriquet of *Kitabsiz*, or Bible-less.

Christianity also, whether it calls itself Greek or Roman, is of a type peculiar to Albania. The ordinary Albanian's ideas on the subject are well illustrated by the story according to which a mountaineer once informed a tourist that he prayed to Christ that He might intercede on his behalf with St. Nicholas. Nor is the line between Islam and Christianity very rigidly drawn. In many districts, Albanians who in time of taxation pose as true believers, a few months later, when they are requested to join the army, discover a sudden leaning to infidelity. Others again, while openly professing the dominant creed, in private adhere to Christianity, and reconcile the two religions by giving to their children two names: one Turkish, imposed by the imam according to the rites of Islam and used out of doors; the other by a Christian priest who, soon after the first ceremony, is called in at dead of night disguised, and thus, under the cloak of darkness, neutralises the evil effect by means of the baptism. The second name is exclusively intended for home consumption. Many other observances exhibit the same eclectic duality of views.

Nearly all the Albanians who call themselves Moham-

medans, genuine as well as counterfeit, about four-fifths of the whole race, are the descendants of Christian communities who at various periods renounced more or less sincerely their religion in order to share the privileges of the ruling caste, and be able to defend themselves and to oppress their neighbours with impunity. Conversion was all the easier because it really involved little change in doctrine, and still less in conduct. How superficial it was has been shown already. Vestiges of the old religion are still discernible in the patronymic designations of many Albanian Mohammedans, which are Greek, while their first names are Turkish. The bizarre nature of the combination can be realised by the reader who has heard of such names as Hadji-Abdullah Brown and Mohammed Russel—British and American philological phenomena due to analogous causes. Broadly speaking, Christianity has displayed greater vitality in the north than in the south, owing chiefly to the physical configuration of the country. The northerners, dwelling as they do in more inaccessible regions, were allowed by the conqueror to retain the use of arms, and consequently their religious as well as political freedom, while in the less mountainous south the people, in order to preserve the latter—perhaps too readily—sacrificed the former.

So far as it is possible to locate the rival creeds in Albania, we find the Mohammedan element mainly preponderating in the towns, and the Christian in the open country. Thus in the north Skutari, Dibra, Durazzo, and Elbassan are chiefly inhabited by Mohammedans, while the surrounding tribes are mostly Christian. The same observation applies to Berat and Jannina in the south. So strong is the Mohammedan element in all these centres that during the month of Ramazan—the Mohammedan Lent—no Christian, native or European, dares walk out in the street smoking. Such an act is apt to be construed into a deliberate insult to those who are not permitted to break the fast by smoking, and it is punished in the national method, which, albeit somewhat summary, has the merit of being expeditious—an Albanian marksman seldom misses his aim.

With regard to the Christians themselves, those of the north are mostly Catholic, the only important exception being offered by the inhabitants of Rekka—a score of villages to the north-east of Dibra—who are almost the only Ghegs who have kept up the orthodox religion, and are therefore exposed to the constant attacks of the Moham-

medans of Dibra on one hand and of the Catholic Mirdites on the other. An occasional permission granted by the authorities to bear arms does not go very far to better their condition. On the other hand, we find that in the south all those Albanians who profess the Christian religion at all belong to the Orthodox Church. The distinction between Roman and Greek Christians is emphasised by the difference in the alphabets used by the two sects: the first employ the Latin; the second preserve the Greek, which formerly was in universal use. The introduction of the Roman letters is due to the influence of Western religious and political propagandas, of which there are two—Austrian and Italian—each competing for the favour of the Ghegs and the Tosks. Both these foreign propagandas possess a great ally in the contrast which the better-class Albanians, who visit Austria and Italy for commercial purposes, observe and report to their friends at home, between the state of their own country and that of lands under enlightened administration. Commercial intercourse thus facilitates the political discontent which both those Powers endeavour to foster and to exploit.

The Austrians have hitherto proved more successful. The Roman Catholic Church in Albania is under the protection of that Power, and the northern part of the country is inundated with prelates and priests of Austrian nationality, while Jesuit and Franciscan missions are established in various centres, under the auspices of the same government. The Italians exercise their influence mainly through the Albanian populations settled in Southern Italy and Sicily—a colony counting over sixty thousand members, and dating back to the fifteenth century. George Castriot, for his valour and manly beauty surnamed Scanderbeg, or Prince Alexander (the Great), is the reputed founder of this settlement. When worsted in his last struggle with the Turks he accepted the invitation of Pope Pius II. to cross the Adriatic and assist the King of Naples against the Count of Anjou. As a reward for this service he received grants of land, and brought over a number of his countrymen to settle on it. These early emigrants were subsequently joined by bodies of mercenaries who were employed by various Italian States in their wars against each other, and notably by the Venetian Republic. In the course of time the colony has grown in wealth and importance, and has produced several distinguished men, among whom the late Signor Crispi will long be remembered as the most eminent. Italian influence,

however, is not entirely satisfied with indirect means. In South Albania, where its sphere chiefly lies, it is gaining ground. According to the latest intelligence the staff of the Italian consulate at Jannina has been reinforced. Italian ships visit the Albanian ports with a frequency which is in direct ratio to the decrease of commerce, and it is whispered that, in spite of the opposition of the Turkish authorities, the Italians contemplate the establishment of a post-office at Jannina, in imitation of the British post-office established under similar circumstances at Salonica. Indeed, the ambitious activity of the Italian Government in Epirus, coupled with the alleged preparations of a pretender to invade the country from Italy, is beginning to inspire serious anxiety to the Turks, and has induced them to strengthen their military position in the province. A few weeks ago a staff officer was sent from Constantinople with orders to concentrate troops at various points on the coast, and the Vali of Jannina is said to have already supplied him with three battalions of infantry.

The rivalry between Austria and Italy in Albania is all the more difficult for the ordinary man to comprehend because Albania is far from being a desirable possession. It is hard to believe that Austria, already vexed by the internal antagonism of many and various nationalities, is anxious to add to her troubles by the annexation of so turbulent and uncontrollable a district. Nor is it more probable that Italy, who has scarcely yet recovered from the severe lessons in colonisation and conquest inflicted upon her by Abyssinia, seriously meditates colonial expansion in so unproductive and unpromising a field. Besides, Italy can hardly boast a superabundance of the means of conferring on Albania the ordinary blessings of settled government and material development of which the country stands in such sore need. And yet mutual jealousy forces both Powers to a policy of conquest in order to prevent each other from acquiring a footing in Albania. The Hapsburgers in particular seem to keep up the family traditions of Rudolf, the indigent and greedy lord of the 'gray Hill-Castle.' Like another of their ancestors, the 'one-eyed, loose-lipped, unbeautiful' Albert I., 'a Kaiser dreadfully fond of earthly goods,' they appear to be still actuated by the desire to grasp all round them, at property half theirs, as Novi Bazar, or wholly not theirs, as Albania, thereby 'getting endless quarrels' on their hands, and much diplomatic defeat mixed with an occasional victory. The wishes of the Albanians themselves are, of course, con-

sistently ignored. The material benefits to be expected from Austrian rule are undoubtedly great, as is shown by the example of Bosnia and Herzegovina, but equally great is the moral loss entailed in a régime which systematically aims at the obliteration of the national sentiment. In the estimation of the recipients themselves the blessings conferred by the Austrian occupation are more than neutralised by the blow which that occupation has dealt at their independent development as a national entity. The result does not commend itself to the Albanians. It would perhaps serve the ends both of Austria and Italy better should they agree in building up an independent Albania. Instead, they agree to differ, and, while solemnly disclaiming all designs of conquest, they each act as if the conquest of Albania was the one thing nearest their hearts. Their action is for the present decorously veiled, and each Power tolerates the other's efforts so long as these do not lead to an open disturbance of the *status quo*, the maintenance of which, in the words of Signor Prinetti, Minister for Foreign Affairs, is 'the best guarantee of their mutual interests.' The same Minister, however, in the course of the same speech—made in the Chamber of Deputies on May 23—significantly alluded to the possibility of the *status quo* being disturbed, and in that event, he added, Italy, thanks to the Triple Alliance, 'would be sure of finding no one to bar the way to her legitimate aspirations.' It is no easy thing to interpret diplomatic language with perfect accuracy. But the Italian Minister's words seem to point to the existence of some definite understanding between Italy and Austria as to an ultimate partition of the country in a mutually satisfactory manner.

The opposition between Austrian and Italian interests extends beyond the limits of Albania. The north-eastern coast of the Adriatic has for ages been an apple of discord between these two singular 'allies.' Their rivalry in those regions affords the astute Prince of Montenegro a constant opportunity of playing the perilous comedy once so adroitly performed by the kings of Navarre in Western Europe. But, happier than they, he enjoys the staunch support of a monarch more powerful than either of his immediate neighbours. Nevertheless, as the White Tsar—whose 'only friend' he had the distinction of being until Serbia and Bulgaria joined the group—is a considerable way off, Prince Nicholas finds it advisable to cultivate cordial relations with Italy, as the less formidable of the two rivals, and to use her

friendship as a shield against Austria, a Power whose proximity and pushfulness constitute much greater dangers to the peace of his Lilliputian dominions.

The political situation in Albania is so intimately connected with the general network of Balkan politics that the slightest disturbance of the latter is apt to affect it. So long as the Russo-Austrian *entente* of 1897, entered into with a view to preserving the *status quo* in the Balkan Peninsula, was in full force, Austria was allowed a free hand in Albania. But as soon as this contract virtually ceased to control the Near East policy of the two parties, Russia adopted the attitude of open opposition to Austrian interests in that province. Both unofficially, through the Panslavistic societies, and officially, through the Holy Synod of Russia, the Tsar's Government is—or until quite recently was—working with might and main towards the conversion of the Ghegs. In fact, so far from exhibiting any anxiety to conceal its aims, it carried them out by its official representatives in the most obvious manner imaginable. The funds derived from the above-mentioned sources were distributed by the Russian Consul at Skutari, and the same functionary ostentatiously assisted at the restoration of old Orthodox churches or at the inauguration of new Slav schools. It is true that the slight amelioration in Russo-Austrian relations, which has lately been brought about by their common antagonism to Germany, has tended to moderate the zeal of Russian representatives in Albania. But is it to be conceived that agents, who have for years been accustomed to devote themselves heart and soul to a cause, will relinquish it—except in outward appearance—at a moment's notice? Besides, the Russian campaign in Northern Albania forms part and parcel of the great Panslavistic movement which slowly tends to swallow up South-Eastern Europe. One of the immediate objects of this movement is the absorption of Macedonia, and no Power can be secure in the possession of Macedonia whose flank is left exposed to a free Albania. Hence the feverish activity of the Slavs in the latter province—an activity which is too much the result of vital interest to be permanently checked by the improvement of diplomatic or dynastic relations between the two Powers, whom the very nature of things forces into political rivalry.

Were further proof needed of Russia's determination to promote the Slav cause in Albania, it is supplied by an attempt lately made by that Power, in concert with Servia,

to create two new Slav vice-consulships at Mitrovitza and Prishtend respectively. The project, however, had to be abandoned, temporarily at all events, owing to the attitude of the Albanians, who declared in unequivocal terms their intention to kill both the vice-consuls, if they came to take up their posts. In the face of these facts we find it hard to accept without reserve the assurances repeatedly given by Russian and Austrian statesmen of their mutual anxiety to abstain from all action calculated to disturb the equilibrium of the relative positions held by the two Powers in the Near East. The latest authoritative statement to that effect was made by the Emperor of Austria in his Address to the Delegations on May 7, and was subsequently echoed at greater length by his Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, in the Budget Committee of the Austrian Delegation. Both Emperor and Minister agreed in emphasising the beneficial results of the St. Petersburg compact of 1897, one of which is the abandonment of 'the perilous system of the so-called Policy of Prestige in the Balkan Peninsula' and the initiation of a policy of perfect disinterestedness: 'formerly,' the Minister is reported to have said, 'distrust of the self-seeking aims of the other country weighed heavily both upon Austria and Russia; but it was bound to disappear immediately it was authoritatively established that neither of them aspired to any territorial acquisition in the Near East.' This is an admirable text, viewed by itself; but it will hardly bear a scrutiny in the light of contemporary events. These tell a totally different tale. At the best the Minister's profession of faith may be taken as an illustration of Cæsar's dictum, '*Libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.*'

In Southern Albania, or Epirus, we find, in contrast to the efforts of Italy, the Hellenic influence strong with the strength which long historic association can only impart, and which owes little or nothing to the artificial methods of a political propaganda. This influence is partly the outcome of religious sympathy—all the southern Christians being members of the Greek Church—and partly of community of speech. The Greek language is universally understood. In the larger towns, as Jannina, it is the mother tongue of all the citizens, irrespective of creed; and even in some of the country districts, where Albanian is the idiom in everyday use, Greek is employed in writing, or if, as it rarely happens, a Tosk wishes to use Albanian as a medium of communication, he employs the Greek characters. The

training schools, due to the munificence of one individual alone (Zographos), within the last twenty years have furnished teachers to over two hundred Albanian villages, including altogether a population of some sixty thousand. In short, Greek holds among the Southern Albanians pretty nearly the position which English holds in the Highlands of Scotland and in Wales, and, not unlike the Scotch and the Welsh, the Tosks entertain a kind of sentimental affection for their vernacular, although for all literary, religious, and commercial purposes they find Greek a more practical, as well as more dignified, vehicle of thought. From community of religion and language to community of national sentiment it is but a short step, and, as might have been anticipated, the Christian Albanians of the south—the Epirots—nourish the same aspirations as the inhabitants of other districts similarly situated. They look upon themselves as inseparable members of the Hellenic race, and wish for nothing better than to be allowed to share in its fortunes—a sentiment fostered by the numerous Albanian colonies settled in the free kingdom, and, naturally enough, encouraged by all the inhabitants of that kingdom.

It was not to be expected that Greece should long remain an impassive spectator of the scramble for the possession of Albania. An Albanian League was formed at Athens, the Proclamation of which ‘to the brethren in Albania’ figures at the head of this article. The document is an eloquent, though necessarily somewhat biassed, appeal to their common origin, traditions, and struggles. It contains a programme for what is termed in it New Albania, and advocates the course of a *rapprochement* between the two ancient and autochthonous races of the Balkan Peninsula. It is, appropriately enough, signed by Sechos, Botzaris, and Tzavellas, names two of which at least are famous in modern Græco-Albanian history, and calculated to arouse in the breasts of many Albanians memories of heroic and not very distant times when Greeks and Albanians shed their blood on many a common battlefield and for a common object. For some mystic reason, however, the pamphlet, though prettily printed and arrayed in a blue garment of unimpeachable purity, is written in an artificial vulgar idiom and spelling which to the Southern Albanian, who has even a smattering of Hellenic culture, will be distasteful if not bewildering; while to his brother of the north, who is not acquainted with the Greek language in any shape or form, it will be utterly meaningless. The idea advocated in this publication is not

quite new. Ali Pasha, the notorious tyrant, and yet one of the three great men produced by modern Albania, at the beginning of the nineteenth century conceived the plan of erecting an independent Albano-Grecian State under his own rule. Had his reputation for perfidy been less wide-spread or less well founded, he would probably have succeeded in carrying out his scheme. He failed because none of those interested gave him credit for sincerity. The fact, however, that he made the proposal shows that it was a plausible one. At a later date, in 1846, the insurgent chief Guleka made similar overtures to the Greek Minister Coletti, inviting Greece to join in the struggle, or to assist the Albanian insurgents with arms and ammunition. The Minister's death brought the negotiations to a premature conclusion. Still later, during the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, the Albanian Committee of Pristina, in a memoir to Lord Beaconsfield, refer to the possibility of 'doubling the defensive resources of Albania by an alliance with Greece, who sees in the Slavs a dangerous enemy and is convinced that her interests are identical with ours.'

The proposal, briefly stated, is to form a joint Albano-Grecian State on the model of Sweden and Norway or Austria-Hungary, or of Moldavia and Wallachia before those two principalities were incorporated into what is now the kingdom of Roumania. The two States together, it is urged, could easily check the progress of the Slavs and keep them out of Macedonia, as in olden times Philip of Macedon assisted by the Illyrians—the ancestors of the modern Albanians—succeeded in repelling the barbarians of the north. Greece would gain much from such an alliance. The Albanians are warriors born and bred. Their existence for centuries past has been a continuous fight—now against the Turks, now against the Slavs. When in want of foreign foes they keep themselves in training by their internal feuds. To Greece such allies would be invaluable. In return for this service the Albanians would profit by the Greek aptitude for a seafaring life. Their coast would be defended by the Greek fleet, and Greek enterprise would also develop the commercial possibilities of the country. Moreover, the civilisation of the Greeks would enable Albania to lay the foundations of a national education and of a political organisation. The idea, so far as it has been promulgated, seems to have met with a favourable reception among the 'brethren.' There is a strong racial affinity between the Greeks and the Albanians. The national customs, dress, and folklore of the

latter are very closely akin to, indeed in many cases identical with, those of the Greeks. This relationship is proved by the ease with which the two elements mix together and assimilate each other under normal conditions. The Southern Albanians, at all events, have for ages sided with the Greeks, and played a leading rôle in the war of independence, some of the most distinguished chiefs in the struggle being actually natives of Souli and other parts of South Albania. In Greece itself there are large tracts inhabited by Albanians. The islands of Hydra and Spetzai and the opposite coast furnished during that war many a renowned sea hero; the island of Andros is also partly occupied by Albanians. There are Albanian villages at the very gates of Athens and Corinth, Megara and Argos, such as Amarousi, Kharvati, Menidi, &c. The Albanians settled in the free kingdom are computed at four hundred thousand, that is, at about one-fifth of the entire population. They form a majority in the army and in the navy, both royal and mercantile, while many representatives of the race fill important posts in the Government service; many are distinguished members of the learned professions and of the manufacturing and commercial classes. These Albanians, who still retain in a large measure their native speech, form a strong link of connexion between the two races, and it is they who have originated the Albanian League at Athens.

What does the Sultan think of all these conflicting endeavours on the part of outsiders to divide his property while he still counts himself among the living? Any other Power would undoubtedly have resented such acts, or at least would have regarded them as 'unfriendly.' But Turkey and Turkish statesmanship are not to be judged by ordinary standards. What to any one else would have been a source of weakness and annoyance is to the Sultan a source of strength and unalloyed satisfaction. Sad indeed would be his plight, if the Albanians were a race united among themselves and free from foreign interference, or subject to only one foreign influence. Brave and reckless and resourceful as they are, they would lose no time in turning their rocks into impregnable fortresses and his Valis and Kaimakams into vagrants—as in fact they often do. But, fortunately for the Sultan, they are torn by incessant dissensions: every chief's hand is against every other chief, and every clan looks upon every other clan as either an actual or a potential enemy. The Ghég hates the Tosk, the Mohammedan suspects the Christian, the Roman Catholic

detests, and is detested by, the Greek Orthodox. As if these causes of dissension were not sufficient, oil is thrown into the fire by the foreign emissaries from Austria and Italy on one hand, and Russia on the other. So long as this state of things prevails the Sultan feels safe: the very multitude of his foes is a guarantee of their failure. However, he does not allow himself to be lulled to sleep by his sense of security. He makes capital out of the rivalries of the various native chiefs, and, by offers of lucrative posts in the palace and other advantages, he lures the most powerful among them to Constantinople, where it is easy for him, through his legions of spies, to keep an imperial eye on their movements. Now and again one of these deluded and penitent birds finds a way out of the gilded cage, and the world hears of it. In North Albania itself, Abdul Hamid encourages the Mohammedan Ghegs to prey upon the Christians, and connives at the war of extermination which they wage against the Slavs of the vilayet of Monastir and the district known as Old Servia. Things are thus kept in a state of unstable equilibrium partly through the venality of the Albanian chieftains, who find it more convenient to do the Sultan's work and earn the Sultan's wages than to play the unremunerative game of patriotism; partly through the policy of the Sultan himself, who displays the most nervous solicitude to avoid all causes of friction with the hardy mountaineers who profess the Prophet's faith, though after a fashion of their own. Of course, this policy, judged by Western standards, is suicidal. It provides for the present by exposing the future to even greater dangers. But the maxim of the Oriental statesman has always been 'Enough for the day the evil thereof.' When things have reached an *impasse*; when the knot is tangled beyond the possibility of loosening, then it is cut in the manner of which Turkish history furnishes only too many examples, such as the Bulgarian, Armenian, and other periodical atrocities. Could the Sultan be brought to realise his true interest, he would know that an honest policy is in this case the only good policy. He would see that the Imperial and the Albanian interests are identical. Instead of encouraging anarchy, and by so doing furnishing self-seeking outsiders with an ever-present excuse for intervention, he would hasten to satisfy the aspirations of the Albanian people—aspirations which do not in any way militate against the interests of his empire. By erecting an autonomous Albania he would render the bulwark which that country

has always been against Montenegro, Austria, and Servia even more impregnable; whereas by his present policy Abdul Hamid pulls down with his own hands the fortifications which nature and history have combined to raise for his defence. The same end could be attained by the establishment of a régime which would guarantee security to life and property, order and justice; but these are utopian dreams, not admitting of serious hope of realisation in any part of the Sultan's dominions, and least of all in North Albania.

To the same short-sighted policy is to be attributed the license enjoyed by the Mohammedan Tosks in South Albania. Not only do malefactors remain unchecked, and that in spite of the representations of so redoubtable a Power as Russia, who has recently assumed the rôle of champion of the Albanian Christians of north and south, but even individuals actually arrested and imprisoned for murder at Jannina have been known to be released in obedience to orders direct from Yildiz Kiosk, very much to the annoyance of the Vali and to the prejudice of the interests of justice, which do not always coincide with the interests of the empire, as understood by the reigning sovereign. It is no exaggeration to say that the Turkish rule is virtually dead in Albania. The Turkish garrisons either remain discreetly within their barracks or simply display their threadbare uniforms in the streets of the towns, while the open country is given up to lawless gangs, which roam at random, seeking whom they may despoil. Even the tax-collectors, elsewhere omnipotent autocrats, in Albania are compelled to confine their iniquitous activity within the sphere immediately under the protection of the military. If an open rebellion has not broken out as yet, it is due to the timorous attitude of the Sultan, who cannot afford to provoke such a contingency.

Nothing illustrates the peculiar nature of the relations between the Sultan and his Albanian subjects better than two recent incidents, one at Ipek and the other at Novi Bazar. The cause of the first was the arrest of some Albanians in consequence of a tribal feud. Their kinsmen, under the leadership of the chief of the clan, marched to the town, seized the Government House, and captured all the officials who had not had time to escape. The riot ended in a regular exchange of prisoners, and the Sultan purchased a spell of precarious peace at the price of his prestige. At Novi Bazar the recall of a popular mayor by the Porte induced a large body of armed Albanians to repair to the

principal city of the sandjak and to demand redress from the Mutessarif. On being refused, they proceeded to lay siege to the town. Quiet was not restored until the Sultan yielded to their demands, reinstated the popular mayor, and cashiered his own governor. A third incident had an even more ludicrous *dénouement*. Two chiefs, Riza Bey and Bairam Surah by name, fell out and withdrew into their respective castles, whence their followers carried on hostilities for over a month. The feud spread to the neighbouring town of Diakova, and the usual panic and closing of shops ensued. The war has just been terminated in an eminently characteristic manner 'by the promotion of the two chiefs to the rank of brigadier-general.'

In all these cases no other way was apparently open to his Imperial Majesty than abject submission. An attempt to meet force with force would have led to serious complications and made bad worse. The Sultan can no longer rely implicitly on the Albanian garrisons. According to a recent report he is gradually removing them from the province and drafting them to districts in Asia Minor, while their duties in Albania are entrusted to Kurd regiments. Nor would it be easy to keep his own Prætorians quiet in the event of a rising. Many of them are Albanians, and blood is proverbially thicker than water. Furthermore, it has been observed that even Turkish troops, elsewhere notorious for their loyalty, when despatched to Albania for the purpose of repressing or preventing disturbances, are apt to be infected by the local epidemic of discontent. Cases of insubordination have lately occurred to an extent which justifies the Sultan's fears lest his forces should join the insurgents whom they are sent to suppress. Hence his habitual apathy.

The only energetic action which the Sultan permits himself is a truceless persecution of the Greeks in Epirus, accentuated after the last war, though begun soon after the Treaty of Berlin, by the provisions of which great part of that province was allotted to Greece. Ever since that time every effort is made to stamp out the Greek sympathies of the Tchams. The most prominent among them are forced to leave their fatherland. Thousands of them seek refuge in Greece, others emigrate to Egypt, Russia, and other foreign countries in search of a livelihood. But wherever may be their temporary abode, they always look back with longing to their native mountains, and many of them spend the wealth, which their wonderful aptitude for commerce has enabled them to accumulate abroad, in alleviating the needs

of their friends at home. The ways and means employed by the Porte in this process of extermination are painted in very black, though not exaggerated, colours by some of the victims themselves in the memoir addressed by the Epirotic Society at Athens to the Joint Commission sent by the British, Austrian, and German Embassies at Constantinople less than two years ago to study the situation on the spot:—

‘Voici comment s’opère le travail de destruction. Des bandes de brigands, racolées dans la lie de la population des deux contrées voisines, soutenues par les différents chefs des colonnes volantes, forcent les habitants à s’expatrier. Ceux qui restent parmi les chrétiens sont littéralement dépouillés. Il y a pis encore. L’administration turque en Epire, exploitant la situation, applique sinon dans la forme, mais assurément dans l’essence, la loi martiale; elle saisit toute occasion pour poursuivre par ses colonnes volantes comme recéleurs les chrétiens, qu’elle jette dans ses prisons pour anéantir à jamais. Les uns sont exilés comme ennemis de la sûreté publique, les autres meurent dans les tourments pour la découverte de la vérité. Ceux qui parviennent à sortir de prison sont complètement ruinés par les cadeaux qu’ils ont dû prodiguer pour racheter leur liberté.’

The persecution carried on is as systematic as it is assiduous. The Greek tongue, which, from the time of Ali Pasha until the other day, was recognised as the official language of Epirus, and which is the language of all educated Epirots, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or Hebrew, is suppressed. The memoir already quoted sets forth the method by which this end is pursued:—

‘Mais l’administration turque en Epire ne s’est pas borné à interdire l’usage du grec comme langue officielle. Elle s’efforce, par des mesures coercitives d’en restreindre l’emploi. On ferme les écoles grecques, on attise les haines religieuses, on soulève des passions de race entre les chrétiens et les musulmans qui vivaient, hier encore, dans une paix fraternelle. D’après le programme officiel, le grec doit être considéré comme une langue inutile; alors point n’est besoin d’y recevoir aucune instruction! Avec la langue le prestige grec s’en ira également. Et puis la propagande roumaine, en échange de certaines concessions, met à la disposition de la Porte ses enseignements et ses services. C’est à ne pas y croire, et pourtant cela est vrai.’

The extract given above mentions the Roumanian propaganda in Albania, and describes the way in which it lends its assistance to the drastic measures adopted by the Turkish Government. This is a mission to the stationary Wallachian population of Berat, Metzovo, and the adjacent districts, about ten villages in all, as well as to some three hundred nomad families who spend the winter in the plains of Preveza, Parga, Delvino, and other South Albanian dis-

tricts, while in summer they cross over to Thessaly and Macedonia. This shepherd tribe is equally familiar with Wallachian, Albanian, and Greek, but, in common with the rest of the inhabitants of Epirus, uses nothing but Greek in writing. Another proof of their attachment to Hellenism is their invariable custom of having their children christened by a pure Greek priest and a Greek sponsor, an old tradition religiously observed, and tending to tighten even more closely the bonds which unite all the Wallachs with the Greeks. Excepting a few Wallachian villages in the neighbourhood of Grevena, which embraced Islam and speak exclusively Wallachian, all the rest of the race have remained faithful to Christianity and to the Greek Church. These converts, like the Greek-speaking Mohammedans of the same district, are known by the nickname of *Vallahs*, or By-Gods, that being the only Turkish expression which they succeeded in adopting along with the new creed.

The Wallachs of Epirus, like their brethren of Macedonia, have for centuries past formed an integral part of the Hellenic nation. They have shared all its vicissitudes, and their great ambition is to share in its final restoration to the rank which it once held among the nations of the Near East. Some of the greatest patriots of the Greek war of independence, such as Coletti and Zalokostas, were Wallachs from Epirus; some of the greatest poets of modern Greece, such as George Zalocostas and Crystallis, were likewise Wallachian Epirots; two of the greatest among recent benefactors of Greece, Tositza and Averoff, were natives of Metzovo and of Wallachian birth. Yet the Roumanians are unremitting in their efforts to convince the Wallachs that they are not Greeks, and to persuade them to adopt a Roumanian instead of their Greek education. Availing themselves of the suppression of the Greek schools, they founded a Roumanian school at Jannina, and invited the Wallachs of Epirus to send their children; but the latter declined the invitation with thanks, and the school remained the happy home of masters in enjoyment of a perennial holiday. The policy of the Roumanians in Albania is as mysterious as that which they pursue in Macedonia. Austria and Italy are possibly actuated by the ambition of conquest. Their proximity to Albania and their interests explain, if they do not excuse, their designs; but Roumania is too far away to entertain any dreams of annexation. Here, no doubt, as in Macedonia, the probable object of the Roumanian Government is to prepare the ground for profitable barter

on the ever-expected and ever-postponed day of the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire.

The year 1878, which inaugurated the persecution of the Greeks in Epirus, also witnessed the birth of the Albanian League, an association both of northern and of southern chiefs, formed under the auspices of the Sultan's Government as a means of resisting the encroachments of the neighbouring States on Albanian territory. Opposition to the cession of Epirus to Greece in the south and of Dulcigno to Montenegro in the north was the immediate object of the League, and in so far as it confined itself to the pursuit of this object the Sultan had every reason to be pleased with his handiwork. Unfortunately for his Majesty's peace of mind, however, the League, whatever its real aims may have been at first, soon developed into a national association, with a national programme directed as much against Turkish rule as against any foreign encroachment. This evolution was the natural outcome of the events which preceded and followed the Russo-Turkish war. It was a stirring epoch, fruitful of much that was not calculated to please the Porte. The emancipation of Bulgaria, the aggrandisement of Greece, Servia, and Montenegro by the addition of territory adjacent to Albania, and by the Albanians regarded as their own property, and the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, all tended to arouse the ambition of the Albanians, while the consequent enfeeblement of Turkey helped to encourage it. Ali Pasha of Gusinie, who killed the Turkish commander, Mehmet Ali Pasha, sent to carry out the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro, and Abdul Bey Fraseri, who openly raised the standard of revolt, were among the founders of the League and two of the principal exponents of the new-born Albanian idea—an idea which immediately found enthusiastic, though interested, supporters in the two great neighbours to the north and west of Albania. That year gave a fresh impetus to Austrian and Italian activity. Secret agents of both Governments began to overrun the country districts, while official representatives were established in many of the most important centres.

'Albania for the Albanians' was a weapon which cut both ways, as the Sultan soon found to his cost. Abdul Hamid had called into being a spirit far easier to raise than to lay. Alarmed at this turn of affairs, he, like Cronus of old, endeavoured to devour his own offspring. The League was hastily broken up. Some of its members were bought over; for, it must be confessed, the Albanian patriarchs are as

little capable of resisting the temptation of bribery as are the Turkish pashas; and the Sultan, by showering honours, decorations, and lucrative posts upon them, succeeded in detaching many of the principal chieftains, such as Turkhan Pasha, who was made ambassador in Rome and represented Turkey at the Hague Conference. Others were banished to distant parts of the empire under the guise of promotion; while not a few were put to death. The leader of the League, Abdul Bey Fraseri, the rebel, was captured and taken to Constantinople, where he soon after died, it is supposed, by means of the mysterious cup of coffee, which reminds one of the classical cup of hemlock, and is a vast improvement on the inartistic forms of execution still in vogue in the barbarous countries of the West. But in point of fact the League, though officially defunct—killed by promotion and poison—is very much alive. Its ‘spirit walks abroad,’ and its influence may be felt, if not seen, in every fresh outbreak, of which there are in Albania as many as, to use a local phrase, ‘there are days in the new year.’ These disturbances are quelled sometimes by main force, but more frequently by promises of amnesty and of remission of taxes to the rank and file, and by the offer of tempting posts to the ringleaders.

The creation of that League seems to have supplied a want deeply, though dimly, felt by the Albanian people. Their history had hitherto been a series of petty squabbles among themselves or of robber expeditions against their neighbours. They had never acted as one race, with a common national end in view. At the first appearance of the Turk many of them had hastened with unseemly alacrity to come to terms with the invader, and, by patching up an early peace with him and embracing his religion, to secure for themselves a privileged position at the expense of their brethren, who preferred to remain faithful to the creed of their fathers. Since the Ottoman conquest their annals have been signalised by no effort worthy of the name of a national movement. The last struggle against Islam ended in the fall of Kroia in the fifteenth century. Beneath the ruins of that town all concerted activity towards national independence may be said to have found a tomb, in which patriotism slept for centuries. Yet all along the feeling of nationality existed in a subconscious state, waiting for an opportunity of awakening into full consciousness. This opportunity was presented to it, partly by circumstances and partly by the Sultan himself, and it seized it with an enthu-

siasm which might well have alarmed and astonished the man who broke its long slumbers. Nor is it likely to resume its dormant attitude. We live in an age singularly favourable to the growth and dissemination of ideas. Though the Albanians are as yet very far from that unity and tenacity of purpose which is indispensable for the recovery and maintenance of political independence, they are daily progressing towards the fulfilment of that condition. The ranks of Albanian patriots are swelled by fresh recruits year after year; books and pamphlets and journals are published, meetings are held, and, in a word, a well-organised up-to-date agitation, provided with all modern appliances, is in full swing. It is true that the books and pamphlets and journals are printed abroad, and that comparatively few copies find their way to the mountain fastnesses of Albania. It is equally true that the meetings are held in Bucharest, Rome, Brussels, and indeed everywhere except in Albania itself. Yet an echo, however faint, cannot but reach the rocky strongholds of the Albanian chiefs, and in Albania, with its feudal régime still flourishing, the chiefs not only represent but actually lead and form public opinion. How strong is the loyalty of the Albanians to their hereditary chiefs is shown by the fact that even the name of Ali Pasha, in spite of lapse of time and the man's incredible cruelty, is to this day on the lips of the descendants of those whom he oppressed in his life. His crimes are forgotten, but his fame lives in many a popular ballad. One of these begins with the following words:—

‘O renowned Albanians,  
And ye haughty Tchams,  
Where is Ali Pasha,  
O ye wretched ones?  
Where is the pride of Albania,  
The head of all Roumeli?’

The poem may be taken as the plaint of a race mourning the last of its great men and longing for a leader.

Endeavours to satisfy this longing are not wanting. We have lately heard of several candidates for the Albanian throne, which as yet exists only in the dreams of ambition. All these sanguine gentlemen appear to count entirely on the well-known attachment of the Albanians to the memory of George Castriot, and therefore strive to establish a more or less direct descent from the great national hero. Two of the pretenders in question are natives of Naples. In Neapolitan society they are known as Marquis Auletta and Baron Fossacena respectively. But beneath these Italian

titles of nobility we really have, genealogically speaking, two Albanian chieftains whose names are John and Philip Castriot. They both base their claims to the glorious patronymic on documentary evidence. A third claimant, a middle-aged Spanish diplomatist, rejoices in the sonorous appellation of Don Juan Aladro. He also calls himself a Castriot, though his rivals say he has no right to the name, and, consequently, none to the phantom throne, as his descent is in the female line. Nothing daunted, however, the enterprising grandee is at present ransacking the library of Montecassino in laborious search of documents which will place his title beyond doubt and confound his rivals utterly. The final decision will rest with the Albanian congress, which is to be held at Naples in the near future, and lovers of the comic are eagerly looking forward to an interesting and possibly exciting scene.

Italy is expected to back the Neapolitan Marquis, while Spain does not seem disposed to bestir herself in favour of the Castilian Don, or, if she does, her exertions are not likely to be of great avail. Don Juan is, therefore, obliged to do his own canvassing. He has already issued a proclamation to the Albanian people of South Italy, exhorting them to rally round his standard, and to follow him in a crusade against the infidel. The Albanians do not appear to have been very deeply impressed by this manifesto. On the contrary, a great many of them are said to have appealed to General Ricciotti Garibaldi to head an army of liberation, and the General is reported to have expressed his willingness to fight for the cause, if they will only supply him with the necessary means. Nevertheless, Don Juan has assumed the title of Prince, and is presumably rehearsing the part of royalty in prospect. All this to the disinterested spectator forcibly suggests the premature outlay of energy which the inhabitants of the Near East describe as 'putting the frying-pan over the fire while the fish are still in the sea,' and which we in more homely language express as 'counting one's chickens before they are hatched.' But the parties interested in the contest evidently take a more serious view of the matter. At all events, this barefaced bidding for the throne of a province which, in appearance at least, forms an integral part of the Ottoman Empire, and the alleged preparations for an invasion, augur nothing good for the solidarity of that empire. They clearly indicate that the Albanians have arrived at the conclusion that they have

served an alien master too long, and that it is time for them to set up on their own account.

If anything, it is surprising that this movement has been so long in coming ; that the Albanians did not sooner follow the example of the Greeks, the Roumanians, the Servians, the Bulgarians, and, above all, that of their next-door neighbours, the sturdy inhabitants of the Black Mountain, who so well deserve our poet's eulogy :—

‘ O smallest among peoples ! rough rock-throne  
Of Freedom ! ’

The Albanian mentally is as well endowed as most races of the East, and not inferior to some of the best races of the West. Like the Scot, he seldom fails to make his way in the world. Once out of sight of his barren highlands, he displays a marvellous susceptibility to civilisation ; he easily adopts the ideals and adapts himself to the modes of more highly cultured peoples. The Turkish Civil Service, both in the past and in the present, owes as much to Albanian intelligence as the military owes to Albanian valour. Many of its most distinguished members both in the administrative and in the diplomatic branches are sons of the great families (*odjaks*) of North and South Albania. At this moment Abdul Hamid is surrounded at Yildiz Kiosk by Albanian secretaries and Albanian bodyguards. Nor should it be forgotten that Mehmet Ali, the progressive pasha of Egypt and founder of the princely house still reigning there, undoubtedly one of the greatest geniuses that the Ottoman Empire has produced, was a native of Albania. By his fellow-countrymen he is regarded as only second to Scanderbeg in ability, while far superior to Ali Pasha in personal bravery. Lack of opportunity at home has hitherto checked the developement for which the Albanian is so eminently fitted by nature, and he seems determined to create that opportunity. The task is not an easy one. Apart from the dangers which threaten Albania from outside, at the hands of those who look upon the country as the first-comer's prey, the Albanians will have to surmount enormous obstacles before they can become an independent and self-sufficing political unit. The poverty of the country is one of these obstacles. It has been computed that more than fifty thousand Albanians, heads of Albanian households, are at the present moment employed in the Turkish Imperial service, both at home and throughout the Sultan's dominions. All these men are in the pay of the Imperial Government. Once Albania has gained its autonomy, this vast revenue

will be lost to it. The country will be thrown upon its own resources, and, besides finding employment for all these men and food for all these mouths, it will also have to provide for the defence of its frontiers and to defray the cost of internal administration. By comparing the expenditure of Greece, which is little larger than Albania in population, and even less in territory, and of Crete, which is scarcely one-fifth of it, experts have come to the conclusion that a free Albania will find itself under the necessity of improving an annual budget of some two millions sterling, a sum which can hardly be realised out of maize and tortoises alone. According to a sanguine calculation, the independent principality of Albania that is to be will enjoy a deficit of one million a year, increasing with accelerated velocity as years roll on.\* It is not a cheering outlook. Pessimistic critics even go further, and maintain that there is no future for Albania apart from the Ottoman Empire. They are convinced that the Albanians, by their ready, though superficial, conversion to Islam, have identified themselves irreclaimably with the fortunes of Turkey, and will have to stand or fall with it; they are chained to the conqueror's chariot, and whithersoever that is driven, though it be to the brink of the bottomless pit—by no means an unlikely contingency—thither they must needs follow. It is reassuring to turn from these gloomy forebodings to the late Signor Crispi's prognostication. 'Albania,' said the eminent Italian statesman in a letter published not long before his death, 'possesses all the elements requisite for 'autonomy in a far greater measure than either Servia or 'Bulgaria possessed them, and if Europe would grant it 'a similar administrative autonomy, she would do an exceedingly politic thing.' These are, however, the words of an optimist, and, besides, of one whose personal feelings for the land of his forefathers may have biassed his judgement. And yet we cannot but share his hope that the efforts and the sacrifices of Albanian patriotism will not be in vain, and that when the day comes for unholy Ilios to be laid low it may find Albania waking and prepared.

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\* The economic side of the Albanian question is discussed with great ability and knowledge by M. Christovasilis, a distinguished Athenian publicist, in the 'Acropolis' of October 14 (O.S.), 1901. The same writer has dealt with other aspects of the problem in a series of interesting and instructive articles contributed to the monthly review 'Hellenismos,' between August, 1899, and September, 1901.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Return of Ulysses*. A Drama in Five Acts. By ROBERT BRIDGES. Poetical Works. Vol. IV. London: 1902.
2. *Ulysses*. A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. London: 1902.
3. *La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri*. Commentata da G. A. SCARTAZZINI. Seconda Edizione. Milano: 1896.
4. *The Early Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*. With Notes and an Introduction by J. CHURTON COLLINS, M.A. London: 1899.

‘A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind’s epitome.’

THE son of Laertes took a stronger and a more lasting grip of the popular imagination than any other of the Homeric heroes. His fantastic adventures, indomitable fortitude, insatiable curiosity, the inexhaustible resources of his craft, his calculated audacities, marked him out as the protagonist in a long series of folk-tales, going back to the very beginning of Mycenæan culture. Universal humanity loves sharp practice. The vulpine element in a leonine character appeals directly to the ‘rascal rabble,’ who rejoice in smart strategy, even if it be carried to the verge of the high stage of villainy reached by the ‘Heathen Chinees.’ Their chosen hero must be wily as well as intrepid; he must have skill to foil, no less than strength to slay, his foes; he must have equal patience to lurk in ambush, and courage to fight in the open; moreover, his ends must be sure, although his ways be not altogether straight. Such a one was Ulysses, and there is no laying his ghost. His wisdom, ubiquitous as the folly of fools, ‘does walk about the orb.’ It was by no idle vaunt that he declared himself to Alcinous as of ‘sky-reaching fame.’ He had earned it by incredible toils, and he has kept it through the decree of the Muses.

Round the story of the siege of Troy as a nucleus, grew endless accretions of legend concerning him. It was prefaced with the narratives of his feigned madness, and of his mission to Achilles in Scyros; it was amplified with details of his trip to fetch Philoctetes from Lemnos, of his theft of the Palladium, of his nocturnal raid upon the camp and milk-white steeds of Rhesus, of his masterful conduct in the Wooden Horse; it was continued and completed by the tales of his

competition with 'blockish Ajax' for the arms of Achilles; of his protracted wanderings and detentions; of his campaign in Thesprotia; finally, of his evasion towards the shadowy West. His doings vexed the Sun and the Sea; and the Sun and the Sea, because of him, threw discord into the councils of Olympus; but the resulting turmoil served only to postpone, not to prevent, his victorious return, and to weave fresh colours into the variegated tissue of his existence.

Its vicissitudes were the fertile seeds of song. From Demodocus and Phemius onward, poets in all ages have made him their theme—poets primitive, classic, and decadent—epic, cyclic, tragic, and comic; mediæval romancers; modern craftsmen in metre. His versatile capabilities lent themselves to the requirements of the drama; and Ulysses, having trod the Attic stage by turns in sock and buskin, reappeared at the 'Globe' in Southwark, and has scored a twentieth-century success at Her Majesty's. The conditions of that success were, in one respect, peculiar. Never before, we believe, until Mr. Bridges and Mr. Phillips essayed the task, has the main substance of an epic been dramatised. The inverse process was not, indeed, wholly untried. The five acts of Vondel's 'Lucifer' are dimly reflected in the twelve books of the 'Paradise Lost.' Euripides, however, Sophocles, Shakespeare, to say nothing of Metastasio, were content, in dealing with the great personality of the Ithacan king, to use by-products of Homeric or post-Homeric invention; while it is the Odyssey in its substantial entirety which was nightly presented to the audiences in the Haymarket. We cannot say that the upshot of the experiment should encourage its repetition; yet it has been tried twice, within the last few years, by writers of considerable, though unlike, endowments.

Mr. Bridges's play is the earlier in date. Composed in 1890, it has lately been re-issued in the fourth volume of his collected works, but has, so far, not been acted. Its merits, indeed, are of a kind that tell with more effect in the closet than upon the stage. The movement is slow; the crisis is long delayed; the *dramatis personæ* are not sharply characterised, and their oratory is far too copious. They are, on the other hand, dignified in bearing and speech; they show touches of fine feeling; they breathe a purer and higher than the common air. Above all, they make no appeal to the 'groundlings.' There is, from beginning to end of this praiseworthy production, a welcome absence of *ad captandum* vulgarities,

Mr. Phillips's play contrasts with it, in several respects, very strongly. It is a clever acting piece. Scenic effect was primarily aimed at in its construction, and has, within certain limitations, been attained. The events represented in it succeed each other rapidly, and with stimulating variety. Gods, men, women, and ghosts, throng the boards, and comport themselves with animation, if not always with due decorum. All the resources of stage-machinery and stage-illumination have been laid under contribution. Opportunities for spectacular display are numerous offered, and have been ingeniously availed of. Yet this, after all, is a base purpose to be served by the consecrated pages of that antique bard,

‘Che sovra gli altri com’ aquila vola.’

And in truth, the jarring note struck in a Prologue which parodies in its grotesque buffoonery the colossal irreverence of that to Goethe's ‘Faust,’ never ceases to vibrate until the last Suitor perishes in a medley of groans and flashes of lightning.

Then at last, in the ensuing silence, we ponder the consequences of the slaughter, and put to ourselves the question which has, during some millenniums, been in sundry modes asked and answered: Was this indeed the end of Ulysses? Had Fate nothing further in store for him than to die of old age, gnarled and grey as his own olive-trees? Could he rest and be thankful in conjugal felicity, ruling forty square miles of barren territory, and paying facile homage to indifferent local Nymphs, while ignored as superannuated by rabid Poseidon and radiant Athene? Surely so conventional an existence—such trite prosperity—could not permanently satisfy the yearnings of one who had moored his ship in the Ocean-stream, and returned alive from the Shades? There could be no hesitation about the reply. Ulysses bulked too large for Ithaca; and the popular imagination, intolerant of his sequestration, transferred him to a wider and dimmer scene, where further great deeds might still be done, or, at any rate, intimated as possible. The story concocted by Eugamon of Cyrene, and reproduced in the lost Sophoclean tragedy of Ulysses ‘struck by a fish-bone,’ was obviously and ludicrously inadequate; something nobler and more suggestive was needed to give completeness to the Homeric conception. The author of the *Odyssey* had indicated the kind of death his hero was to die; but under the elusive form of a prophecy. Teiresias, the Theban soothsayer, who enjoyed the unique privilege of keeping his

senses in the nether-world, told his ship-borne client that his end, after many opulent years, should come gently from the sea. Presumably, when he still governed Ithaca: but this point being left in oracular obscurity, there remained a loophole of escape from that 'narrow plot of ground' to the open sea of song and fable.

In those days it was easily reached. The survey of our planet had not been carried far. Geographers, such of them as made maps at all, should have very freely filled the blanks in them 'with elephants for want of towns.' The everyday habitable world was closely fenced round with the fearsome abodes of superhuman or semi-human beings, of formidable powers and proclivities. Elf-land might loom up above the waters after a couple of days' sail in any direction. Every enterprising mariner was traditionally prepared to touch at a magic isle, and find himself sublimated into a myth. A hero in retreat might then quite naturally and honourably disappear when his functions were fulfilled. There was little chance of his being pursued and brought back. Now-a-days, after the lapse of three thousand years, things are considerably different. The Cimmerians themselves are within easy reach of communication by wire or ether. The Unknown has no longer a foothold, except at its frozen poles, on our explored and improved globe. Its roundness has been surely ascertained, and a circular voyage has ceased to be a startling novelty. The Warnings of our time, accordingly, do not usually vanish into trackless space. They are apt to re-emerge at the antipodes, where, their advent having been proclaimed, instead of by 'hordes 'grown European-hearted,' by a concourse of voters at the polling-booths, they enter legislative assemblies, perhaps rise to be prime ministers, and obtain their apotheosis in the Order of Saints Michael and George.

'Oh, never star  
Was lost here, but it rose afar!'

Speaking poetically, that is to say, not 'by the card.' *Never* is a long time. Ulysses, for instance, crossed the Bar in earnest. The persuasion that Ithaca did not possess his grave seems gradually and inevitably to have laid hold of the popular consciousness. Thus Strabo knew, through some obscure channel of information, of an Iberian city named after him, in which was a temple to Athene containing Odyssean relics. Their authenticity was not questioned, although their nature was not described. Possibly

they included the gifts of Alcinous, or the brooch which Penelope carefully packed with her lord's state-mantle as part of his outfit for the siege of Troy. Later geographers — notably Solinus and Martianus Capella — confounded 'Odusseia' in the Sierra Nevada\* with the Lusitanian 'Olysippo,'† and so started the tradition, perpetuated by Camoens, of Lisbon's eponymous connexion with the wanderer. In actual fact, the Atlantic city of the Seven Hills was a Phœnician settlement, entitled *Alis ubbo* ('delicious bay'), easily contracted into 'Lisboa.'‡ But this signified little to mediæval etymologists, capable of the *tour de force* of transmuting Guelfs and Ghibellines into *elves* and *goblins*. The blundering derivation of 'Lisbon' from 'Ulysses' flattered local vanity, and licensed a provincial metropolis to claim a share in the boasted rise of Rome through the destruction of Ilium.

It prescribed, too, the ultimate form taken by the legend of Ulysses. In his new character of a Lusitanian colonist, he broke forth from the inland sea, and confronted the illimitable western waste of heaving billows. The upshot of the adventure Dante undertook to determine. On climbing the summit of one of the overhanging iron-grey rock-cornices in the Malebolge, he saw, in the trench beneath, flames that wandered and glimmered like fire-flies at night in a ripening cornfield. Each, Virgil explained, concealed and tormented a fraudulent counsellor; but the Florentine's eager eyes were promptly attracted by one showing the peculiarity of being divided at the summit, for it reminded him of the pyre of Eteocles and Polynices as described by Statius. Not the Theban brothers, however, but sacrilegious Greek confederates, were thus penally swathed. United in past crime, Ulysses and Diomed were for ever united in punishment. They suffered together for the widowing of Deidamia, whose goddess-born spouse they inveigled away from Scyros; for the theft of the Palladium; for the ambush in the Wooden Horse. This, we must remember, was on the showing of a Trojan partisan. Mediæval sympathies in the prehistoric Hellespontine struggle were irresistibly swayed by the *Æneid*. The pious son of Anchises was the 'native god' of Latium, the man of destiny, from the seed

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\* Situated near the modern seaport town Adra, anciently Abdera.

† Roscher, 'Lexikon der griechischen Mythologie,' 40ste Lieferung, art. 'Odysseus.'

‡ Longman's Gazetteer.

of whose tribulations sprang the fateful power of Rome. Ulysses represented the adverse principle, an inventor of heinous devices for destruction, which the intrepidity of 'impious Tydides' aided him to execute. From one point of view he might be regarded as the quintessence of guile, the 'dog-fox' of the Shakespearian Thersites; and even to Dante, who discerned, as few could, the far horizons of his character, he was still 'dirus Ulysses,' the subverter of Ilium, the author of the 'nefandus dolor' of Æneas, of Priam's ghastly end, and of his dynasty's extinction. No wonder, then, that the grim singer of the Malebolge was consumed with keen longing to learn the actual mode of exit from life's stage of so strange and memorable an actor upon it. He addressed, accordingly, these words of passionate entreaty to the Mantuan Shade at his side :—

'O master! Think my prayer a thousandfold  
In repetition urged, that thou vouchsafe  
To pause till here the horned flame arrive.  
See how toward it with desire I bend.'\*

Whereupon, Virgil, fitting his phrases to soothe remembered susceptibilities, adjured the 'ancient flame' to pause in its progress, and communicate its long-kept secret. And his speech took effect. The more aspiring of the twin-summits began to waver, and lick and murmur, as if agitated by a gusty wind; then at last it became articulate as follows :—

'Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence  
Of my old father, nor return of love,  
That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,  
Could overcome in me the zeal I had  
To explore the world, and search the ways of life,  
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd  
Into the deep illimitable main,  
With but one bark, and the small faithful band,  
That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,  
Far as Marocco, either shore I saw,  
And the Sardinian and each isle beside,  
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age  
Were I and my companions, when we came  
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd  
The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.  
The walls of Seville to my right I left,  
On the other hand already Ceuta past.

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\* *Inferno*, xxvi. 65–69. Cary's translation.

"O brothers," I began, "who to the west  
 Through perils without number now have reach'd;  
 To this the short remaining watch, that yet  
 Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof  
 Of the unpeopled world, following the track  
 Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang;  
 Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,  
 But virtue to pursue and knowledge high."  
 With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage  
 The mind of my associates, that I then  
 Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn  
 Our poop we turned, and for the witless flight  
 Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.  
 Each star of the other pole night now beheld.  
 And ours so low, that from the ocean-floor  
 It rose not. Five times re-illumed, as oft  
 Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon,  
 Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far  
 Appear'd a mountain dim, loftiest methought  
 Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight;  
 But soon to mourning changed. From the new land  
 A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side  
 Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round  
 With all the waves; the fourth time lifted up  
 The poop, and sank the prow; so fate decreed;  
 And over us the booming billow closed.'

The ocean voyage thus abruptly terminated extended over about one-quarter of the earth's circumference.\* It took a south-westerly direction, for Dante located the Purgatorial Mount at the antipodes of Jerusalem: and it was hence that the typhoon proceeded which swept from the sea mortals bold enough to approach a shore decreed to be accessible only to the dead. The lines describing the shipwreck are imitated from Virgil's account of the submergence off Lilybæum of the Lycian galley in the flotilla of Æneas.

'Ast illam ter fluctus ibidem  
 Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex.'

Such loans were meant for compliments; they were by no means regarded as thefts.

Fundamentally, however, the story of Ulysses, as told by Dante, appears to have been an original invention. There is no trace of it in Homer: nor, even if there were, would it have been of any avail to an Italian ignorant of Greek. For as yet no Latin translation of the Epics had been executed.

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\* Toynbee, 'Dante Dictionary,' art. 'Ulisse.'

Homeric echoes, it is true, haunt the ear in the *tersa rima* of the Divine Comedy; but they are caught at second hand from the hexameters of Virgil or Statius. Numerous examples might be cited; two must suffice. One of the most mellifluous episodes in the 'Purgatorio' recounts the meeting of Dante with the musician Casella, just set ashore from an angel-piloted skiff. Disembodied, he could still sing in a manner to ravish all within ear-shot; but a thrice-renewed attempt to embrace him left the living poet's arms empty, and his countenance crestfallen:—

'Perchè l'ombra sorrise e si ritrasse.'

The similar experience of Ulysses, when he meets his mother Anticleia in Hades, inevitably comes to mind. Having drunk of the sacrificial blood, she regains consciousness and recognises him. They have a colloquy; he strives to clasp her to his breast, with futile result:—

'Thrice I essayed with eager hands outspread,  
Thrice like a shadow or a dream she fled,  
And my palms closed on unsubstantial air.'\*

The imitation is palpable; yet it is not immediate. The *Æneid* served as an intermediary. Virgil copied Homer, and was copied by Dante. The son of Anchises, too, ascertained the ghostly consistence of his deceased parent by just the same triplicate experiment tried by Ulysses with Anticleia, and by the Florentine with Casella. The Florentine, moreover, was entirely unconscious that he was repeating what had originally been said in Greek.

Again, the Virgilian

'Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem,'

was an Odyssean reminiscence, since Ulysses expressed to Alcinous the precise sentiment long afterwards uttered by *Æneas* in commencing his narrative to Dido. Borrowed finally by Dante, it was made to glow red-hot in the fire of his passion. We feel that the reluctance of Ulysses and *Æneas* to communicate their astonishing experiences was scarcely more than conventional; either would doubtless have been happy to print and circulate them on favourable terms. But it is not so with Ugolino. The tense horror of the scene is almost unbearable when he pauses in his loath-

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\* *Odyssey*, xi. 206-8 (Worsley's translation).

some, interminable meal on the skull and brains of the Archbishop, and replies to his living interrogator :

‘ Tu vuoi ch’ io rinnovelli  
Disperato dolor che il cuor mi preme  
Già pur pensando pria ch’ io ne favelli.’

And he speaks, in fact, only that he may obtain a further, and a finer kind of revenge. Many other poets have improved what they borrowed ; but we can recall no instance of such complete appropriation as this. Certainly, no phrases can be imagined capable of expressing with more tremendous energy the rage of him who perished in the Torre della Fame than those first let drop at the Phæacian banquet, to reverberate, after two thousand years, in the black pit of Antenora.

The current mediæval authorities for the Tale of Troy were Dictys of Crete, who followed Idomeneus to the siege, and Dares, the Phrygian priest of Hephæstus, father of the youthful Phegeus, slain by Diomed. The works attributed to these fictitious personages were of uncertain or fraudulent origin, and survived only in Latin translations executed, no one could say when, or by whom. They availed, indeed, to acclimatise the Ilionic legend in the new world of chivalric romance; yet neither Dictys nor Dares transmitted any report as to the last voyage of Ulysses. The avowal made in the *Malebolge* was, in fact, a completely novel disclosure; it had the fascination of *post-mortem* autobiography; it claimed the authenticity of a communication by a ghost from the grave. Hints for its construction may, however, have been derived from the narratives of Genoese mariners, and in particular from the fate of an expedition which sailed into the Atlantic, never to return, in 1291.\* Further, some variant of the story of Sindbad, brought from the East by crusaders, possibly, it has been conjectured, set its stamp upon the mysterious submergence of the ship of Ulysses. But such thin and broken threads of tradition could have provided, at the most, only a fragment of the canvas upon which a master hand painted his marvellous picture—a picture so vivid as to create an illusion of absolute historical accuracy. Not a mere fanciful presentment, but the truth of fact seems to be there. We can with difficulty shake off the impression that a genuine revelation has been afforded to us. We, in a manner, overhear the *orazion picciola* which

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\* Moore, ‘Studies in Dante,’ i. 264.

animated the crew of 'lank and brown' mariners, 'storm-seasoned against Fate,'\* to the mad enterprise of sailing to where the pole-star set. And we realise, as the words fall, the desperate daring of the transgression they were urged to—the transgression of bounds set to navigation by a demi-god, when he planted his Pillars at the mouth of the Inland Sea.

A truth higher than that of fact is, indeed, conveyed by the episode. It convinces the imagination because it corresponds with the essential nature of things. It supplies a felt need; the Dantesque is the indispensable complement to the Homeric Ulysses. The theme of the *Odyssey* is the character of a man:

*"Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, πολύτροπον.*

Its treatment absorbed the interest of fourscore generations; yet it left something to be desired. The 'lame and impotent' conclusion indicated for a life strenuous beyond example was a patent incongruity. Ulysses could not be left finally to eat his heart out cooped on a rock, with no enemies to circumvent, no dangers to meet or evade, no new experience to assimilate. Not even Penelope might hold him to the end. Such a man was bound to take his life in both hands, and determine, instead of awaiting, the stroke of destiny. It was thus with a kind of radiant fitness that Dante led him away to perish in pursuit of the Unknown. The world was still young, and had not lost its glamour; life preserved its strange witchery when he deliberately turned from it to face the dim possibilities of death.

Tennyson, with all the learning of all the Homeric commentators, from Zenodotus to Payne Knight, at command, chose to follow the Dantesque tradition. Written soon after Arthur Hallam's death (September 15, 1833), his incomparable 'Ulysses' was designed as a sort of rallying-cry to his own life, defeated and stupefied by the shock.

'The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.'

He exhorted himself when, as a dramatic precursor of Columbus, he addressed

'Souls, that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me,'  
welded to himself in

'One equal temper of heroic hearts.'

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\* Sir E. Arnold's 'Voyage of Ithobal,' p. 15.

This tribute, indeed, to the men who, in times past, had mutinied under the leadership of Eurylochus, takes us somewhat aback. But the modern poet had resolved to ignore the ugly business in Thrinacria, which his mediæval predecessor had evidently never heard of. For both, then equally, the solar herds remained intact; they were left to graze and chew the cud in peace, instead of bellowing portentously upon spits; no crime was committed; no penalty had to be exacted; and Ulysses effected his return, not, as Homer related, in the guise of a solitary castaway, but in command of his own 'vermilion-prowed' ship, worked by a faithful crew.

Tennyson usually took his classical subjects from uncanonical sources. Like the Attic dramatists and vase-painters, he preferred the cyclical and post-Homeric outgrowths to the authorised legends. Enone caught his fancy in the pages of Quintus Smyrnæus, familiarly known as 'Quintus Calaber;' and 'Quintus Calaber' was only rescued from oblivion by Cardinal Bessarion's discovery of the fourteen Books of his Trojan epic among the manuscript treasures of a convent at Otranto. He wrote it in journeyman fashion in Asia Minor, probably soon after the death of Constantine. And, through the magic of Tennysonian verse, a creation of loveliness took shape from the

' Grecian tale re-told,  
Which, cast in later Grecian mould,

Quintus Calaber  
Somewhat lazily handled of old.'

Quintus, too, intimated the possibility of a meeting with 'the great Achilles' in the Happy Isles far away to the West. The Homeric Ulysses was fully aware of the place and lot of Achilles after death. He saw and conversed with him in Hades, and reported his sombre dissatisfaction at finding himself a helpless subject of Persephone. Through the reverence, however, of later legend-mongers, he was transferred from her realm to the honourable status of a Pontic hero. The island of Leukê, near the mouth of the Borysthenes, was assigned as his abode, with Medea his wife; and he made its approach perilous, being a wrathful ghost, difficult of propitiation, and even capable of dark atrocities. Then, as the centuries rolled on, and the Euxine became frequented, his residence there began to appear incongruous, and his quarters were shifted further afield. Quintus Calaber established him in the Fortunate Islands,

well beyond the range of ordinary cruises. Tennyson accepted the arrangement, and it is likely to be permanent.

The whole texture of the poem of 'Ulysses' shines with gems of reminiscence. Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, each contributes to adorn a piece none the less original for its modulation into unexpected keys, of remembered harmonies. Music from afar thrills us in lines, the exquisite charm of which renews the youth of old beauties. Vital meanings develope in them; implications are divined and rendered obvious. Homer merely says that Ulysses 'suffered greatly;' he was distinguished as 'much-enduring;' the name 'Odysseus' is rooted in the significance of pain. Tennyson adjusts the balance by adding that he had 'enjoyed greatly,' and was minded to 'drink life to the lees;' thus setting before us no passive victim of destiny, but one who resolutely chose the rapture of a strenuous existence with its inevitable alternations of poignant anguish. *Altiora peto*. No 'twilight' of the gods' for him, but the sunshine and shadow of human vicissitudes.

Compare, again, Tennyson's 'rainy Hyades' with the 'pluviasque Hyadas' of the *Æneid*. Virgil uses the epithet conventionally; Tennyson conjures up the scene and season when

'Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vext the dim sea.'

Those particular stars, it is true, had as little to do with wet weather as the Pleiades with the sailing season. The imputed connexion depended, in each case, upon an etymological misunderstanding. But this, from the poetical viewpoint, was of small consequence.

The Shakespearian Ulysses avers that

'to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.'

The Tennysonian Ulysses exclaims:—

'How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use,  
As tho' to breathe were life!'

The superiority of the copy to its model is visible at a glance. Unmistakeably the simile of the disused armour has, in the latter passage, spread 'saffron wings.' It has assumed the perfect form destined for it. Such metamorphoses are not uncommon. Plagiarisms are often justified by their felicity. Who can blame the raising of an

immortal flower from an unpromising and neglected seed? Who would prohibit the fitting of the 'golden phrase' to some derelict 'coin of fancy'? Thus a pedestrian sentence of Boethius was glorified by Dante into the nightingale-cadence of Francesca da Rimini's melancholy utterance:—

'Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.'

And similar examples might be multiplied.

That the *Odyssey* should have found completion in the *Divine Comedy* is certainly one of the strangest facts in the history of literature. Dante, who never had the opportunity of surveying the Homeric edifice, laid most unexpectedly its coping-stones in their place. In so doing he unconsciously put the finishing touch to the *Epic of Troy*. No genuine addition was subsequently made to it. Ages had been required for its elaboration. Generation after generation of Hellenic and Hellenistic poets and poetasters had contributed to develope or decorate it. The great Roman singer gave it currency in the West; its vitality was prolonged by the fabrication of narratives adapted to the changing spirit of the Byzantine epoch. Finally, the *trouveurs* manipulated, with the license of mediæval fancy, the varied themes it presented, one of which took, from Dante's transforming imagination, its consummate shape. The curtain drops upon the vision of Ulysses lifted to the empyrean region where man dies for an idea, yet tormented by his relentless Ghibelline master as having sinned against the nascent world-empire. The stage is cleared; the traditional characters of the ancient company give place to the *dramatis personæ* of knightly romance. Then came the turn of the national and religious epos—of the '*Lusiads*,' the '*Gerusalemme Liberata*,' of '*Paradise Lost and Regained*.' It looked forward as well as backward. It did not rest in the past which it celebrated. For the modern European nations were just waking to self-consciousness, and the stress of life was strong upon them. When it relaxed, and the glare and dust of struggle began to be dissipated, the morning of the world was perceived to have lost none of its dewy freshness, and the charm of the antique stories re-asserted itself. To the revival we owe the grace and melodious subtlety of Tennyson's '*Enone*' and '*Ulysses*.'

ART. V.—*The Scenery of England and the Causes to which it is due.* By the Right Hon. Lord AVEBURY, F.R.S., D.C.L. (Oxon.), LL.D. (Cantab. Dublin et Edin.), &c. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1902.

HERE are mingled the pleasures of memory and the pleasures of hope. For every one in South Britain with the least pretension to culture and patriotism the volume is replete with pictured scenes that will either recall the past or determine the future of delightful excursions. With a guide of refined taste, ample knowledge, and a long trained habit of scientific reflexion, travellers who know all the ground will see with new eyes each well-remembered landscape. Over an earlier sky for some of these spectators the heyday of youth and dear companionship may have spread a roseate glow, which finds no counterpart in diagrams and sections, or even in the best-executed photogravures. For this and similar losses many will unconsciously find compensation. They will easily glide into the conviction that the thoughts and lessons here set before them were present to their own minds when they themselves visited the mountains and plains, the sand dunes and estuaries, the rocks and rivers, the caverns and gorges, with which nature has sculptured and diversified this little island patch, this wave-bitten England. They may persuade themselves that it was principally for thinking those thoughts and reading those lessons that they devoted rare and scanty holidays to expensive and fatiguing journeys. Authors ought not to feel any sort of disgust with us when we their clients make these innocent assumptions of being self-taught. It is the secret of their popularity. They seem to do for us what Socrates thought could really be done if he supposed, as Plato would have us believe, that all knowledge is merely memory which needs to be awakened. Certainly the most popular scientific writers are those who so unravel the tangled skein of natural philosophy that the thread passes through our fingers as though it had never been knotted.

Not so very long ago geology was regarded as a rather dangerous, unsettling study for a young man to take up. Now it would be thought rather clownish for a man either young or old not to have some general acquaintance with its principles and conclusions. Among the latter there is none more convincingly proved than that the history of the globe and of our own island shows many an interchange of land

and sea surfaces. The very things that have been taken as patterns and standards of the steadfast and unalterable have been shown to have no stability. It is the same throughout nature. The fixed stars owe their apparent fixity only to inconceivable distance, which makes our eyes incapable of appreciating their equally inconceivable rapidity of movement. By degrees all the educated world is becoming penetrated with the commonplaces of science. But while this is happening, the scholars, the students of the old learning, the bookworms, continue their researches not into nature, but into literature, with a result that is sometimes rather a shock to modern pride, though it may support the Socratic dictum that knowledge is recollection, and may help a scientific writer to persuade us in regard to any modern discovery that we knew it all the time. Lord Avebury begins his book by quoting from Ovid the geological doctrine of a continual interchange between sea and land, attested by the discovery of sea-shells far from the ocean. The quotation stops short of the less easily verified assertion that old-fashioned anchors have been found on mountain tops. It might, however, well have been continued for the sake of the two following lines, which forcibly illustrate a passage occurring later on in the present volume. According to this, Mackintosh, in his '*Scenery of England and Wales*,' 1869, 'assumes throughout that the modelling of the surface 'of our island has been effected by the sea; and it is because 'it has, I think,' says Lord Avebury, 'been clearly proved 'that it is mainly due to rain and rivers that I differ 'from him so much as to the interpretation of the facts: 'the valleys are not mainly due to the sea, and the plains are 'not generally marine, but river plains.' Ovid, in the first century of the Christian era, it will be seen, agrees with this judgement of the twentieth century, since his verses evidently declare that smooth plains have been carved into valleys by the downflow of rivers, and that mountains have been brought to a low level by the downpour of rain.\* But hundreds of years before Ovid, Herodotus bore his testimony to geological exchanges. He saw that islands were being gradually joined to continents. He appealed to 'shells 'upon the mountains' as an evidence that what in his day

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\* 'Et vetus inventa est in montibus ancora summis;  
Quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum  
Fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in æquor.'

Metam. xv. 265-267.

was solid ground had once been under water. He made drafts upon time such as amazed his orthodox commentators down to a period not far distant from our own. What Herodotus perceived, or was taught to perceive, Egyptian priests had doubtless known long before Herodotus paid them his memorable visit.\* To come down to more recent dates, Lord Avebury tells us that in 1605 Verstegan argued from the presence of the wolf in Britain that England must once have been united to the continent. He does not mention Niels Steensen, or Steno, whose memory has of late been revived with merited honour. To many both his name and his titles to renown may still be unknown. In 1669 this young and brilliant Danish anatomist published a 'Prodromus' or preliminary pamphlet, in which, as Huxley and others have explained, he not only anticipated Cuvier in the logic of reconstructive anatomy, but discussed the value of fossil remains, as a testimony to repeated interchange of sea and land, in a manner worthy of a modern geologist.† In the middle of the eighteenth century our own poet Collins, in his 'Ode to Liberty,' gives expression to the idea that at least in Europe neither sea nor land had enjoyed any great fixity of tenure:—

'Beyond the measure vast of thought,  
The works the wizard Time has wrought,  
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,  
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand,  
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,  
He passed with unwet feet through all our land.  
To the blown Baltic then, they say,  
The wild waves found another way.'

A long array of seers argued for a stone age of human culture, for a remotely dated co-existence of man with animals now extinct, before the hierarchy of science would accept their conclusions.

On the other hand, not every random word of poet or essayist should be pressed into the service of scientific prophecy. For example, the fourth chapter of this volume is headed by a quotation from 'Childe Harold,' a passage contrasting the mutability of human affairs with the steadfastness of the ocean, which the poet apostrophises as

'Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.'

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\* Book ii. chapters 10–12.

† See 'Danmarks Stilling og Tilstand,' by H. J. Hansen, Ph.D., F.M. Linn. Soc., p 107, 1901.

This might be taken to imply a forecast by Byron of the extremely modern doctrine that the great ocean basins have been permanent from their first formation to the present time. It is, however, tolerably certain that Byron was only giving expression to the commonplace superficial opinion of his own and preceding ages, according to which great natural features, such as seas, mountains, and rivers, were all practically everlasting. Lord Avebury inclines to accept 'the conclusion that while parts of the world have been sea and then land, land and then sea, many times over, others have remained permanently either ocean or continent.' This statement at the end of the volume rather conflicts with one at the beginning, that 'the continents are formed mainly of materials which once formed the bottoms of seas and lakes, intermixed with igneous matter forced up from the fiery heart of the earth.' Considering that 'a large part of the continents have a height' above the sea-level equal only to a twentieth part of the average depth of the ocean, the permanence of continents is a very different question from that of the permanence of oceans.

The American who sarcastically observed that our English climate did not supply anything that could properly be called weather, but only samples, might in like manner have contrasted the geology of England with that of regions in which the crust of the earth exhibits its components on a far more ample scale. The important results of alternating heat and cold, of wind and rain, and snow and ice, in moulding our scenery are fully discussed by Lord Avebury, but he lays comparatively little stress on the visual and mental effect produced by the quick changes of our protean atmosphere. He says truly in one place that 'the aspect of a sea-coast in fine weather gives no adequate conception, or, rather, gives a most misleading idea, of the power of the sea; during storms the waves afford, indeed, a majestic spectacle as they dash themselves against the shore: several times a minute they charge the coast, and break into foam and spray.' But this single contrast is far from exhausting the subject. Not only in turbulent weather is the sea-scape round our islands full of changefulness. No day is so calm but that light airs will at times ripple the surface, passing clouds change the colour. Sometimes it will be blue, or green, or grey. Waves at a distance show as little lines of white. A far off rain-storm changes the horizon to indigo. A memory of yesterday's tempest embrowns a great band of water with the troubled sand from

below. Evening comes on, and while the sun is retiring to rest in tranquil majesty, with the courtier sky in raiment of green and purple and crimson and gold, for a few enchanted minutes every beholder is a poet. Late in the starlit darkness the wavelets will sometimes break on the shore bright with the phosphorescent light of innumerable minute organisms. Nor should the flight of sea-birds be forgotten, or their floating on the water, or their perching on the rocks, or their pitter-pattering on the shore, for all these are delightful incidents of our marine scenery. Still more might one not unduly claim, as incidents continually lending a touch of emotion to that scenery, the tanned sails of our fishing-boats, the bright canvas of our yachts, the smoke of outward-bound and home-returning steamers, and all the varied build and rigging of our mercantile and naval shipping, with which the prosperity and safety, the history and the future of our land are so intimately bound up.

There are those who find fault with the sea as cutting off the dwellers on its borders from half the circle available for walks and drives. It makes them many compensations. So, too, with respect to inland scenery our climate offers something in exchange for the points in its character which may be open to exception. Such epithets as fickle and treacherous are freely applied to it. The makers of almanacs have won an unenviable repute for being almost always wrong in their predictions about it. Scientific authorities have followed suit by pledging the faith of a Government office and of omniscient newspapers to prophecies frequently no better than those of the almanac-makers. If they could only manage to be always wrong, it would be nearly as good as being always right. But they offer forecasts covering large areas, while it is notorious that in England there may be a fair day in one part and a foul day in another part of even a small area. The fickleness of our weather cannot be denied. For, as we have good reason to be aware—

‘The Spring, she is a young maid  
That does not know her mind,  
The Summer is a tyrant  
Of most unrighteous kind ;’

and as Wordsworth in more stately verse declares,

‘Not seldom clad in radiant vest  
Deceitfully goes forth the morn,  
Not seldom evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn.’

This audacious accusation of Nature by one of her most devoted scribes can only be compared with the spirit of the Greek and Roman poets, who seemed to think that their gods and goddesses might perform the most disgraceful actions without being in any way disgraced. But if our English weather cannot wholly be excused from the charge of inconstancy, it is, at least, *splendide mendax*. Its glorious uncertainty braces our minds and bodies for meeting vicissitudes, and redeems our scenery everywhere from tameness and monotony. An English sky is in the highest degree dramatic. It has all the diversities of human temper. It can be gay, alluring, infantine in sweetness, sullen and gloomy, expansive, generous, heroic. It is able to fill our breasts with the tragic feelings of pity and terror, to rouse our resentment, and to call us out of despondency to gratitude and soothing calm. How the picturesque beauties of rocks and valleys, hill-summits, broad lakes, and sloping woodlands are diversified by mist and sunshine, passing shower and threatening thunder-cloud, by the rainbow and the lightning flash, by twilight and by moonlight, only those who have been blind from birth or infancy are precluded from knowing or imagining. We have, it is true, no monopoly of these theatrical properties. But we have them, so to speak, always on hand, always serviceable, and, as a rule, they are displayed to us with a reasonable moderation. We neither have rain that keeps on pelting for weeks together nor skies that remain cloudless for months. Fog in London may at times be over-persistent for want of a gale to disperse it, but, to make up for this defect, winds in this country seldom take the liberty of uprooting our houses and shifting them to a distance. It may be thought fantastic to count the wind among the elements of scenery. Nevertheless, in many respects it is of prime importance, by its influence on the clouds and on the surface of all great sheets of water. Occasionally the permanent slope of trees is determined by its prevalent direction, and in the case of foliage which is green on the upper side and silvery-grey on the lower, a striking effect is produced when a breeze, acting on a great mass of leaves, turns the underside of every one of them to the light. The waves that pass in sunshine softly over a broad expanse of ripening corn are good to make a weary spirit cheerful.

Many parts of our country are not picturesque. There

are districts where the landscape is flat without being nobly extended, where the horizon is contracted without any salient features to atone for a limited outlook. The lovers of scenery do not willingly allow their lot to be cast in these regions. But when they cannot help themselves they have for consolation the raiment of fields and gardens and hedgerows and coppices richly varying with the seasons. Deciduous trees put off their leafage in the winter and artistically display their intricate branching, which in the spring is again coated with delicate tints of softest browns and greens, to be deepened as the summer progresses, and to pass in autumn into vivid tones of yellow and orange and deep reds and browns. Glorious masses of blossom enliven the springtide and early summer. Evergreen trees also pay their tribute of varied hues to the changeful year. The carpeting of the ground is not to be despised, whether pasture or arable, whether composed of golden grain set about with scarlet poppies, of brilliant sainfoin, or of humble cabbages glistening with drops of rain or dew, each 'like a lady in her diamonds.' Over all is the fickle sky, constant only in inconstancy, but therewith relieving dulness by variety and animation. Suppose that in such a locality there come days of remorseless rain, which most people dread and detest, though the housewife may find them useful for making up her accounts and the scholar for keeping closer to his books. Before long assuredly the housewife and scholar and all the restless, impatient crowd will be roused to a common joy, when abruptly the spell is broken, and there comes a clear shining after rain. Then, in their song time, 'melodious birds sing madrigals,' or, if they can do no more than twitter gratefully among the branches, they help the most unmusical to 'hear a smile' through all the realm of nature.

That Lord Avebury is not insensible to the beauties which our land derives from its living vesture is well known, and in this volume it is well attested, not only by his quotation of a delightful passage from one of Charles Kingsley's '*Prose Idylls*,' but by his own descriptions of 'shore life,' of the Kent and Sussex downs, of Fenland in the past, and of moors and common lands in the present. He fully recognises, too, the charm which our kaleidoscopic climate adds to the Lake district. Many, no doubt, seeing with his eyes, will henceforth regard not a few accustomed scenes with pleasure unexpected or much enhanced respect.

In such a passage as the following, for example, he makes in a sense the wilderness and the solitary place to rejoice and blossom as the rose :—

‘ A Surrey or Kentish common is, however, no mere bit of bare, worthless land, sparsely covered with bents and other coarse grasses and weeds, but is set with birches and junipers, broom and gorse, wild roses and hollies, yews and guelder roses, clematis and honeysuckle, growing over white, pink, and blue milkwort, blue veronicas, pink heather, and yellow rock-rose; sweet with the fragrance of the furze and roses and the aromatic scent of the pinewoods.

‘ In the hollows are many pools, fringed by reeds and rushes, irises and water-grasses, with green carpets of sphagnum studded with red sundew, and dotted over with the pure white flossy flags of cotton-grass; while on the water repose the beautiful leaves and still more lovely flowers of the lilies, over which hover many butterflies, while brilliant metallic dragon-flies flash and dart about.’

That the volume gives a comparatively small space to this branch of the subject may be accounted for by more than one reason. The author may have thought that in dealing with it only too easily ‘one gets into the neighbour-hood of platitudes,’ and that his pupils might be left to make for themselves an extended application of lessons conveyed in a few striking examples. Perhaps also he wished to avoid the risk of repeating reflexions which may have been sufficiently suggested to the numerous readers of his earlier writings. But a chief cause doubtless lay in the plan of the present work. It is entitled, in brief, ‘The Scenery of England,’ rather unkindly omitting all mention of Wales, perhaps out of deference to the earlier work by Mackintosh, which takes its title from both Welsh and English scenery. Among the many beautiful and instructive illustrations it is only natural that the choice of scenes should be a little biased in favour of grandiose effects, such as those exhibited by Snowdon and Cader Idris, by Striding Edge, Helvellyn, by the Lovers’ Leap near Buxton, and the Falls of Aysgarth in Wensleydale. In these and such as these the absence of any standard of comparison on the pictured page enables us to compete with whatever is most magnificent of the same kind in any part of the world. It would have been pleasant and much to the purpose had there been more illustrations like the artistic little ‘View in the district of the Broads, Norfolk,’ where, shown in a fashion highly characteristic of the region, the sailing boats are seen gliding through the land, though the water on which they are afloat is invisible. This effect is charmingly

explained in a passage separated by a hundred pages from the sketch in question :—

‘A considerable part of Norfolk is a low plain intersected by a network of rivers—the Bure, the Yare, the Ant, the Waveney, &c.—which do not rush on with the haste of some rivers, or the stately flow of others which are steadily set to reach the sea, but rather seem like rivers wandering about the meadows on a holiday. They have often no natural banks, but are bounded by dense growths of tall grasses, bulrushes, reeds, and sedges, interspersed with the spires of the purple loosestrife, willow-herb, hemp-agrimony, and other flowers, while the fields are very low and protected by banks, so that the red cattle appear to be grazing below the level of the water; and as the rivers take most unexpected turns, the sailing-boats often seem (fig. 187, p. 415) as if they were in the middle of the fields’ (p. 314).

The scenery of England is not, for the majority of its inhabitants, made up of pictures wild and majestic. Nor, indeed, do views of that character form a great proportion of the illustrations here given. On the contrary, a goodly number of them are diagrammatic. Some are sections through the solid earth, such as the ordinary observer can only see with the eye of faith. A first glance at these exponents of our scenery may cause perplexity. One can fancy that, gazing on ‘a generalised section across the London basin,’ or ‘the diagram of a delta,’ or on ‘lenticular sheets of lava ‘and tuff,’ some gentle readers will ‘look at each other with ‘a mild surprise, silent,’ but not exactly approving. They may think that their trusted and favourite author has been playing a practical joke upon them. It is almost as though some renowned sculptor, promising a statue of Venus or Musidora, should greet the visitors to his studio with a skeleton and other anatomical details which undoubtedly underlie the fascinations of living loveliness. The full title, however, of Lord Avebury’s volume is explanatory of its method. The subject is not simple, but twofold; not purely a description of our scenery, but ‘The Scenery of England, ‘and the Causes to which it is due.’ A warning, therefore, is given of the treatment to be expected. The only objection that can fairly be raised is that the main purpose of the work is declared in the subordinate title. Any who overlook that circumstance and enter on its pages for mere amusement may find themselves pleasantly and skilfully cheated into becoming geologists.

There is probably no equally small fraction of the earth’s surface that can compare with England as in itself a geological textbook, a very cabinet of fossils, a compact museum

of illustrative strata, a picture magazine of Nature's operations through untold ages. It is, perhaps, less to be wondered at that during the last hundred and twenty years Great Britain has produced so many masters in the science of the earth's crust than that so little progress in that knowledge should have been made in our island during earlier times. Happily in the later period a succession of writers like Playfair, the exponent of Hutton, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Archibald Geikie, and Lord Avebury have had the gift of presenting abstruse details in an attractive guise. The secret of such a gift is not to be explained by any artful rules of composition. But now and then one may perceive the sort of touches by which the dry light of scientific teaching can be made to sparkle. Those who might be scared at the discussion of Archæan rocks and Bunter sands, coral rag and red crag, Lias and Trias, 'erratics' and 'faults' and 'periods,' are conciliated by pieces of information that give them at once a proprietary interest in the whole subject. The origin and structure and age of granite lose much of their aloofness for the Londoner when he learns that 'the Cheesewring granite from near Liskeard was 'used in the construction of Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, the Thames Embankment, and the London Docks.' Every one this year will like to be reminded that 'the Lia Fail, or Coronation Stone, on which our sovereigns 'are crowned, is a block of Old Red Sandstone.' Westminster Abbey, we are told, was mainly built of the oolitic limestone from the Isle of Portland, but Henry VII.'s Chapel from the sandstone quarries at Reigate, which 'were 'formerly considered of such consequence that they were 'kept in the possession of the Crown, and a patent of 'Edward III. exists authorising them to be worked for 'Windsor Castle.' The Trias has a still more domestic interest, for 'our kitchen-salt is largely obtained from the 'rock-salt deposits of this age in Cheshire and Worcester-shire; they have been worked for more than one thousand 'years, as the salt of Droitwich was one of the sources of 'revenue granted to Worcester Cathedral by Renulph, king 'of the Mercians, in A.D. 816.' To the Lias also household economy is indebted, for not only do the 'layers,' of which its name is not a cockney but a quarryman's version, supply lime, and bricks, and tiles, and fuller's earth and excellent stones for buildings and pavements, but from this formation 'the rich pasture-lands on the clays give the celebrated '“Double Gloucester,” Stilton, and Cheddar cheeses;'

while, further, 'the Middle Lias is largely devoted to fruit-growing, and is said to be particularly suitable for apples.' Few, perhaps, are aware that a section of a Devonian coral—that is, of a fossil coral belonging to the incalculably distant Primary period—'long formed one of the most 'popular patterns for calico dresses.'

The reader with a taste for etymology will be gratified at learning or at being reminded that the county of Rutland is the red land, probably so named from its red beds of Liassic age; that Bristol takes its name from a bridge, and that Bridgwater does not; that not only in England, but 'throughout Western Europe, a large proportion of the 'river names fall into three groups' dependent on three Celtic words, two of which mean simply water and the third signifies running. The continental Oise, Adour, and Rhine correspond to our own Ouse, Adur, and Rye. Though Ouse and Avon, Exe and Axe, and Esk and Usk are practically the same word which takes on numerous other forms, by their multiplicity we have not been saved from an embarrassing frequency in the employment of some of them. He would be a bold innovator who would force one county or another to relinquish the name of its own especial Derwent, Ouse, or Avon. Roads and streets in busy towns may be rechristened in obedience to the exigencies of the Post Office. It is in another direction that rivers have yielded to the influence of the modern spirit. No longer do we find in vogue that pious simplicity which of yore admired the graciousness of Providence in so often placing great cities on the banks of considerable streams. A modern author allows some share in the arrangement to the free will of mankind. Accordingly the present volume gives many interesting particulars as to the circumstances which have determined the choice of human settlements. From a mere computation of names it is inferred that 'our ancestors did not avail themselves of bridges until a comparatively recent period in our history.' There are many more 'fords' than 'bridges' in the designation of well-known towns. No doubt we may suppose that in times prior to civilisation the freedom of bare limbs was as much prized by the whole population as it is still delighted in by children. Covered carriages and other appliances for warding off a deluge of rain were not in use, so that neither for themselves nor for their costume would people be afraid of water. The inconvenience of conveying heavy properties through the bed of even a shallow stream must have

seemed much lighter to the early folk than to us, because, if we may argue from records coming down to not very distant times, so-called roads were often little better than quagmires. It must often have been more cheerful to wade in a stream than to plough the way through swampy ruts. Apart from difficulty in the art and the high cost of bridge-building, a bridge itself is of little use except as a link between the stretches of a practicable road at either extremity. Though such an obstacle as a river naturally excites in the human mind a desire to get to the other side, there are conditions of society when the facility of a bridge may have seemed by no means a thing to covet. The beloved neighbour on the opposite bank will perhaps use it to pay a visit uninvited to the bridge-builder. How such a feeling operates may easily be understood from quite modern discussions as to a submarine tunnel, an under-water bridge between

‘Two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.’

It is true that at a ford Nature itself supplies an easy transit. But at such points neighbours would grow up in that intimacy, that knowledge of one another, which not always but most often leads to the abatement of suspicion, the softening of asperity, the recognition of possible good qualities even in a foe. Where no friendliness resulted, such as to make the ford a desirable place of forgathering, the necessities of self-defence would lead to fortification of the passage, and in this way establish the nucleus of a town or future city.

The military treatment of a river footway is incidentally mentioned by Lord Avebury as throwing a side-light upon a wider subject than the comparative antiquity of British towns. To make possible the laying down and piling up of the successive sedimentary strata from the Primary period to the Quaternary, the changes of elevation relatively to the sea-level which our island has undergone must obviously have been numerous. Of these, to some investigators the latest will seem by no means the least interesting. At many points round our coasts there are submerged forests, the timber of which belongs to well-known existing species. Visitors to the shore are familiar with the débris which from time to time the waves tear up and scatter about. These beds have yielded remains of animals, such as the

elephant, which are no longer wild in our woodlands. It is evident, then, both that tolerably ancient conditions are represented, and that the land on which the trees grew and over which the animals roamed must have sunk, and sunk very considerably. But a later and opposite movement leading to elevation instead of depression is attested by the presence of raised sea-beaches at various parts of the coast. Whether we regard these changes as representing an undulation in which solid rocks are concerned instead of water, or think of the earth's crust as acting like a see-saw, so that one tract is rising while another is sinking, the process, according to all modern experience, in our land is excessively slow. To this slowness a ford and a fortification are very ingeniously made to bear witness. East, but not west, of Bowness the Solway Firth is fordable at low water. It is at Bowness that the Roman Wall ends. At the time of its construction, what would have happened had the land been at a lower level than it is now? As a barrier to fording ten or twelve feet in depth of water are almost as adequate as ten or twelve hundred. A small depression, therefore, would have saved the Romans several miles of building, by enabling them to end their wall efficaciously more to the east, opposite Rockcliff. Conversely, elevation would have extended the fordable area westward of Bowness, and necessitated the extension of the wall or other defensive works in that direction. But of any such extension, it is said, there is no trace, the conclusion of the matter being that, to all appearance, 'here, at any rate, there has been no appreciable change of level for 2,000 years.'

Among the things which every schoolboy knows or ought to know there is one matter which can certainly not be included. Neither schoolboy nor philosopher should be expected to say off-hand how long it has taken to mould the existing scenery of England. Those who have not particularly studied the question are disposed to think that a man of science who gives it an evasive, indefinite answer, is either an ignorant pretender or has some selfish motive for keeping his neighbour in the dark. The antagonisms of geology and theology that such problems once enkindled have died out. All the world is now only anxious to know the right solution. It is nearly forgotten that until half a century ago and later all ordinary education was based on the opinion that the sculpturing not of England alone but of the whole globe, with the evolution or genesis of every organism from the monad to the man, had been comprised within six

or seven thousand years. Men of high scientific genius had their eyes fast holden by the requirements of this conception. Yet the old Semitic writers were probably not unstirred by some instinct of the truth, when, pondering over the phenomena of Nature, they declared that the Maker of the universe is great, passing our knowledge, 'neither can the number of His years be searched out.' In His sight they admit that a thousand years are but as yesterday. For them the foundations of the earth are not so firmly laid but that He who laid them may change them as a vesture, and they shall be changed. Among the oscillations which our own land must have indisputably undergone, an instance has just been considered in which quietude appears to have prevailed for about two thousand years. Such a period, important as it may be in the history of culture, in geological time is quite insignificant. But unfortunately from such an instance we do not even obtain a trustworthy unit of measurement. The time required for large upward or downward movements cannot be calculated from places where the movement has been little or none. To return to the illustration of the see-saw, at the fulcrum the rocking-board is stationary, while its ends are experiencing a considerable rise and fall. If the lapse of time be estimated from the thickness of a stratum, it has to be borne in mind that the thin edges no doubt took as long to deposit as the thick central part. When dated inscriptions in a limestone cavern become covered with stalagmite, the sum in proportion which they temptingly offer must be warily treated. For when it has taken two hundred years for the deposition of a tenth of an inch, one might like to infer that a foot of stalagmite could not be deposited in less than twenty-four thousand years. But it is now understood that the drip which in one place produces one-tenth of an inch may in another part of the same cavern be producing the thickness of a whole foot. Of those aquatic organisms whose skeletons contribute materially to the formation of calcareous rocks, it is now well known that some grow with great rapidity. The denudation which slowly strips the land of one stratum is slowly laying down another in the sea, but it is evident that the two processes are contemporaneous, not successive. The doctrine of evolution requires us to unite such creatures as trilobites, flying reptiles, birds that have teeth, in a common phylogeny with the tens and hundreds of thousands of species still living. The latest researches of science draw closer and closer the bonds which connect the vegetable with

the animal kingdom. It is obvious that the lowest estimate of time required for a line of descent so intricate must be enormous. But even here it is coming to be recognised that specific changes perhaps have not been and need not be quite so indefinitely slow as was once supposed.

These are matters for the biologist and the geologist, but then the astronomer and the physicist intervene. The man in the street may be tempted to think the question rather beyond him when he notes some of the investigations with which it is complicated. It may seem a mere trifle to ascertain how much salt there is in the ocean, and to calculate from the contributions of existing rivers how long it took to get there. There are other important considerations, such as the date when the sun began to warm the surface of our globe (a good while before it was ours), and the date when the moon parted from the earth to begin its business of influencing the tides. Those tides themselves are not to be trifled with, for in addition to tides of air and tides of water we have to take into account 'Problems connected with the Tides of a Viscous Spheroid,' darkly hinting thereby at the intestines of the earth, about whose tremblings and distemperature Hotspur and Glendower so fiercely disputed, and about which we are disputing still.

With all these elements of perplexity it is scarcely astonishing that wisdom itself does not inspire us with an entirely restful confidence. Lord Avebury says: 'It is, indeed, as yet impossible to arrive at any close or even approximate estimate, and various opinions have been expressed; but looking at the evidence as a whole, we can hardly, I think, estimate at less than 100,000,000 years the time which must have elapsed since the commencement of life on our planet.' He might have added that the opinions of experts have variously estimated the interval from 1,000,000,000 down to a minimum of 20,000,000 years, the upper limit being no doubt merely a mode of expression to signify indefinite length of time. These round numbers, so vast and varied, are in fact a plain confession of ignorance, showing that cosmogony is still waiting for a true and trustworthy arithmetic.

Whether it may have taken 100,000,000 years or only a quarter as long to develop our existing scenery, the title of 'Old England' will in either case be well justified. 'Dr. Callaway,' we are told, 'claims for the rocks forming the heart of the Wrekin the honour of being the oldest in England.' It is not so much, however, upon these

primeval rocks that modern interest and controversy are concentrated, as upon a comparatively quite recent formation. The glacial epoch, of which every one has heard, in geological chronology claims to be modern. It 'may have commenced some 200,000 years ago, coming down perhaps to within 50,000 years of the present time. Indeed, glaciers may have lingered among the mountains, and occupied some of the valleys down to a much more recent period.' But the date and duration are of less importance to the scenery of England than the abiding effects attributed to this epoch. Of these Lord Avebury observes that 'the most extensive deposits due to ancient glaciers are the enormous sheets of "Drift" which, as far south as the Thames valley, cover a great part of the country, with the exception of the highest mountain-tops.' The evidences of the former glaciation of this island are discussed at considerable length, and the details will be read with great interest. Nevertheless, it is not likely that this part of the volume will pass entirely unchallenged. After adducing various facts of importance, the author says:—

'These converging lines of evidence prove that in the period of greatest cold Northern Europe, over an area of from 700,000 to 800,000 square miles, was buried under a vast sheet or mantle of ice, which was thickest in the north and west. Over parts of Scandinavia it was probably not less than 6,000 feet in thickness, in North-West Scotland over 3,000; the tops of the Cheviots and the hill-tops of the West Riding 2,300 feet high are distinctly glaciated, as is also Westdale Crag, near Shap, 1,600 feet, when the ice gradually thinned away to the south and east.'

In face of these remarkable figures it is impossible to forget that not so long ago a book was published by Sir Henry Howorth, F.R.S., entitled 'The Glacial Nightmare and the Flood.' Neither Sir Henry nor his book receives the slightest notice in the present volume. It seems a pity that a man so well known, so burningly in earnest, so ready to exchange buffets with all comers, should have his opinions and arguments only met indirectly. It is not unknown that he has the saving grace of a genial humour, and that he can treat with candour his own errors as well as those of his opponents. Science, in the mouths of its most nobly endowed masters, has not been in the past so free from gross and obstinate mistakes that it can afford to meet with a conspiracy of silence any disciplined disputant. In dealing with the Glacial Period, Lord Avebury appears to give a general assent to the celebrated theory of Dr. Croll, although

he remarks, 'I ought to add that these views, though supported by Sir R. Ball and other high authorities, are not 'universally adopted.' This will certainly seem a wonderfully mild way of stating the case to any one who has read 'A Criticism of the Astronomical Theory of the Ice Age,' by E. P. Culverwell, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in the January and February numbers of the 'Geological Magazine' for 1895. Mr. Culverwell claims to show that Croll's argument is absolutely unsound, and that its position is made worse instead of better by the amendment of it that has been attempted. He even says, 'It is not unlikely that 'there never was an Ice Age, but that there have been at 'times various local glaciations such as we now see in 'Greenland.' To the troubled doubt in which the whole subject is still involved Lord Avebury does indeed point the finger by an amusing quotation from the geological expert, Mr. Horace B. Woodward, F.R.S., who says:—

'After spending about a year in Norfolk, I began to believe I knew all about the drifts, but during the following seven years of my sojourn in that county, as I moved from place to place, I somehow seemed to know less and less, and I cannot say what would have been the result, but fortunately the geological survey of the county came to an end.'

Away from the arena of controversy the general reader, as distinguished from the specialist, will find the present volume rich in things worth knowing, in explanations worth having, and in matters of observation that will put the observing faculty on the alert. There are not a few who may like to learn why it is that Britannia rules the waves, apart from those personal qualities of her sons which our well known and universally eulogised national modesty prevents us from specifying. This marine dominion, then, is in part attributable to the excellence of our harbours. This excellence in turn is due to the character of our coast. For our principal harbours are in the mouths of rivers, just the very places to be blocked and made useless by bars of shifting sand, were it not that round our coasts to a great extent these inconvenient materials are removed by tidal currents. Thereby the sea itself stands our friend, and though its tempestuous billows often bombard our shores, crumble away our cliffs, and in other ways make encroachments on our territory, it is here effectively shown that rain and rivers far exceed the ocean waves as forces of denudation. The courses which our rivers pursue are explained as in many cases due to an involved history. Branches of the

Thames, for instance, out through hills which they could never have been tempted to attack in the present configuration of the country. Since we know from our school studies that a single drop continually repeated hollows a stone, it is easy to acknowledge that the perpetual flow of a river may deepen its bed, but the consideration is less obvious that streams are capable of eating their way backwards. Yet, just as the Falls of Niagara are slowly but surely receding by wearing away the hard rocks over which their waters descend, so will the little runnels in which a river begins gradually recede. They cannot be content with the tiny groove which they first carve. As it deepens the power of the current increases, and rain will wash into it materials not only from the sides, but from the rear. Even if a stream starts from the highest part of a watershed, by degrees that summit succumbs to atmospheric agencies, and the stream obtains a continually widening platform for its recession. From this results a singular corollary. By their capacity for moving stealthily backwards rivers are enabled to poach on their neighbours' preserves. Proofs, indeed, are given of the most flagrant acts of piracy. Look on this picture and on that. In the first, two innocent-seeming rivers are seen flowing to the coast equal and parallel. They stretch out affluents each towards the other as if for fraternal hand-shaking. In the companion picture the sequel is seen. There has not been a friendly embrace, but a wrestling for supremacy. The affluents of one river have succeeded in tapping the head waters of the other and diverting its streams, so that the vanquished competitor has dwindled to a brook, and may die of inanition. Actual examples are cited from our south coast, in that 'the Lavant, which like the Adur may be called a beheaded river, has been reduced to quite a small stream, in dry weather even to a succession of pools; the Chichester estuary also, which was evidently once the mouth of a large river, is now a comparatively wide valley without any river at all.' It will be a shock to Oxford men to learn that 'the Ouse is gradually stealing towards the Cherwell, and if allowed to work its way back for little more than a mile it will carry off the upper half of the Cherwell area, detach it from the Thames, and annex it to the basin of the Ouse.' The scandalous treatment to which the Thames has been exposed in another direction is almost too painful to write about. For ages to all appearance the Severn has been marauding upon it so outrageously that not the maiden gentleness of Sabrina,

but 'her enraged stepdame Gwendolen' should have been chosen to preside over those brigand waters.

Englishmen are so familiar with the coast cliffs, in cutting which the sea has obviously played a great part, that they readily extend marine action to the formation of inland cliffs. With science enough to tell him that our land has been repeatedly under water, a man has only to use his eyes to be assured that such and such an escarpment represents the margin of an ancient sea. It is disappointing when the teachings of science and the evidence of our senses mischievously combine to put us in the wrong. Only when we drink a little deeper of the Pierian spring, the scales fall from our eyes, and our vision changes its mind because mind has changed our vision. Lord Avebury is at great pains to show convincingly the difference between the chalk cliffs of our coast and our chalk escarpments. He points out, to begin with, what certainly would not occur to every one, that it is not enough for a chalk escarpment to resemble any kind of coast, irrespective of what that kind may be. To establish its claim to be an original sea cliff, it must resemble a coast of one particular kind, namely, a chalk coast. In that case, its frontage should be fairly straight; its base must follow the sea level; the upper edge of its cliffs will be likely to have an undulatory outline; the land is not unlikely to be found rising behind it. But in fact a chalk escarpment is much indented by coombes and valleys: it is the base line that is given to undulating, while the upper edge remains for long stretches fairly level, and instead of being dominated by any superior elevation, it is nearly always the highest ground in the neighbourhood. To these contrasts is added the general fact that, 'while sea cliffs pass from one rock to another, escarpments always keep to 'one geological formation.' They owe their structure not to the winds and waves of a tidal sea, but to the subterranean forces of upheaval. In the wrinkling of the earth's crust the strata at the convex folds will be stretched and strained, while in the concave folds they will be compressed. At the weakest points they will sooner or later give way, and in so doing offer facilities for the work of denudation. A paradoxical result often follows. The original mountain, being formed of loosened materials and by its very eminence exposed to destructive agencies, is by degrees worn down. But the original valley, more solid and more sheltered, bides its time, and is at length converted into a mountain, not so much uplifted as left. Some hills retain in cup-shaped

summits a reminiscence of this kind of origin. Thus is explained the local name of the Saddle Back mountain near Keswick, and 'the saucer-shaped or synclinal arrangement 'of the strata' on Snowdon, of which Lord Avebury observes, 'It is indeed a remarkable and interesting fact that 'the rocks forming the highest spot in South Britain should 'once have been the bottom of a valley.' After pointing out that the so-called 'Peak' of Derbyshire is really a table-land, he continues, 'It is indeed a "cup" rather than a "peak," for it forms a flattened basin, the beds on all sides 'dipping into the hill: the pressure and consequent hardness 'thus produced has probably led to the preservation of this 'portion of the grit, which was no doubt originally continuous 'with the corresponding beds to the east and west.' A due sense of the slowness with which many results in Nature are produced might tempt a man to think that the loftiest mountains must be the oldest. He will then be surprised to hear that in comparison with the Highlands of Scotland, the Lake district, and the Welsh hills, 'the Alps and 'Himalayas are but of yesterday.' It takes longer to lift a mountain to the skies, and then to wear it down again to the sea from whence it rose, than to do the lifting only. When one comes to think of it, that is self-evident. The provoking thing is for most of us that we only come to think of the self-evident when some one else has forced it upon our notice.

That all the statements and arguments should be novel in a book like this, the subject essentially forbids. Acknowledgements to a host of well-reputed authors help us to a general confidence in the conclusions, which in so various a discussion no effort of a single mind could produce. The wide and almost limitless range of topics which the title of the volume might be made to embrace will no doubt inspire ambitious and critical readers to think of some points overlooked, neglected, or withheld. Of anything really germane to the matter thus omitted they will not easily find examples, or after seeming to find them, on a second and more careful reading of the book, they will perceive by a line here, a paragraph there, or sometimes by a single word, that this or that point has not been forgotten. Of incidental information there is no dearth. It is given, so to say, into the bargain, with a lavish hand out of an overflowing treasury. The reader is told, for example, the difference between the grains of shore sand and desert sand, and how the difference is caused. The golfer learns the origin of his

'balks' and 'links.' The Londoner discovers why one of his streets is named Long Acre. The cricketer who reads that the acre 'was fixed by the ordinance of Edward I. as a 'furlong in length and four poles in breadth' will notice that this acre-breadth exactly corresponds with the interval between the wickets of his favourite game. He may infer, then, that this distance was determined by the length of the long goad or pole with which the ploughman in old times guided his team of oxen.

A reviewer, it will be seen, has good reason for reserve and diffidence in attempting to point out any flaws in a work so generally deserving of eulogy. It is not a very grievous offence, but a singular one to be committed by the particular author, that in measurements metres and kilometres are allowed to jostle miles, fathoms, feet, and inches, confusing the reader by an admixture of two different arithmetical systems. We could be happy with either. Both are too much of a good thing. It is also rather contrary to what might have been expected that the author scarcely at all enlarges on the subjective side of his theme, on the attitude of mind which men bring with them to the scenery as distinct from that which the scenery imposes upon them. In old but by no means distant times people evidently gazed with a sort of dread, mistrust, or even dislike upon scenes which we of the present day view with pleasure and describe as inspiring, beautiful, or magnificent, while not allowing any intense emotion to disturb our tranquillity. In an age when every one travels and every one writes, the novelty and singularity of earlier experiences are lost; a process of denudation wears down the imposing features and majestic attributes of all natural wonders to a prosaic level. Quite recently one result of photography has been to teach us that mountains are not always quite so strikingly lofty as they have been painted. By other means it has been ascertained that overhanging precipices and perpendicular walls of rock are rather rare. Nature in general prefers a slope.

In tracing the causes to which our scenery is due Lord Avebury does not give great prominence to the effects produced by the animal kingdom. He does not forget the plodding industry of earthworms made memorable by Darwin's treatise, but the work of beavers in the past, and of moles, voles, rabbits, crayfish, in the present, might also have been considered. For scenic effect many of the animals which he actually mentions in the zoology of the shore are inferior to some of the tubicolous marine annelids, whether

we regard in one species the myriads of their isolated tubes, comparable to a field of standing corn, or in another the congregated tenements covering great areas of rock with a thick firm coating of artfully wrought and strongly cemented sand. If the dwellings of these lowly creatures impose upon the eye and are part of our scenery, much more should we take into account effects produced by the actions and artfulness of higher animals up to the highest. Beautiful as the parks of England unquestionably are, their trees are for the most part stripped of one of their natural glories. The branches do not feather to the ground, for the well-known reason that up to a certain average height above it cattle keep them closely pruned. But whether for good or harm it is the contrivances of man that enter more largely and directly, as it seems to us, into the scenery of the country than they receive credit for in this volume. No doubt the effects of law and custom are most interestingly worked out; reasons are stated for the existence of hedgerows and winding lanes in England in contrast with open tracts and straight roads in France; the explanation is given why our cities and suburbs have been builded now rather than then, why our towns and villages have been planted here rather than there, as when we are told, for instance, that the districts 'where London clay came to the surface were left almost unoccupied until the New River and other water companies did away with the necessity for 'wells.' Still, those who live in Kent will miss a reference to its oast-houses, not much less characteristic of the local view than in their several places the conical fortresses of South African *Termites*, the domed huts of the Eskimos, or the pyramids of Egypt. Some notice might have been taken of the aerial pathways flung by man across the Bristol Avon and the Menai Straits. From Cornwall to Berwick, and beyond, our country is sprinkled with other pathways bridging sometimes at giddy heights its valleys and streams. Wild flowers often find a last refuge from their persecutors on railway embankments. Many a silent landscape is enlivened by the fleecy trail of steam that moves mysteriously across the distant woodlands. In some districts the tall chimneys of factories are conspicuous by day, and rows of blazing furnaces by night. We still have windmills and watermills. The towers and spires of famous cathedrals are gazed on with almost equal affection by the agnostic and the devotee. The same may be said of the picture which many a hamlet presents, with here a thin wreath of blue smoke

ascending over a moss-grown thatch, there a trim garden with ancestral lawns and well-loved rookery, and not far off God's acre and the church that tops the neighbouring hill. As Dyer says,

'The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower,  
The town and village, dome and færm,  
Each give each a double charm.'

But more than all conspicuous in the scenery of England are those astonishing hives of men, the great commercial cities, which seem to have no limit of growth. No Englishman will lightly esteem that view of the Thames in its sylvan surroundings which Scott with generous enthusiasm has described as 'an unrivalled landscape.' Easy to spoil, not easy to surpass in its historic loveliness, it yet remains. But, hard by, the river threads another scene, not so endearing, less winning soft, less amiably mild, still of far greater mark. One standing, not on Richmond Hill, but on 'bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor,' and gazing southward, may through the misty air descry below him signs of an encampment more vast than the world has ever before or elsewhere seen. It is not so much a capital of one of the nations as a congress of them all. Into it are poured with more than oriental profusion corn and wine and milk and honey, meat and fruit, spices and gold and jewels, ivory and apes and peacocks, and in short whatsoever is rare or singular or costly or needed; thither, to admire and be admired, come the haughty rulers of mankind, and as occasion offers all the men, the women, that are most representative of mental dominion, statesmen, authors, artists, masters of finance, men of science, missionaries and preachers; into the same great vortex are drawn for their various reasons those who have noble purposes to accomplish, and those who are bent on sneaking vice or reckless mischief; thither come the richest, to the great mart of spending, and thither the poorest for the chance of falling crumbs; the children of hope are there along with the forlorn and the desperate. Containing and covering this astonishing assemblage of things and thinkers are the miles of streets and squares and the boundless acreage of roofing which we call London. This more than all else in the scenery of England gives food for thought; this, for awe and wonder, not for boasting, is unique.

ART. VI.—1. *Luke Delmege*. By the Rev. P. A. SHEEHAN. London: Longmans, 1902.

2. *Noblesse Américaine*. Par PIERRE DE COULEVAIN. 5<sup>me</sup> édition. Paris: Ollendorff, 1902.

3. *Eve Triumphant*. By PIERRE DE COULEVAIN. Translated by ALYS HALLARD. London: Hutchinson, 1902.

THERE is nothing in the world so magnificent as the Anglo-Saxon race. There never has been anything so magnificent. It has shown an unparalleled power of multiplying and extending itself, its dominion is the greatest recorded in history, and it has the entire future in reversion. Its justice is proverbial; it combines spotless integrity with perfect adaptation to the requirements of trade; it uses an unprecedented quantity of soap and water. Its religion is moderate belief, not extravagant superstition; its civilisation is the only civilisation worth speaking of; it represents the triumph of practice over theory, of activity over leisure, of manufacture over art, of efficiency over culture. It has made more machines and more money than ever were made before. And if the whole world becomes Anglo-Saxon, so much the better for the world.

All the propositions here stated have become for us axiomatic by the effect of steady iteration. It is, however, no matter for surprise that certain voices of dissent should be heard among the less privileged nationalities, and, though it is unnecessary to discuss the more explicit utterances of this dissentience, one may find a certain profit in observing how the Anglo-Saxon ideal, as presented in fictitious cases, strikes those to whom it is congenitally alien. And here it is necessary to say that the fullest embodiment of that ideal is to be found in the United States. America has more population, more money, more enterprise, less tradition, more efficiency, less culture than the older branch of the race. Such, at least, would be the unhesitating verdict of all Americans, and a very considerable section of English people would endorse their views. We shall begin, therefore, by considering two novels by M. Pierre de Coulevain, who contrasts with great ability the manner of life and thought habitual to Americans with the life and thought of the admittedly decadent Latin races. It is to be understood, of course, that this decadence, however universally recognised by us Anglo-Saxons, is less perfectly clear, for example, to Frenchmen, and M. de Coulevain cannot be taken as quite

convinced of it. The contrast, as he sets it forth, does not appear to him wholly to the advantage of America.

He finds the juxtaposition which is necessary for his ends in studies of international marriages. Each of his two stories is extremely slight in plot, or perhaps one should say consists rather in the developement of psychological processes than of external happenings. '*Noblesse Américaine*,' the earlier and better of the two novels, introduces us to a family of Americans—Mrs. Villars, Miss Annie Villars, and Miss Clara May, cousin of Miss Villars—who come to Paris, where a relation is married to the Marquis de Kéradieu. Miss Villars has just attained her majority, and is the heiress of some two millions—a sum which, stated in francs, sounds overwhelming, and is considerable in any currency. Moreover, she is well born, well bred, pretty, intelligent; she represents in position and personal endowment the very best that America can produce. She is free, but it has always been tolerably well understood that she is going to marry a Mr. Frank Barnett, who does his best to dissuade her from going, and pictures Europe as full of coronets, each of which presents itself to him as a kind of gilded game-trap ready to close on a great heiress. Miss Villars, however, is very sure of herself: she will go, and she will come back as she went. And since, like all American women, she has '*le culte de la volonté*,' the will which she worships and confides in makes argument futile.

On the other hand, in Paris there is the Marquis d'Anguilhon, representative of one of the greatest French houses, and physically as well as morally a real representative of it. His own expenses, following on those of his progenitors, have left him reduced to a pittance of some two hundred a year. A wealthy marriage is easily open to him, but he has decided on a very different line of conduct, and is in treaty for a post on an expedition to the left bank of the Niger. His man of affairs, whom he consults about finding the money needful for a complete settlement with creditors before departure, suggests an alternative to African exploration. This alternative is, of course, Miss Villars. The intermediary proposed is the Duchesse de Blanzac, whom Jacques d'Anguilhon had adored in his boyhood. After some debate, d'Anguilhon consents to see the Duchesse on the matter. This lady, for the present purpose, may be held to represent the ideal Frenchwoman. Married young to a grand seigneur, whom she loved in spite of the difference in their age, she has been left a widow young, and has

become one of the admitted leaders in the most privileged circles of the Faubourg St. Germain. As a friend of the Marquise de Kéradiou, she has secured for the Villars household an entry to the most jealously guarded doors; but her influence has only been given unreservedly as a tribute to the personal qualities of Annie Villars herself. She has taken a fancy to the frank young American, and in liking her has studied her, and in studying her has liked her. Yet her first movement when Jacques d'Anguilhon makes his demand is one of repugnance—'Oh, pas cela! And when he presses for her reason, she answers that between him and Miss Villars there lacks the affinity needed for happiness in marriage, 'Vous en delà, elle en deçà.' And, in explanation of her meaning, she draws a distinction which is, at least for M. de Coulevain, fundamental between the races. Dreams overstep the limit of life, heroism the limit of courage, fanaticism the limit of religion, unnatural desire the limit of wickedness. Now, the American woman, broadly speaking, never oversteps the limit of things.

'They fall short of our natural range, which borders on the ideal; we already overshoot it. If they could hear me they would protest vehemently that they were more cultivated than we. So they may be—so they are. And yet an ignorant slip of a girl, brought up behind the walls of a convent, will have flights and aspirations beyond the power of their lady-graduates: her soul will attain to heights, plunge to depths, that all their science will never help them to. There is Mme. de Kéradiou, for example, living for years now in France, who knows more, and is more intelligent, than half my acquaintances; and yet there is a mass of subjects on which I could not talk to her. Directly one touches the abstract, she cannot follow. And that has a singular effect in limiting the field of intercourse.'

That is, in a rough way, M. de Coulevain's hypothesis, the underlying principle which he seeks to establish. Let a Frenchman of the best type marry an American of the best type, and he will be liable to ask for more than she can give him. She will not be able to follow him into fields of thought and emotion where he moves as a denizen. Nevertheless, Mme. de Blanzac, having laid down her views, consents to act against them. She does not like to disoblige a friend; more seriously, she is influenced by the alternation of Africa. Jacques is the last of the D'Anguilhons, and he is the only son of his mother. And so when the marriage is made, as ultimately it is made, the Duchess has made it. But by that time not only has Annie fallen in love with Jacques, but Jacques has fallen in love with Annie.

What, then, are the reasons which prevail over the determination not to succumb, originally adopted by Miss Villars—good Protestant as well as good American? First, no doubt, the attraction of a great name and position, and of Jacques himself, with his golden-brown eyes and strange resemblance to the handsome D'Anguilhon ancestor, whose portrait by Vandyck had fascinated Annie before she met the descendant. But, further, there are other reasons, which depend upon a relation between the sexes strange to her American ideas. An introductory chapter, which is neither more nor less than an essay on the American woman, is cast mainly in the form of a dialogue between Annie and Mr. Frank Barnett, her undeclared suitor. In America, says M. de Coulevain, the work of man is more remarkable than man himself. And a notable production of the American man (though M. de Coulevain does not put it quite like this) is the American woman. She is the creation of a chivalrous race, which has devoted its entire energies to money-making; she is the spending partner. The typical American woman is not Annie Villars, in whom long intimacy with her nurse, a Catholic Irish peasant, has sown a seed of mysticism, but Clara May, her cousin, a young person with dazzling complexion, robust physical equipment, and no sexual predispositions (*pas de tempérament*); a clear head, no sentiment, plenty of fixed ideas, and among them the especial convictions that America is the finest country in the world, that one is put on earth to enjoy oneself, and that man was created to provide woman with food, dress, and attendance. She is avid of experience, wants to see and know everything; but the experiences which she desires must be external or visual. She has not the desire of her European sisters to experience passion; it is a bondage unworthy of a free woman in a free country. As for the formulæ in the marriage service, with their mention of obedience and the rest, she either treats them as quaint survivals or else insists that they shall be omitted from the ceremony. Such is the type which M. de Coulevain takes to be most representative of American womanhood—perhaps wrongly, perhaps basing his observation only on the American in Paris. However, there is at least an element of truth in the picture, and Annie Villars, at all events, is presumed to have been brought up in a society where woman is not only man's equal, but a good deal more. All of this is fully realised by M. d'Anguilhon, and still more by his confederate and monitress, the Duchesse de Blanzac. And consequently

M. d'Anguilhon behaves in a manner as unlike as possible to that of the men with whom Miss Villars has been acquainted. He does not run after her, does not fetch and carry for her; rather, he expresses himself plainly to the effect that if any one must fetch and carry it should not be the man. To his mind a gentleman who will hold a lady's plate at a ball supper makes himself ridiculous, and no Frenchwoman would like to see her adorer so diminish his prestige. As the acquaintance progresses he interferes actively. Annie and her mother, like most American women (and a good many English), being of perfect respectability themselves, have a great desire to see what is not respectable; they take a box at the Variétés and raise the *grillage*, with the result, as Jacques d'Anguilhon puts it, when he comes to rescue them from an unpleasant situation, that they expose themselves to be taken for what they are not.

Briefly, what succeeds with the girl is not merely his personal charm, but his tone of authority, which in a compatriot Annie would have resented. And he, on his part, is caught and charmed, for a while, by her very unlikeness to the women of his own country. They go off radiant on their honeymoon, and the wedding tour is a great success. Nevertheless, from the first Jacques experiences certain incompatibilities. Their minds are never in perfect contact: in Mr. Barnett's phrase, however well they get on together, they never understand one another. Annie wants to 'do' the galleries in Rome thoroughly, exhaustively, and having done them to pass on; and soon they do their sight-seeing separately. 'He sees nothing,' Annie writes home, because her husband will only look at perhaps half a dozen statues or pictures in the day, and often prefers to go back to what he has seen already. In her heart she probably feels that it is only an American who can take in things and judge them with proper celerity. Here is a concrete instance of the lack of understanding:—

'One evening they were coming out of St. Peter's. Twilight had filled the church, and the great bell of the basilica sounded the Angelus. The sound of this bell, which on earth has no fellow, stopped him abruptly on the colonnade. He glanced round him. The square was empty, but the vibrating notes of the bronze filled it with prayer.

'Strongly moved, he murmured "Beautiful!"

"Splendid! Immense!" said Annie. "I forget how many feet long the colonnade is. I must look it up."

And accordingly, in the fading twilight, she produced her 'Baedeker.'

The result of all this was that Jacques felt impelled to continue by correspondence the intimacy which had grown up between him and Mme. de Blanzac. He was, however, still enchanted with Annie. When little differences arose he kept a firm hand, as, for example, when she accepted an invitation for them both without consulting him, merely conforming, she explained, to the habit of her countrywomen, against which no American husband ever thought of protesting. Yet, contrary to all the traditions of her race, she submitted to discipline, as, on M. de Coulevain's view, she would never have submitted to correction from a husband in her own country. The young couple were joined in Rome by Mme. d'Anguilhon, the mother of Jacques, a Frenchwoman of the old and severe school—royalist and devout. Between her and her daughter-in-law there arose not quarrels, but discussions over religion and morals, which illustrated again the racial incompatibility. Once Annie picked up the Marquise's '*Livre d'Heures*,' and was astonished by the pictures—St Francis of Assisi with pierced hands, St. Theresa with her heavenly rapture. 'How 'funny' how funny!' Jesus, with his breast laid open to disclose the bleeding heart, horrified her. The Marquise, embarrassed, explained that it was a symbol. 'Rather a 'coarse symbolism,' said Annie. Matters were no way mended when she began to read and comment.

"How curious! I thought I knew French quite well, but I don't understand half of what is here. I can't think how Antoinette de Kéradiou was brave enough to join such a complicated religion."

"Still they say that Catholicism is making rapid progress in your country."

"Ah, that is because we like to try everything. Why, some people have a craze for Buddhism. Besides, you may be sure that Americans will pick and choose in Catholicism."

"She went on turning over the "*Heures*."

"All these stories would spoil this world for me—and the next," she said.

"Then she began to read aloud one of the meditations before Communion.

*'J'ai enfin le bonheur de vous posséder, Dieu d'Amour! Que ne suis-je tout cœur pour vous aimer? Embrassez-moi, mon Dieu! brûlez, consommez mon cœur de votre amour! . . .*

"Annie stopped short.

"Why, that is madness. How dare any one speak to God like that! Phrases like these cannot be sincere. Who in the world wants to have their heart burnt and consumed with love?"

Even more typical perhaps is another passage where

Annie, taken to visit Assisi, regrets, to the stupefaction of the Marquise, that St. Francis and St. Claire never married. When the old Catholic lady endeavours to explain for this little positive spirit how much energy has been generated by these uncompleted lives—how St. Francis and St. Claire have ‘radiated through the whole world, built thousands of ‘monasteries, and spread through the whole Middle Ages ‘a waft of charity and poetic life’—Annie is only confused. She can see vaguely that these people have actually done more for Assisi than if they had struck oil there or founded a pig-killing factory; that after five centuries their fame and their name still draw pilgrims by the thousand to the place. But she cannot comprehend. ‘It is queer, certainly,’ she answers.

“Ah! there will never be any saints in America,” she added quaintly.

“Who knows?” said the Marquise.

“No, no! I don’t see an American divesting himself of his goods, preaching poverty, and talking to doves. Instead of St. Francis we shall maybe have men who will lessen poverty and make the world a more comfortable place.”

Is not that a fair expression of the contemporary Anglo-Saxon ideal? Economic progress—first in the sense of wealth accumulated; secondly, and as an ultimate ideal, in the sense of wealth distributed—is the summing up. On another matter a new discrepancy discloses itself. Annie, in a very discontented temper, reveals to her husband that after all she cannot go to America for her cousin Clara’s marriage. ‘Why?’ he asks. ‘There is going to be a ‘baby,’ she answers piteously. ‘True!’ he cries, with a face of rapture. ‘Only too true!’ He is amazed at her attitude. She sees it, and explains that she would be delighted to have children—but in two or three years. He is frankly shocked at her lack of what seems to him the natural emotions, and asks how she could keep such a secret from him. ‘Because I did not want to spoil the rest of ‘the journey.’ ‘Spoil! How spoil?’ ‘Because it is so ‘horrible.’ ‘So horrible!’ Annie explains that in America such a condition as hers is considered rather indecent, and, as for the notion of a man jubilant at the prospect of paternity, it had never crossed her mind. One would say she was relieved to find that he did not ‘blame it on her,’ as the Irish say.

There is no need to elaborate the contrast. But in the end Europe triumphs. Jacques becomes the lover of Mme.

de Blauzac, and after two years the fact is brutally thrown in Annie's face by the Duchesse herself, seized with a fury of jealousy for the wife's privileges. And Annie departs from all the principles that she had over and over laid down—she feels herself bound by her child, by her position, by a hundred ties, to remain; and she remains—like any mere Frenchwoman. In the end, for she is a kind little person, she forgives her dying rival; but she can understand neither the passion which led the Duchesse to transgress nor the consolation which her religion offers to her. Her own immunity, according to M. de Coulevain, consists in her limitations—she is capable neither of the splendid virtues nor the answering vices.

In his other book, '*Ève Victorieuse*,' the author develops more fully the thesis of an American woman's insensibility, and questions the completeness of immunity which her training secures. (On the whole, we may observe, this novel seems less brilliant than the other, but that may be due to the astonishing badness of the translation in which we had the misfortune to read it.) It must be allowed that the two American women presented in the first chapter are not shown in an advantageous moment. Helen Ronald has a husband in every way satisfactory—rich, handsome, distinguished, and devoted. But her nerves demand a journey to Europe, and his scientific pursuits forbid him to come too, which appears to her almost a dereliction of duty. Her cousin, Dora Carroll, also charming and beautiful, is even less reasonable; she insists at the eleventh hour on accompanying Helen, though this involves putting off her marriage with a man who is eager to marry her. So the pair arrive in Paris, determined to have a good time. Almost from the first Helen Ronald, who is of striking appearance and affects striking toilettes, finds herself followed in the street by a young man. According to M. de Coulevain, a Frenchwoman in such a case would be annoyed and reproach herself; the American, on the other hand, is rather gratified than otherwise, and Mrs. Ronald is no exception. Confident in her bringing up, which has led her to view all positive transgression as a mark of vulgarity, and therefore as a thing impossible to the superior type of woman, she does what a Frenchwoman would consider frankly wrong. Just as she goes to questionable, or more than questionable, theatres, so she flirts regardlessly, convinced that she is (in her own metaphor) fire-proof. The elderly and experienced Frenchman to whom she uses this phrase warns her to beware

of the resurrection of Eve ; but she despises the advice, and when she meets the unknown youth who has followed her—he proves to be an Italian (the Count Sant' Anna)—she flirts with him to the last limit of discretion. None the less, she is horrified beyond measure when he appears in her room at night. And just as she is disgusted at his interpretation of her conduct, so he is disgusted at her lack of response to his passion—it seems to him unnatural. So they part in anger. Nevertheless, Eve triumphs, for Mrs. Ronald is visited with regrets. (It is fair to say that M. de Coulevain supposes her to bear in her veins the taint of Latin blood.) The sight of the passion which she has evoked tempts her, and when later on she encounters Sant' Anna again, he has his full revenge by winning the affections of Dora Carroll, whom he marries. The impact of this American young girl on Roman society (in the 'black' aristocracy) is amusingly described, but we are concerned here only to draw a moral from the case of Mrs. Ronald, who suffers all the torments of jealousy before she finds peace in the Catholic Church, aided by a miracle of faith-healing. Practically, the point of contrast is this: The American woman thinks herself authorised to play with fire because she knows and believes (rightly in many cases) that it will not burn her. The European (or let us say the Frenchwoman) admits that to play with fire is wrong, but if she provokes passion, admits that it has a claim upon her, and would be slow indeed to pique herself upon insensibility. Or it may be put in this way: Catholicism recognises the existence of sex passion, and holds it to be a sin to which all are prone, and against which all should be mindful to take precautions. Protestantism, at least as construed by the extreme type of the Anglo-Saxon (and it is in the essence of Protestantism to lend itself to individual interpretation), refuses to recognise that passion has any hold on a well-balanced nature, and therefore sanctions a course of behaviour which presumes passion to be non-existent. The ideal Frenchwoman is very unlike the ideal American lady. The American ideal looks for strength inside, and counts upon finding it; the Latin ideal recognises a human frailty, and believes that help will be given on condition of obedience. Unquestionably the American ideal is the more self-respecting, and it is not the meek, but the efficient, who are going to inherit the earth.

M. de Coulevain, it must be understood, in spite of his sentimental weakness for the artistic and emotional qualities of a Latin people, shares to the full the cult of efficiency.

Although he stops short of the orthodox belief that the more efficient race will wholly monopolise the direction of affairs—although he reserves a place for France in the scheme of things—he is of those who regard the American, at least the American man, as probably the strongest force in the future—the inheritor of the world, for the world's advantage. Catholicism, for example, is to be taken in hand by America, revised, expurgated, and, in a word, brought up to date. Very different from this is naturally the attitude of the other novelist with whom this review has to deal. Father Sheehan's book, 'Luke Delmege,' is undisguisedly a study of an Irish nature brought for a moment under the influence of English ideals—of a Catholic temporarily affected by standards which Catholicism or at least Irish Catholicism passionately condemns. Luke Delmege is a young priest who at the opening of the book returns to his peasant home in the South of Ireland, laden with all the honours that Maynooth has to bestow, full of generous ardour, and full also of ignorant conceit. We are here examining the novel from a special standpoint, but it may be said that Father Sheehan's work ranks with Carleton's, and that is no small praise. It has something of Carleton's inequality, many of his lapses and technical incompetence, but it has a peculiar tenderness and beauty, and a richness of wit which may well stand comparison with Carleton's excellence. And whoever wishes to understand Ireland ought to read it, and will find it full of charm and of interest, from other aspects than that in which we propose to consider it. Indeed, even a mind thoroughly penetrated with the fundamental doctrines of imperialism, efficiency, and the rest, may find it an agreeable relaxation after the strenuous and tonic literature so lavishly provided to-day.

Luke then comes home, and the first man to greet him after the family's welcome is Father Pat, curate of the parish of Lisnalee—no scholar, no saint, a sportsman, a contemner of tea and coffee, but acquainted with every trouble and success for three parishes round, and adored as 'the best poor priest within the four says of Ireland.' That word 'poor,' as Father Sheehan observes, is in Ireland the distinctive term of popular canonisation.

'“Poor Father Tim!’ ‘Poor St. Joseph!’ ‘The poor Pope.’ Is it not significant that an impoverished race, to whom poverty, often accentuated with famine, has been the portion of their inheritance and their cup for nigh on seven hundred years, should take that word as

the expression of their affection? Happy is the priest to whom it is applied; he has a deep root in the people's hearts."

To the priest of Lisnalee that term was never applied. Canon Murray, a man of good family and connexions, on which he greatly prided himself, commanded reverence rather than affection, and commanded it with good right, for he had been a bulwark against eviction, had promoted cottage industries of dairying, poultry farming, and bee-keeping, till he could boast that such a thing as absolute want was unknown under his rule. But when Luke, with his ambitions and aspirations full blown, came, as in duty bound, to pay his respects, the Canon had nothing to speak of but 'a very respectable career in the Church,' leading to 'the honours and—ah! emoluments of the 'ministry.' This to a young man afire not for the common self-sacrifices of priesthood, but for his chance of martyrdom in China, or of ministration to lepers! Thus from the first two ideals are set before Luke—the one leading through years and well-established respectability to 'honours and 'emoluments,' the other through self-sacrifice and humiliation to objects perhaps wholly superannuated in a world that had spun so long 'down the ringing grooves of 'change.' 'Are we going back to coaches when we have 'steam? Back to monasteries when we have hotels? Back 'to mortification, dishonour, forgetfulness, the *innominati* 'of the cell and the tomb?' Are we, in a word, going to turn our backs upon America, where, as Annie Villars observes, there will never be any saints, only to fall in with the unprogressive ways of the *insula Sanctorum*? These ways, as Father Sheehan's business is to show, are dear to the inhabitants of Ireland, for quite other reasons than mere native indolence or native propensity to dirt. Luke's father, Mike Delmege, was 'a stern old Irish Catholic of the 'Puritan type, silent, God-fearing, and just, who never 'allowed a day to pass without an hour of silent communion with God in his bedroom after the midday meal, and 'on whose lands the slightest whisper of indelicacy was 'punished by expulsion.' *Non sic itur ad astra*. That is not the way to a balance at the bank. The man was industrious and prosperous as a peasant, but peasant he would stay, unless he took the one line of success—*optimi summi nunc via processus*—through a grocery store with spirit licence attached, or else emigrated to America. And moreover, whether in Ireland or America, to achieve success in this world and the accumulation of wealth, it is essential

to attend to business, and to keep the mind resolutely fixed on practical problems and the heart where the treasure is. For the moment Luke was still in Ireland, still inclined to the ideals of the *insula Sanctorum*, and grew enthusiastic over the story of Father Tracey, who thought himself too elevated as a parish priest, and so, seeking salvation on a lower rung of the ladder, became chaplain to a city hospital, where he might be seen wandering the streets in an old coat green as a leek. Luke expressed a desire to kiss that man's feet, and his friend Father Martin told him it would be easy, for the toes were generally through his boots. This, however, was before Luke went 'on the English mission.'

The young priest saw England from the Channel, and could not understand the peace and calm of what he saw.

"I thought," said Luke aloud, "that every notch in her cliffs was an embrasure, and that the mouths of her cannon were like nests in her rocks."

"'Tis the lion 'couchant et dormant,'" said a voice.

The voice which answered so eloquently to eloquence was that of a ship's officer, who continued to dilate upon the terror of 'the silent and sheathed strength of England.'

"I dare say it is something to be proud of," said Luke, who was appreciative of this enthusiasm, but did not share it.

"Perhaps not," the officer replied. "It is destiny."

"You see the Cornish coast," he continued, pointing to a dim haze far behind them, in which the outlines of the land were faintly pencilled. "Would you believe that up to the dawn of our century, fifty years ago, that entire peninsula was Catholic? They had retained that Catholic faith from the times of the Reformation. Then there were no priests to be had. Wesley went down, and to-day they are the most bigoted Dissenters in England; and Cornwall will be the last county that will come back to the Church."

"Horrible," said Luke sadly.

"And yet so thin is the veneering of Protestantism that their children are still called by the name of Catholic saints, Angela, and Ursula, and Teresa; and they have as many holy wells as you have in Ireland."

"It must be a heartbreak to the priests," said Luke, "who have to minister amid such surroundings."

"I only speak of it as a matter of fate," said the officer dreamily. "It is the terrific power of assimilation which Protestant England possesses."

"You must be proud of your great country," said Luke.

"No, sir," said the officer, "I am not."

Luke looked at him with surprise.

"Ireland is my country," said the officer in reply. "And these

are our countrymen." He pointed down into the lower deck, where, lying prostrate in various degrees of intoxication, were four or five cattle dealers. They had sought out the warmth of the boiler during the night; and there they lay, unwashed and unkempt, in rather uninviting conditions. Their magnificent cattle, fed on Irish pastures, were going to feed the mouths of Ireland's masters, and tramped and lowed and moaned in hideous discord for food, and clashed their horns together as the vessel rolled on the waves.'

It will be seen that Father Sheehan does not blink facts. Luke's entry to London up the great sea avenue, which is also the great sewer of the nations, is described with the same mixture of hostility and admiration; and the visions of his first London days, when he sees the huge city that swelters round him hanging like a goitrous wen on the neck of Britannia, are reasonably enough set down to unaccustomed nerves and disordered digestion. Still, the working of this vast machinery where men go about solitary in multitudes depressed and distressed him.

'He only felt dimly that he was carried on, on, on in the whirl and tumult of some mighty mechanism; that the whirl of revolving wheels, the vibration of belts, the thunder of engines, the hiss of steam, were everywhere. And that from all this tremendous energy were woven fair English tapestries—stately palaces and ancestral forests, trim villas and gardens like Eastern carpets—and that the huge machinery tossed aside also its refuse and slime—the hundreds and thousands that festered and perished in the squalor of the midnight cities. For over all England, even in midsummer, hangs a blue haze, and over its cities the *aer bruno*, in which the eye of the poet saw floating the spirits of the lost.

'He stepped from the silences of God, and the roar of London was in his ears.'

Gradually, however, Luke began to identify himself with the machinery. He had success as a preacher and lecturer, and his parishioners made him welcome. The home-circles seemed to him dull, yet their kindness penetrated his nature, and it began to seem to him that there was between the two races 'only a sheet of tissue-paper, but politicians 'and journalists have daubed it over with the visions of 'demoniacs.' Under the new influences he was drawn more to the platform, less to the pulpit; talked freely of the *Zeitgeist*; laid it down that 'the whole trend of human 'thought is to reconcile revelation with intellect, and out 'of the harmony to evolve a new and hopeful instauration 'of human blessedness'—in which renaissance Catholicism must take its rightful place, and 'speak boldly, with large

'free interpretations of natural and supernatural revelations'—in short, must modify itself in accordance with the Anglo-Saxon and individualist ideals. In the meanwhile his bishop transferred him from London slums to a cathedral town, where he saw the beauty of England, and became part of an agreeable and highly cultured society of religious eclectics—Anglicans and Romans—who encouraged him to extend his sphere of thought and of reading. From these surroundings he was recalled home to his sister's wedding.

He went south from Dublin through a land of rich pastures, ruined abbeys and castles, and deserted cabins. The side-car that met him at the station looked old and shabby, the horse unclipped. He had returned home changed. The first thing that vexed him was to hear of a new curate who despised the Canon's methods of improving the country and put his whole faith in the League. Luke was now entirely of the Canon's way of thinking; and at his sister's wedding, when the house was filled, and a deal of whisky was being drunk among the fiddling and the piping and the dancing, he was shocked by the spectacle of many beggars who had congregated to the feast. At the house of his friend Father Martin he said so, and a discussion arose over the principles of political economy. Before it was done, Luke had enunciated the generally accepted principle that the true end of human action is the elevation and perfection of the race, with the corollary that 'it is England's destiny 'to bring all humanity, even the most degraded, into the 'happy circle of civilisation.' Father Martin's reply was the astounding proposition that whereas the Spaniards and the Portuguese might claim to have 'conserved, raised up, 'and illuminated fallen races,' England's mission was only to destroy and corrupt. One does not expect much, but surely Father Martin (or Father Sheehan) might be aware of what has been done where every Babu is a monument of British civilisation: surely he might have heard of the civilising work which another branch of the Anglo-Saxon race has been called upon to accomplish in the Philippines. Luke, feeling all this, gives up his compatriot in despair. But it must be said that if Luke champions England in Ireland, he is not slow to put the other aspect of the case in England. His ministrations were by no means limited to the rich; he had a flock of Irish and Italians who ignored 'the great pagan virtues of thrift and cleanliness.' Father

Sheehan neatly sums up the racial antithesis in a couple of pregnant speeches :—

‘A family of Irish peddlers, sa, and a family of Italian horgan grinders. They are very untidy, sa, in their ‘abits.’

‘Thim English, your reverence, they’re haythens. They don’t go to church, mass, or meeting. They think of nothing but what they ate and drink.’

Luke’s sympathies were not those of the Charity Organisation Society; and when, as gaol visitor, he came in contact with the remorseless operation of English law, with its heavy punishment of offences against property, he cried out against it, only to be told by one of his cultivated mentors that his countrymen were curiously sympathetic with crime—a lawless race. He retorted, not without some show of truth, that ‘Carlyle, not Christ, is the prophet of the English ‘people.’ Substantially, however, he came back to Ireland from his foreign mission a convert to the Anglo-Saxon ideal, and bent upon spreading the light. It cannot be said that the result was an entire success. The very poor parish to which he was sent as curate seemed to him Siberia; his superior, the devout, unprogressive, and extremely uncultivated old peasant priest, was unendurable, and the people offended him with their slovenly ways and their servile courtesy. Finally, in his zeal for reform he roused a hornet’s nest. A gross neglect of punctuality, and a breach of the rules of the diocese which forbade the offering of drink at a funeral, gave him the chance to make an example: he let the corpse go to the grave unattended. And in a month’s time he was removed in promotion to a model parish—saddened, but still faithful to ideals of progress.

Here for the first time he secured a certain popularity by encouraging a revolt from the habit of servility. The Rossmore branch of the League, on Luke’s motion, bound itself not to take off hats to any man in future except the priests. The result was an amusing piece of comedy, and a triumph for the diplomacy of ‘the ould general’s’ daughter, ending in friendly relations between Luke and the ‘ould general’ himself, the unpopular local magnate at whom the League’s resolution had been aimed. And this only paved the way to worse trouble, for the ladies of the big house, at Luke’s suggestion, began to civilise the poor, and endeavour to replace the shocking daubs representing patriots and saints by pleasantly coloured and well-drawn illustrations from the

London picture-papers. And Luke found himself accused of countenancing the 'souping' proselytiser.

However, this is in a manner accidental; the real incompatibility lies deeper. He preaches to his congregation 'of justice, temperance, punctuality, foresight—the great 'natural virtues which must be the foundation of the 'supernatural superstructure.' And the people are only puzzled.

'Begor, he must be very fond of the money. He's always talkin' about it. Post-offices and savings banks, an' intherest. Why doesn't he spake to us of the Sacred Heart, or our Holy Mother, or say somethin' to rise us and help us over the week?'

What completes the puzzle is his liberality. Why he should always be ready to give, and yet furious if an old woman comes to sit in his kitchen and lifts a handful of potatoes while dinner is getting ready, passes their comprehension. And poor Luke is driven to the conclusion that 'a man cannot do his duty in Ireland and remain popular.' The only priest who has succeeded in creating progress is Canon Murray; he has really raised the standard of living. But that phrase is a red rag to the Canon's new curate, Father Cussen. 'The standard of living! That appears to 'be the one idea of your modern progress—the worship of 'the body, called otherwise the religion of humanity.' Modern progress! But what is modern progress? Mammon worship, says Father Cussen. He has the courage of his convictions, and contrasts the Neapolitan lazzarone with the British miner, not to the advantage of the latter. Here is plainly an end of argument; but we may give the statement of the opposing views. Luke makes the natural answer that the Briton is a producer, a being to respect; and even if it can be argued that the idle Neapolitan, with his pleasures, his enthusiasms, and his religion may perhaps be the happier, yet the Briton is evidently the higher type, because he is serving humanity.

' "Now look here, Delmege," said Father Cussen, "I don't want to hurt you, but that's all cant and rot, the cant and rubbish of those who are for ever dictating to the world what the Church of God alone can perform. You know as well as I that all this modern enthusiasm about humanity is simply a beggar's garb for the hideous idols of a godless world. You know there is no charity but in the Church of God. All the humanitarianism outside is simply political self-preservation, with the interest of the atom lost in the interests of the State. And if you want a proof, go to your prisons, go to your workhouses, or go down to your ports of lading, and see paupers and

helpless maniacs dumped on your Irish shores, because, after giving their best years to build up the Temple of Mammon in England and America, their wretched support, half a crown a week, would lessen the majesty of the mighty god! There is the huge fiction of Protestantism—the godless abstraction—the State, humanity, the race, &c. Never a word about the majesty of the individual soul!”

“That’s all fine rhetoric, Cussen,” said Luke, “and fine rhetoric is the bane of our race. But whilst all your theories are depopulating the villages and towns of Munster, Belfast is leaping with giant strides towards prosperity and affluence.”

“One moment,” said Father Cussen. “Our southern towns and villages are being depopulated. Why? Because the great god, Mammon, is sending his apostles and missionaries amongst us; because every letter from America is an appeal to the cupidity and lust for pleasure, which is displacing the Spartan simplicity and strength of our race. The gas-lit attractions of New York and Chicago are rivalling successfully the tender, chaste beauties of Irish life and Irish landscapes. It is because all the chaste simplicities of home life are despised for the meretricious splendours of city life that our people are fleeing from their motherland. But you spoke of Belfast?”

“Yes,” said Luke. “While all down here is a slough of despond and misery, there in the North you have a metropolis of splendour, and wealth, and progress.”

“Progress, again. In heaven’s name, man, are you a Christian and a Catholic?”

Exactly. From the point of view of ‘a Christian and a Catholic’ London, Birmingham, New York, Chicago even, is not worth Lisnalee—or Bethlehem. It is a preposterous saying, and we cannot see how Father Sheehan’s young priest returned to the darkness of superstition. Nevertheless, he returned, and learnt to believe that the poor in goods, in heart, and in knowledge were the superiors of himself.

‘He wanted to lift them up, and lo! there they were on the summits of the eternal hills far above him. He desired to show them all the sweetness and light of life; and behold! they were already walking in the gardens of eternity! He was preaching the thrift of money to the misers of grace. Where was the use of talking about economising to a people whose daily fancies swept them abroad to regions where time was never counted? And the value of money to a race who, if parsimonious and frugal, became so through a contempt of physical comfort, and who regarded the death of a rich man as the culmination of all earthly misfortune?’

Some of the causes which completed his retrograde conversion may be noted. The first and chief was the disclosure of a young girl’s strange act of self-devotion for a superstitious motive. As a sacrifice on behalf of her brother’s

soul she, well born and pure, entered a rescue home and put on the garb of a penitent among the women gathered in out of the streets. Along with this went the example of life offered by Father Tracey, the old priest before spoken of, who had resigned a parish and was now chaplain to this Good Shepherd convent. The other causes are different in kind. One was a return to England, where in Aylesbury he visited his former parishioners. In some of the English homes respectable shopkeepers remembered his name vaguely, and he turned to Primrose Lane, the Latin and Celtic quarter, to see if here too he was dead and forgotten.

‘He became aware of loud whispering behind him from the open doors.

“‘Tis him.” “‘Tis n’t.” “I tell you ‘tis him. Wouldn’t I know his grand walk anywhere?” “Yerra, not at all. Sure, he’s away in the ould counthry!” “But I say it is, ‘uman! I’d know him if he was biled!”

And with that they fall upon him, in their demonstrative, affectionate, unprogressive way—unprogressive, because a proper attention to the important business of life passes a wet sponge over the memory of the affections—and Luke found in this sentimental trait a value which obscured his sense of its economic cost. The third cause which completed his severance from the Anglo-Saxon camp and fully reconciled him with his own people was at once economic and political. Here we must say that Father Sheehan puts a case somewhat extravagantly fictitious: for the notion of an Irish landlord raising his rents to-day has come to be unthinkable. However, here is the story. Canon Murray had stood effectually between his people and their absentee overlord, and there had never been evictions in his parish. One must suppose also that he had kept them out of the Land Court. The industries which he had organised among them had made them prosper, and he was mightily proud of the fact, which he stated one day to a stranger in the local post office, that the exports of butter, eggs, poultry, and honey from the place represented a profit of some 3,000*l.* a year. The stranger turned out to be the absentee landlord, who promptly ordered his rents to be put up by that figure; the result was resistance and wholesale evictions, in the course of which Luke saw his father’s house burnt down, and a riot happened which put him in the dock and in gaol for resisting the military. After that, of course, he might do and say what he liked in Ireland—he could do or say nothing wrong in the eyes of the Irish. Father Sheehan’s case, as

we have said, seems to us not only fictitious, but impossible under the existing order. But Father Sheehan is entitled to say that he represents only what would certainly happen were it not that Ireland's importunity has prevailed over the principles of efficiency and free competition to establish in Ireland a special order which defies all the doctrines of political economy and prevents land from letting as it did before the last twenty years at its true, that is, its competitive value. The Irish peasant, recalcitrant to progress, has procured exemption from the action of those laws which regulate the housing problem in London or Chicago. An arbitrary legislation has interfered with the great natural process which was forcing him either into the manufacturing districts of England or Scotland, or, better still, overseas to the United States, where he would gradually adopt a higher standard of living, gain the chance of amassing money, and probably disembarass himself of his superstitious beliefs.

We should be sorry to argue with Father Sheehan, and indeed it is unnecessary. The Anglo-Saxon ideal is unquestionably the right one, as is admitted by the more candid even among the Latin races—for example, by M. Demoliens—and Father Sheehan himself allows that the Irishman living in England is automatically converted to it. If it should be urged by him or by another that the ideal of material progress, as an indispensable preliminary to the higher spiritual civilisation, or we may say, Anglicisation of the world, is an ideal which cannot well be reconciled with all the doctrines of Christianity, we would reply that this only holds good of the literal, or, as Swift said, 'real' Christianity—to establish which 'would indeed be' (again in Swift's words) 'a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations—to destroy at one blow all the wit and half the learning of the kingdom—to break the entire frame and constitution of things, to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts, and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace when he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.' And of this impossible ideal, this preposterous and unprogressive religion, it is as true to-day as in Swift's time that it has been 'for some time wholly laid aside by general consent' (of the Anglo-Saxon world) 'as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.'

- ART. VII.—1. *The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall.* By EDGAR SHEPPARD, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1902.
2. *The Secret History of Whitehall.* By W. JONES, gent. London: 1697.
3. *Memorials of St. James's Palace.* By EDGAR SHEPPARD, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1894.
4. *The History and Survey of London.* By B. LAMBERT. London: T. Hughes, 1806
5. *The Old Court Suburb.* By LEIGH HUNT. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1855.
6. *Kensington Palace.* By ERNEST LAW. London: George Bell & Sons. 1899.

THE royal palaces of London have a special interest this year, when the English monarchy and its historic associations are vividly recalled to men's minds by the coronation of King Edward VII. Of these palaces only one, and that the least interesting—Buckingham Palace—is the residence of the King. St. James's still remains the official court and the scene of levees and investitures. But the glories of Kensington and Whitehall are wholly of the past.

Little or nothing is left of Whitehall, if we except the magnificent banqueting hall. Yet the palace of Whitehall was for centuries the chief London residence of our monarchs, and no review of the royal palaces of London would be complete which did not take it into account. The original building of Whitehall was erected in the reign of Henry III. by Hugo de Burgh, Earl of Kent and Chief Justiciary of England. At his death it passed either by will or sale into the hands of some Preaching or Black Friars, and they sold it in 1248 to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York. From that time to the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, nearly three centuries later, it served as the London residence of the northern primates, and was called York House. As an archiepiscopal palace, York House was for long the centre of much ecclesiastical pomp and state. But it was Wolsey who raised it to its zenith; he rebuilt a great part of the palace, and added a hall and chapel. At York House this prince of the Church entertained with sumptuous magnificence; the splendours of his equipage and liveries, the costliness of his entertainments, and the

profusion and extravagance of his household were never before equalled by any English subject, peer or prelate. But Wolsey's day at York House, though brilliant, was brief. Anne Boleyn was prejudiced against him, and King Henry VIII. attributed to him the failure of the negotiations for the divorce of Catherine of Arragon; perhaps too the pomp and display affected by the Cardinal aroused the King's jealousy. Wolsey was ignominiously turned out of York House; the palace was seized by the King, and henceforth called Whitehall. Some authorities say that the unfortunate Cardinal handed the palace over to his rapacious master as a peace-offering in vain, others that the King took it without ceremony. However that may be, it is certain that Henry VIII. got Whitehall for nothing, and could therefore afford to enlarge and beautify it. This he did in many ways, notably by obtaining land from the Abbot of Westminster, and enclosing it with a wall as a park 'for his Grace's singular pleasure, comfort, and commodity,' as Strype has it, 'to the great credit of the realm.' The King also added to the palace a spacious room for entertainments, a finer chapel, galleries, a cockpit, and a tennis-court. When all was completed Henry VIII. came to Whitehall with his Court, and the palace henceforth became the principal London residence of our English monarchs until it was destroyed by fire more than a century later.

The succeeding Tudor sovereigns did little or nothing for Whitehall. James I. on his accession found the palace sadly out of repair, and resolved to rebuild it on a regal scale. He consulted Inigo Jones, who prepared elaborate plans, far beyond his royal master's means or needs. They were only in part carried out, but the superb banqueting hall remains to this day a witness of the magnificence of the architect's designs. For the rest, it has been well said that 'the Whitehall of Inigo Jones is an unrealised dream.'

Charles I. at one time thought of carrying on the work begun by his father, and employed Rubens to paint the ceiling of the banqueting hall, and commissioned Vandyck to paint the walls, but political troubles came all too soon, and Vandyck's commission was never executed.

After the Restoration Charles II. commanded Sir Christopher Wren to draw up plans for the improvement of Whitehall, but through lack of money nothing was done, and until the end Whitehall remained much as Inigo Jones had left it. Even so it was a truly regal palace, chiefly in

the style of Tudor architecture, a large rambling building, or rather group of buildings, extending far along the river.

Whitehall is rich in memories; they crowd in so fast that it is difficult to enumerate them. Memories of Wolsey quitting it for ever, all his pride laid low, and the thought already in his mind to which he later gave utterance: 'Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs;' of Henry VIII. entering upon possession of the palace he had robbed from the Church and hurling defiance at Rome and its thunders; of the great Queen Bess, who held here in the early days of her glorious reign many masques and revels; of James I., 'the modern Solomon,' listening to the disputes of learned doctors of divinity, and occasionally lecturing them himself; of his son and successor taking counsel with Laud, who came over by water from Lambeth, as they paced beneath the trees of the privy garden. But chief of all is that tragic scene on a bleak January morning two and a half centuries ago when King Charles I. showed his people that if he did not know how to reign at least he knew how to die.

In his recent interesting work, 'The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall,' Dr. Sheppard enters at length upon the vexed question of the exact site of the scaffold and the precise position of the window, or hole in the wall, of the banquetting hall through which Charles I. passed to his execution. The controversy is unnecessary, for the main evidence is clear. The warrant for the execution expressly prescribed that the King was to be beheaded in 'the open streete before Whitehall,' and Sir Thomas Herbert, who attended his royal master in his last moments, in his *Memoirs* says: 'The King was led along all the galleries and banquetting house, and there was a passage broken through the wall by which the King passed unto the scaffold.'

The glories of Whitehall were never greater than in the years immediately following the Restoration. Here the merry monarch held high court; the halls echoed with laughter and song, and the sound of music and the dance; gay courtiers and fair ladies flitted along the innumerable galleries and corridors, Chiffinch was busy on the back stairs, and Pepys and Evelyn came and went, and noted all they saw. The King, the Queen, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth were lodged at Whitehall, and others too, among them Lady Castlemaine, who had hardly

the same right to be there. It was here that Charles II. committed the only brutal act recorded of him, when he insulted his unfortunate Queen by forcing her to receive his mistress before all the Court. At her lodgings in Whitehall Lady Castlemaine gave birth to her son, the first Duke of Grafton. Soon after this event she wished to entertain the King at supper, but, as her lodgings were low to the water's edge and the river was high, on the day of the feast the kitchen was flooded. The cook came to tell her ladyship of the disaster, and that the sirloin ordered for the royal repast could not be cooked: 'Zounds!' exclaimed the Countess, 'you may set the house on fire, but the beef shall be roasted.' And so it was, but outside the palace walls.

Tragedy jostles with comedy at Whitehall. A few years later the palace by the river was the scene of the fatal error which wrecked the future of the House of Stuart. On a December night Queen Mary of Modena, Consort of James II., fled from Whitehall with the infant Prince of Wales, contrary to her wish, and in obedience to the stern command of the King. The Queen, carrying her infant son in her arms, disguised, under cover of the darkness, stole down to the backstairs to the private water entrance of the palace, where a boat was waiting to convey her across the river to Lambeth. She journeyed to Gravesend and thence to France. In consequence of that mistake her son remained all his life an exile and a fugitive from the land of his birth, and the throne of his ancestors was filled by his Hanoverian cousins.

The following year William and Mary of Orange came to Whitehall, and here they were formally offered the crown. Of the new Queen Evelyn writes: 'Mary came to Whitehall laughing and jolly as to a wedding.' She ran all over the palace fingering the quilts, opening the cupboards, and entering with joy into possession of the house which only a few months before had been her father's home. Even Burnet, her warm supporter, was shocked, and thought her conduct 'very strange and unbecoming.'

After the death of Mary, William III. came but rarely to Whitehall, possibly because his sister-in-law Anne, whom he hated, had lodgings there at one time. Four years before his death, in 1698, Whitehall was burned to the ground. As a royal residence it ceased to exist, and only the magnificent banqueting hall remained to bear witness of what was once the stately palace of Whitehall. After the accession of George I. this hall was converted into a Chapel

Royal, and it so remained until 1890, when it was dismantled as a place of worship. Many notable services were held in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, not the least interesting being the thanksgiving service attended by their present Majesties and all their children the day after their silver wedding (March 11, 1888), when the eloquent Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, preached.

Shortly after this event the hall was closed as a Chapel Royal. It was 'lent' by Queen Victoria to the Royal United Service Institution, and has since been fitted up by that body for the exhibition of trophies connected with the history of the army and navy. This is a utilitarian age, but as a matter of sentiment it is a pity that this ancient relic of the palace of Whitehall should be diverted to its present uses; the old order seemed much more fitting. True, as a chapel it was never consecrated, but it was hallowed by the prayers of two centuries, and to many it was sacred as the hall through which the royal victim passed on his way to the scaffold, when, in the words of the old Puritan poet, Andrew Marvell, he

' bowed his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.'

Moreover, from an æsthetic point of view, though the glorious Rubens ceiling remains unspoiled, the galleries whence it can best be seen are now closed; the noble proportions of Inigo Jones's hall are marred by huge glass cases containing models of ships and so forth, and the walls are disfigured by drab paint. London is not so rich in ancient monuments that it can afford thus to misuse this precious relic of the palace of Whitehall.

The burning of Whitehall led to the recognition of St. James's as a royal palace. For though St. James's was first acquired by Henry VIII., it was not until the reign of William III. that it became the accredited seat of royalty. The phrases 'The Court of St. James's,' 'The Palace of St. James's,' date from the Revolution era—before then it had been 'The Court of Whitehall.'

The Hospital of St. James's, founded for the reception of 'fourteen sisters, maidens, that were leprous, living chastely 'and honestly in divine service,' was acquired by Henry VIII. in the year 1532, by comparatively honest means, for though he turned the sisters out of doors he granted them pensions. The hospital was razed to the ground, and St. James's Manor House was erected in its place, under the direction of Crom-

well, Earl of Essex. Holbein is said to have furnished the plan, but this may be doubted. Henry VIII. entered into occupation of his 'goodly mansion of St. James's' at a time when his passion for Anne Boleyn was at its height, and carved on the chimney-piece of the presence-chamber may still be seen the Tudor badges and the initials H. A. intertwined—the cipher of the monarch lover and his swanlike bride. Anne Boleyn must have spent some of the happiest hours of her brief reign at St. James's, and have witnessed there many a stately masque. The King, perchance, associated St. James's with his wayward fancy for Anne Boleyn, for he seldom went thither after her tragic death, but repaired to his more commodious palace of Whitehall. Mary, his daughter, passed much of her time at St. James's. From its gates at her accession she rode in state to Whitehall with the Princess Elizabeth at her side. The Tudor sisters rode on white palfreys, gaily caparisoned, and followed by a brave show of ladies and knights. In St. James's, too, a few years later Mary dragged out the last days of her inglorious reign, weeping over the loss of Calais, and sighing for Philip her husband, who came not.

After Mary's death the course of events flowed away from St. James's. Elizabeth cared nothing for the palace, but she sometimes held receptions in the state apartments. James I. went thither but little, and though he affected to be pleased that it bore his name, the magnificence of Whitehall appealed much more to him. So he made over the Manor House of St. James's to his son Henry, Prince of Wales, who occupied it until his premature death. Charles I. had a liking for St. James's, and most of his children were born there. So too had Queen Henrietta Maria, who lodged a colony of priests and friars in the Friary Court, to the great indignation of the Puritans. It was not long before the Queen's French priests were turned out of the Friary Court with scant ceremony, and the Queen, who viewed their ejection (which she was powerless to prevent) from one of the palace windows, was so enraged that she broke the glass with her clenched hands.

St. James's is full of tragic memories. It was here that Charles I. passed the eve of his execution, here that he took leave of his children and slept his last sleep before he exchanged a corruptible for an incorruptible crown. In the Chapel Royal, which he had fitted up, he attended divine service on the morning of his execution before he 'walked through the park, guarded with a regiment of foot, 'to Whitehall.'

Within these same walls, to them a prison, the younger children of Charles I. played in the weeks that followed their father's death—a death which they could have understood but dimly. One day, after a game of hide and seek in the corridors, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) was missing. For two hours his little brother and sister, the Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Elizabeth, sought but found him not. He had hurried to the garden gate leading to the Mall, where a trusty friend was awaiting him, and there, donning a disguise, he entered a coach and drove post haste to a vessel anchored at Gravesend, and so to Holland.

After the Restoration the Duke of York came back in triumph to the palace from which he had fled when a boy, for the King made most of St. James's over to his brother. Charles II. greatly improved St. James's Park, which was one of his favourite promenades. Pepys is never tired of writing of 'the Parke' and 'the great and noble 'alterations' which were being made in the demesne. In St. James's the Duke of York lost his two sons by Ann Hyde, a bereavement which Coke mentions with other gossip in a most inconsequent fashion. 'The King' (Charles II.), he says, 'told the Prince' (Rupert) 'how he had shot a duck, 'and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked till the 'King came to St. James's House; and there the King 'said to the Prince, "Let's go in and see Cambridge and ' "Kendal," the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay 'a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all 'in an uproar—the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, 'bewailing above all others that she should be the first to be 'torn to pieces.' News had come that the Dutch fleet had appeared in the river.

James II.'s son by Mary of Modena was born at St. James's, the Chevalier de St. George, known as the 'Old 'Pretender.' Despite the fact that nearly seventy persons were in or about the bedchamber, the rumour went forth that a spurious child had been smuggled up the back stairs in a warming-pan. Queen Anne wittily said anent this legend that the old palace 'was much the properest place 'to act such a cheat in.' Anne used St. James's occasionally for ceremonial purposes, Whitehall having been burned down a few years before she ascended the throne. But it was not until the accession of George I. that St. James's became actually the residence of the sovereign, a place to live in as well as the scene of levees and drawing-rooms.

What Whitehall was to the Stuarts, St. James's became to the first two Georges.

It was at St. James's in the early part of his reign that George I. held his crowded and indecorous courts—a great contrast to the dull and sparsely attended drawing-rooms of Queen Anne. To these courts almost any one of any station came who would, and there was much pushing and jostling to get within sight of royalty. Cards and music were invariable accompaniments of these assemblies. Lady Cowper writes of one of the King's drawing-rooms at St. James's: 'There was such a court I never saw in my life. 'My mistress' (Caroline Princess of Wales) 'and the Duchess 'of Montagu went halves at hazard and won six hundred 'pounds.' The company was sometimes none too sober. One George Mayo was one night turned out of the royal presence 'for being drunk and saucy. He fell out with Sir 'James Baker, and in the fray pulled him by the nose.'

In St. James's Palace George I. lodged his ugly German mistresses Schulemburg and Kielmansegge, and later, when he paid the nation the doubtful compliment of selecting an Englishwoman, Mistress Anne Brett. In the apartments of Schulemburg (Duchess of Kendal) he would spend many an evening drinking beer and playing cards—no English persons being admitted save only Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and the younger Craggs. In St. James's took place the battle royal between George I. and his son, at the christening of the infant Prince George William. This led to the King's turning his son and daughter-in-law out of the palace, a scene which was humorously described in a ballad beginning

'A woful christ'ning late there did  
In James's house befall.'

When George II. came to the throne the first thing that he and Queen Caroline did was to eject the Hanoverian mistresses and minions from the palace and renovate it thoroughly for the purpose of holding their courts there. Some of these courts were very brilliant, and, though high play was still the rage, the company was far more select than in the previous reign. George II. and Queen Caroline also revived the custom of dining in public on Sundays in one of the large state rooms of St. James's; the public were admitted by ticket, and allowed to stand behind the barriers and see the royal personages dine.

To St. James's Frederick Prince of Wales came on his arrival in England, and was taken without ceremony up the

back stairs to be received by his mother. To St. James's many years after he bore his wife, already suffering the pangs of travail, in his headlong flight from Hampton Court, and here half an hour after her arrival the Princess gave birth to 'the little rat of a girl,' as Queen Caroline called her, who afterwards became Duchess of Brunswick. In this same palace a few months later the illustrious Queen Caroline breathed her last. The grim story of her deathbed is too well known to need re-telling here—the King sobbing and weeping over his dying wife; her advice to him to marry again; his 'Non, non, j'aurai des maîtresses !' and her pathetic rejoinder, 'Mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas.'

St. James's as a place of residence did not long enjoy the royal favour after the accession of George III. But it was to St. James's that Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz came as the bride of the young King. When she first saw the palace she turned pale and trembled. The Duchess of Hamilton, who had been sent to attend her, reassured her with a smile. 'My dear Duchess,' said the young Princess tartly, 'you may laugh, for you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me.' When the coach stopped, and the King came forth to meet her, she trembled and would have knelt at his feet, but he gallantly prevented this and embraced her. It is said that for a moment—only for a moment—he started with dismay, her portraits had made her so much fairer than she proved to be. But it was too late to draw back, and the 'plain, awkward German girl' became 'good Queen Charlotte,' of penurious and shrewish memory.

The eldest son of this union, George IV., was born at St. James's, and here for a short time King George and Queen Charlotte resided when in London, and held levees and drawing-rooms. But in 1763 they moved their household to Buckingham House. From that date St. James's Palace has never been the residence of the reigning sovereign, and for a time it fell into disfavour. King Christian VII. of Denmark, the husband of the unfortunate Caroline Matilda, came to England in 1768, and was lodged in St. James's. When his favourite, Count Holck, a gay, extravagant young noble, first saw the palace, he exclaimed, 'By God! this will never do; it is not fit to lodge a *Christian* in!' The reproach was undeserved, for, though St. James's has a somewhat gloomy exterior, its quaint courts and time-worn walls have a charm which is all their own.

Kensington Palace will be chiefly known to future generations as the birthplace and early home of Queen Victoria. The original mansion, of which, it is probable, some portion still stands, was the residence of Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, and bore the name of Nottingham House. The estate included some park land, now known as Kensington Gardens. King William III. bought it from the second Lord Nottingham, as Northouck writes, 'for its convenience and healthy situation, and for the King to reside in during the sittings of Parliament.' Evelyn, in his 'Memoirs,' under date February 25, 1690-91, writes: 'I went to Kensington, which King William has bought from Lord Nottingham, and altered. It is yet a patched-up building, but with the gardens, however, a very neat villa.' The palace was considerably enlarged by William III. and Queen Mary, from designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and prim gardens with straight paths and formal flower-beds were laid out in the approved Dutch fashion. William and Mary were very fond of Kensington, and spent large sums in altering and improving their newly acquired estate. Before the work was completed, Queen Mary died at Kensington of small-pox, December 28, 1694. When the nature of her illness was communicated to her she realised that there was no hope, and locked herself in her closet, where she spent the night in sorting and burning her private papers. A few days later she died.

William III. usually held his levees at Kensington, and though his court was a gloomy one, especially after the death of his consort, thither came from time to time some of the brightest wits and courtiers of the day. To Kensington came Dorset, the friend and patron of Prior; Prior himself, then one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber; Congreve, whose plays had been admired by Queen Mary; Swift and Sir William Temple; Bishop Burnet, the Whig historian; Lord Monmouth, afterwards Earl of Peterborough, the great diplomatist and courtier; and Lord Halifax, who was spoken of as 'a minor wit, but no mean statesman.' Last, but not least, came Peter the Great, the genius and semi-barbarian monarch, who was then in England to study shipbuilding. Peter the Great dined at Kensington Palace with William III., and on one occasion he witnessed a ball in the king's gallery, from a closet prepared for him so that he could see and not be seen. He suffered from a natural shyness which was with difficulty

overcome. William III. died at Kensington Palace a few days after his accident when riding in Hampton Court park. Readers of Macaulay will remember the picture he draws in the last page of his history, when William, knowing that his death was approaching, sent for his friends. After his death a small bag of black silk was found next his heart. A lord-in-waiting ordered it to be opened; it contained a gold ring and a lock of Queen Mary's hair.

Anne was even more attached than her predecessors to Kensington, and though she did little to improve the palace, she devoted much time and thought to beautifying and enlarging the gardens, and spent hours pottering among her plants and flowers. The beautiful greenhouse or orangery was built by Sir Christopher Wren at her command. If there be such a thing as a 'Queen Anne' style of architecture, this building may be regarded as its highest expression. It shows Sir Christopher Wren at his best. Queen Anne used to come to the orangery sometimes to drink tea, and here she often sat squabbling with the haughty Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, or gossiping with the cunning Abigail Hill, Lady Masham. Anne died at Kensington from a stroke of apoplexy, brought on by the strife and contention of her ministers, and her sudden death defeated the ill-matured plans of the Jacobites. The Queen moaned often in her illness, 'O my brother, my 'poor brother, what will become of you?' Her last act was to give the white staff of the Lord Treasurer into the hands of Shrewsbury and to bid him, with that sweet voice which had always been her greatest charm, 'to use it for 'the good of my people.'

George I. was fond of Kensington, which reminded him, more than other English palaces, of his beloved Herrenhausen. Sir Christopher Wren having been turned out of his place by a base court intrigue, William Kent, a man immeasurably his inferior, was appointed in his stead, and to him George I. gave orders for the erection of a new and additional suite of state rooms, including the famous cube or cupola room, a gorgeous chamber of the pseudo-classical style, with painted and gilded walls, and a gaudy domed ceiling of blue and gold. Caroline Princess of Wales took to walking at Kensington, in preference to St. James's Park, which she found too crowded, and the gardens soon became a fashionable promenade. The general public were admitted only by ticket, but persons of fashion came in great numbers, and when the Prince and Princess of Wales paced

the walks in Kensington Gardens they were attended by a numerous suite, and passed between avenues of bowing and smiling courtiers. After the quarrel between George I. and his son, Kensington saw the Prince and Princess of Wales no more for a time. The old King came hither but seldom, and always in seclusion, attended only by his German mistresses.

On the accession of George II. and Queen Caroline Kensington became one of the favourite residences of the court. Queen Caroline's drawing-room, built and decorated by Kent, was the scene of many an interview between her and Walpole. Here together they concocted schemes for the management of the King, and here, too, Caroline would often give audience to malcontent nobles, like Lord Stair, and endeavour to win them over to the side of the Government. Caroline was devoted to gardening, and with the assistance of Kent, who was a better landscape gardener than an architect, she planned many alterations in Kensington Gardens. It was she who made the Round Pond, turned a string of smaller ponds into the Serpentine, and laid out the Broad Walk and many of the smaller avenues. Under Queen Caroline the Kensington promenades were revived, and became more frequented than ever. The King and the Queen were very fond of walking, and, accompanied by the princesses and attended by a numerous body of courtiers, they would give many informal audiences in Kensington Gardens in the course of their morning walk. George II. died at Kensington Palace twenty-three years after the death of his queen. With him the glory of Kensington as a royal residence to a great extent departed.

George III. rarely, if ever, occupied the palace throughout his long reign, but some members of his family were from time to time given suites of apartments in it. The most notable of these was the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, consort of George IV., who lived here when Princess of Wales for four years, from 1810 to 1814, when she removed to Connaught Place. Here she held a sort of rival court, and kept up with spirit the quarrel with her husband. Her lack of dignity and wayward conduct scandalised the more sober-minded of her friends. 'She kept a sort of open 'house,' we are told, 'receiving visitors in a dressing-gown, 'and sitting talking about herself to strangers on the 'benches in the garden at the risk of being discovered.' By these and similar indiscretions she alienated her best friends, and those who were left merely came for what they

could get. The Princess of Wales was shrewd enough to see that their conduct was not disinterested. 'Unless I do 'show dem a knife and fork,' she said, 'no company is come 'to Kensington or Blackheath, and neither my purse nor 'my spirits can always afford to hang out de offer of "an 'ordinary.'"

But the chief glory of Kensington Palace is that Queen Victoria was born here on May 24, 1819. Baron Stockmar in his Memoirs thus writes of the event: 'A pretty little 'princess, plump as a partridge, was born. The Duke of 'Kent was delighted with his child, and used to show her 'constantly to his companions and intimate friends, with 'the words, "Take care of her, for she will be Queen of ' "England."' She was christened a month after her birth by the names of Alexandrina Victoria, but the Queen on her accession commanded that she should be proclaimed as Victoria only. In the gardens when a child Princess Victoria used to walk daily, or drive in a goat or donkey carriage, attended by her nurses, and a 'magnificent foot-'man in scarlet'—to quote Leigh Hunt.

A memorable scene was enacted in Kensington Palace in the early morning of June 20, 1837. King William IV. died at Windsor at twelve minutes past 2 o'clock, and immediately afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury with Lord Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, posted from Windsor to Kensington, where they arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning.

'They knocked, they rang, they thumped' (says 'The Diary of a Lady of Quality'), 'and it was a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate. They were again kept waiting in the courtyard; they hurried into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by every one. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing to inquire the cause, an attendant was summoned, who stated that the *Princess* was in such sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, "We are come to the *Queen* on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did, and, proof that *she* did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.'

At 11 o'clock the same morning Queen Victoria held her first Council, of which Greville has left so admirable a description.

'She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. . . . Peel said how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.'

The state rooms at Kensington Palace have been carefully restored, and by command of her late Majesty are now open to the public. Here may be seen Queen Mary's privy chamber, Queen Anne's private dining room, the magnificent king's gallery, the cupola room, Queen Victoria's nursery, and many other apartments. But the most interesting of all, the room in which Queen Victoria was born, and the room in which she held her first Council, are not shown.

Buckingham Palace has been left to the last, for it possesses few historic memories and has the reputation of being the ugliest royal palace in Europe. The reputation is not altogether deserved, as those who have witnessed the gloomy and forbidding barracks which do duty as royal palaces in some of the capital cities of Europe can testify. From the garden front, at least, Buckingham Palace has a certain stateliness which is not unworthy of the principal London residence of the King. In the far-away days when the court disported itself at Whitehall the site of Buckingham Palace was known as the Mulberry Garden. This garden was a fashionable resort during the reign of Charles I. and of Charles II., and was the scene of many gay comedies. There was a house adjoining the Mulberry Garden known as Goring House, which was later purchased by Lord Arlington, and rebuilt on a larger scale, and styled Arlington House. This was demolished in 1703, and upon its site John Sheffield, the magnificent Duke of Buckingham, built a mansion and named it Buckingham House, situated, as he says, 'in a little wilderness full of blackbirds and 'nightingales.' The Duke of Buckingham had no liking for the Hanoverian succession, and when George I. came from Hanover to take up his residence across the park at St. James's, the proud Duke remained aloof in splendid isolation at Buckingham House. He married secondly Catherine Darnley, natural daughter of James II., and the Duchess, after her lord's death, continued to live at Buckingham

House with pomp which was almost regal. This was the lady whom Queen Caroline dubbed 'Princess Buckingham,' and of whom Horace Walpole wrote: 'She is more mad 'with pride than any mercer's wife in Bedlam.' The duchess was a devoted adherent of the Stuarts; every year she made a pilgrimage to Paris to weep over the body of James II., and many were the plots in which she was engaged to bring back the king over the water. After her death Buckingham House was acquired by the Crown.

George III. and Queen Charlotte were looking about for a mansion which would serve them as a London residence in the place of St. James's Palace, which they both disliked. Buckingham House was therefore purchased by the King and settled upon Queen Charlotte as her especial property and called Queen's House. The royal pair entered in possession of their new London home, which was then a commodious red brick mansion surrounded with beautiful gardens. To make the grounds even larger a portion of the Green Park was added. Here 'Farmer George' and his queen lived the quiet domestic life they loved so well, all state functions taking place at St. James's Palace; but later, when the grand saloon at Buckingham House was fitted up as a throne-room, Queen Charlotte held her smaller drawing-rooms there. The etiquette of Queen Charlotte's dull court was rigid, but at first she was not such a martinet as she became in later years. In her early days in England she had great difficulty in conforming to the strict observance of the English Sunday. 'If I read all day,' she told Lady George Murray, 'my poor eyes get tired. I do not like to 'go to sleep, so I lock my door (that nobody may be shocked) 'and take my knitting for a little while, and then I can 'read my good books again.' At Queen's House most of George III.'s many children were born, and we can picture the homely King and Queen sitting down to their frugal dinner there, with the numerous little princes and princesses ranged in order of age on either side, and forbidding them to touch the strawberries and other delicacies which made their appearance on the royal table only to be taken away. Queen Charlotte firmly believed in corporal punishment, and often gave her children a flogging, the King standing by and approving. On one occasion a great lady, moved by the cries of the youthful delinquent, ventured to plead for him. 'Ah!' said the King, 'if all mothers in this country followed 'the example of her Majesty, there would be better manners 'in England.' Fanny Burney bears witness at the time to

the good behaviour of the royal children. 'How excellently 'well,' she exclaims, 'are all these children brought up!' But the after results of this Spartan training can hardly be said to have justified it.

The King and Queen were at Queen's House the night when the Gordon Riots were raging, and the troops which guarded the palace had no straw to lie upon. 'My lads,' said the King, 'my crown could not purchase straw for you 'to-night, but depend upon it I have given orders that a 'sufficiency shall be sent here by to-morrow noon. As a 'substitute for the straw my servants will instantly serve 'you with a good allowance of wine and spirits to make 'your situation as comfortable as possible, and I shall myself keep you company till to-morrow morning.' He kept his word, and sat up all night with the officers in the Queen's Riding House, sending messengers every now and again over to St. James's Palace to report on the proceedings of the rioters who were trying to force an entrance there.

When George IV. came to the throne, the 'Queen's 'House' was in a very dilapidated condition, and the King determined to rebuild it. He had not long finished his grotesque pleasure house, the Pavilion at Brighton, and as there was a little difficulty about getting the necessary supplies from Parliament to build a new palace in London, he cunningly asked for a grant for 'the enlargement and 'repair of the Queen's House and got it.' Nash, the architect, had the King's command to keep up the fiction of repair, but very soon the Queen's House was transformed into the King's Palace at Pimlico. George IV., with all his faults, had a sense of the magnificent, and he dreamed of a palace which should rival those of ancient Rome. The palace grew and grew, and a notable feature of the 'repairs' was the magnificent marble arch copied from that of Constantine at Rome, upon which an equestrian statue of the King was to stand. This statue was never placed there, and, shortly after Queen Victoria's accession, the Marble Arch was banished to the Oxford Street entrance of Hyde Park. The King's repairs and additions cost half a million of money, and by the time they were finished every trace of the original structure of Buckingham House was lost. The work was not ended when George IV. died, and his successor, William IV., swore that the palace was a monstrosity, and declared that nothing would induce him to live in it. So it remained uninhabited and deserted, surrounded by a wilderness of sandy gravel, until Queen Victoria came to the throne.

The young Queen declared that she liked neither Kensington nor St. James's, but would in the future make the King's Palace at Pimlico her London residence. The palace was soon finished and upholstered, and the Queen decided that she would call it in future Buckingham Palace. In July, 1837, she quitted Kensington and drove through cheering crowds to her new home, passing under the Marble Arch, whereon the Royal Standard floated for the first time. In the early years of Queen Victoria's reign Buckingham Palace was considerably altered and improved. The magnificent ball-room was built and the gardens were beautified under the direction of the Prince Consort. Though, after her husband's death, she resided in London but little, Buckingham Palace was always the centre of Queen Victoria's life in the metropolis during her long reign of sixty-three years. She drove from it to her coronation and her wedding, and here many of her children were born. From its windows she watched the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington passing to St. Paul's, and from the balcony she waved farewell to her Guards as they set forth to the Crimea. Through the great bronze gates of Buckingham Palace Queen Victoria passed to the thanksgiving of her Jubilee in Westminster in 1887. and ten years later they swung open again when the aged Queen went forth to celebrate with her people her Diamond Jubilee.

King Edward VII. was born at Buckingham Palace, and from its gates on June 26 last he and his gracious consort were to have driven to their coronation had not the King been prostrated by sudden and dangerous illness only a few hours before the date of the ceremonial. It was in Buckingham Palace that the operation was performed which it is the prayer of British subjects all the world over will have the effect of restoring their King to his former health and strength.

ART. VIII.—*Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo*. Edition définitive. Forty-seven volumes.\* Paris: 1888.

THE too philosophic multitude, in its striving after unity (which we know to be the goal of all philosophy), cannot be got to distinguish between a great writer and his formulated opinions, between his personality and his genius. When therefore the crowds of Paris acclaimed Victor Hugo on his return from exile in 1870; when in their thousands they followed his pauper hearse in 1885; or when once more the other day they assembled at the Panthéon to pay due honours to his tomb, they thought chiefly of the man who, brought up a Bonapartist and later turned Royalist, had in the end become an ardent champion of the popular cause, and had suffered for his creed. They forgot the inconsistencies of Victor Hugo's political career and saw its finer intentions, accepting the Hugo who is presented to us in the 'Actes et Paroles.' And, less consciously belike, they honoured him especially as a typical Frenchman, who displayed upon the larger canvas of genius most of their own characteristic good qualities and their defects.

For this last reason we on our side, regarding merely the man Victor Hugo, cannot give him unstinted admiration. His nature is alien from ours; of all lands he disliked most our country. And it is certain that we have been, we English upon the whole have been, very chary of recognition either to the man or to the poet. There exist other and subsidiary reasons for this want in us which must be touched upon presently. The English have not read (for the most part) Hugo's best things: they have judged him almost exclusively by his performances in two fields of literature where he did not beyond question excel, neglecting that one in which he stands supreme. One Englishman indeed has gone far to lift this reproach from the shoulders of all his countrymen. Mr. Swinburne, by his unmeasured praise of Hugo, may be thought to have filled up the defects and defections of the others. But no writer, it may be assumed, would ask for undue neglect tempered by unmeasured praise as a substitute for just appreciation. We make no profession here to fill the void: due space is utterly wanting for the criticism of so vast a production as Victor Hugo's. Before

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\* These forty-seven volumes, which are not numbered continuously, include the work 'Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie.' This is generally admitted to be in effect an autobiography.

even attempting such an appreciation as is possible, it is desirable to set forth clearly the grounds upon which that must rest. Hugo has passed among the immortals; of that there can be no word of doubt; and in so passing he has left behind him on earth the mere personal failings and qualities which made him friends and enemies here. Genius really means—it should never be forgotten—a spirit separate from the man himself, a sort of guardian angel or inspirer: and there is nothing more certain about great writers than that the permanent part of their utterances is by no means the same thing as are their mere opinions. It does not follow that themselves know which among their words are really ‘winged,’ nor in which direction they tend. When Horace sings,

‘Jam Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque  
Priscus et neglecta redire Virtus  
Audet, apparetque beata pleno  
Copia cornu :’

and when Leopardi,

‘Valor vero e virtù, modestia e fede  
E di giustizia amor, sempre in qualunque  
Pubblico stato, alieni in tutto e lungi  
Da’ comuni negozi, ovvero in tutti  
Sfortunati saranno, afflitti e vinti;’

the opinions uttered by the two poets are in exact contradiction, but the sentiments and the carrying power of the lines are almost the same. The effect of both is to hold up the virtues to reverence—valour, modesty, and faith. It is not then an essential question whether Victor Hugo professed a boundless faith in human perfectibility, in Providence, or in the French people and the future of France. The essential is—What among his creations have the persuasive power of such opinions, to leave the belief in these things in our minds?

It is a common practice with critics, after they have filled a certain number of pages in praise of their subject, to turn the glass and end by fault-finding. Surely it is a more gracious way to begin with this negative side of criticism and get rid of blame as soon as may be. There is one among our countrymen, it has been said, who hardly finds any fault in Hugo; and in a fine passage (it is at the beginning of his ‘Essays and Studies’) Mr. Swinburne expresses the effect which the master produces on his mind, by comparing Hugo to the vision of a storm which he once

had in mid-channel. Overhead, he tells us, hung an immense thunder-cloud; and on the horizon along the floor of the sea ran a race of lightnings 'like bacchanals;' but, on the other side, the sky was clear, 'too pure to be called blue,' while in it sat Dian (and now we quote verbally), 'watching 'with a serene splendour of scorn the battle of Titans and 'the revel of nymphs, from her stainless and Olympian 'summit of sublime indifferent light.' Both votaries and critics of Victor Hugo might accept this passage. For the latter would say that in the scene—if the poet has described it aright—Nature her very self showed too prodigal: as Swinburne's prose is most surely something overloaded. And the uncompromising admirers of Hugo would find no such defects: for they would be used to them more frequent in their master.

Here then at once we put our fingers upon Hugo's great defect—certainly to our English sense, to almost all Teuton sense, we doubt—that his art is excessive, lacking restraint, and by this very excess fails of utter truthfulness. Of a piece with this criticism is Heine's famous phrase—'fire without 'and ice within: 'too harsh a judgement, but with its measure of truth. This is as much as to say that Hugo is touched at least by the greatest fault which genius can have, insincerity of sentiment. Insincerity of speech is a more venial matter, and over common among imaginative men to be visited very roughly. The difference lies between the insincerity in moments of inspiration and the same in other moments. Can we wholly acquit Victor Hugo of either? Through this great failing and certain others allied thereto, it is hardly possible to read the French poet for long without moments of exasperation supervening. It is one thing to commit faults. When Byron writes 'there let him lay,' or Shakespeare such a line as

'What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?'

we pass such over, as a kind of empty space in the artist's workmanship. But Hugo goes out of his way to be foolish. 'Why,' the reader asks in a sort of dull rage, 'does he write 'all these prefaces, with their pomp and their profession of 'learning and research (in one of them he makes Tibullus 'the lover of Lesbia, Catullus of Delia), when what follows 'is to show how utterly he has drawn on his imagination 'for his facts; yes, and a tolerably childish imagination to 'boot sometimes?' Why all that talk about the pronunciation of Southwark in 'L'Homme qui rit' as a preface to Lord

Tom-Jim-Jack and to Gwynplaine—he who becomes ‘Lord ‘Clancharlie’ as the reader remembers—to Govicum, the pot-boy, and the memorable Wapentake? And Waterloo in ‘Les Misérables,’ why drag in that pseudo-history, vigorous in places, but so absolutely false? And why that long discourse on the unsavoury ‘mot de Cambronne’? Hugo has discovered the remarkable fact that ‘Burgrave’ (Burg-graf) does not, as most of us had supposed, mean the count of a town, just as ‘Margrave’ (Mark-graf) means the count of a march or county, but that the former word comes merely from ‘burg,’ a castle. The inspiration of Hugo’s ‘Burgraves’ rests thereupon. And the inspiration, the ground idea, is very fine. We think it is in ‘L’Homme qui rit’ that our author explains that ‘boulevard’ is really *boule verte*, and another name for a bowling-green; one fancied it connected with bulwark, the Danish *bolværk*, a ‘fossa’—mound and ditch. Indeed the list of these *gaffes* (as the French call such things) would be unending. And all put forward with such a parade of knowledge!

What touches more the reality of Hugo’s inspiration is not these pompous discourses and these blunders, but a strain of vulgarity in the work itself. Above all stands conspicuous his love of antithesis, which is with him an affectation and an excess, and therefore a vulgarity. Of such is that long fanfare in his ‘Eve’ of the ‘Légende des ‘Siècles,’ as a preparation for the line—

‘Et, pâle, Ève sentit que son flanc remuait.’

Victor Hugo has, indeed, been called the incarnation of antithesis; and though at times that use is harmless, at others again, more rare, effective, it is enormously outside of its due place with him. In his stories it is the antithesis of character. This, indeed, is characteristically French. He is naturally a socialist, for, like Zola or the typical student of the ‘quartier,’ he hates the middle class. And yet St. Francis and Goethe were both typically of this bourgeois class, as were our Shakespeare and Victor Hugo himself. If Hugo wants a perfect character, such must be, like Jean Valjean, an ex-convict: the next most perfect in ‘Les Misérables’ is Gavroche, the little thief. Myriel is, perhaps, an exception to this general rule, but the only one that can be found. When we are allowed, in the person of Marius, a *jeune premier* of passable merit, he shall be on the other side—of noble birth.

Esmeralda of ‘Notre-Dame,’ the incarnation of simple

devotion, springs from the gutter. The Duchess Josiane in 'L'Homme qui rit,' suddenly enamoured of the defaced Gwyn-plaine: all those are of a piece. On the same principle is Hugo's choice elsewhere of heroes and heroines, Hernani the bandit, Marion the courtesan. In situations it is the same. Who does not think at once of the feasters and the prisoners in 'Les Burgraves,' the drinking chorus of the one mingling with the clanking chains of the others?—

'Là le bruit de l'orgie, ici le bruit des fers.'

Nay, this antithesis accompanies Hugo to his tomb. For what else is that clause in his will desiring that a pauper hearse should carry him to his grave, at the same time that he omits to provide for a private funeral? To count the antithetic lines in Victor Hugo's verse would be like counting the sands of the sea—

'Un roi chantait en bas, en haut mourait un dieu.'\*

'Le jeune homme est beau, mais le vieillard est grand.'†

The couplet which follows soon after is one of the examples of success in this use—

'Et l'on voit de la flamme aux yeux des jeunes gens,  
Mais dans l'œil du vieillard on voit de la lumière.'

In the dramas, as one might expect, this play of antithesis or of epigram is continual—

'Don Carlos. Quand j'aurai le monde.

Hernani. Alors j'aurai la tombe.'

Or from 'Marion Delorme'—

'Savigny (to the gaoler). Vous m'ôtez mon sommeil.

Didier. Il n'est qu'interrompu.'

How terribly feeble is this—

'Didier. On veut notre tête; eh! pour n'être pas en faute  
Au bourreau qui l'attend, il faut la porter haute.'

For of course this love of antithesis at once runs into the love of epigram:—

'Général, pour hochets il prit les pyramides: '‡

the 'he' who performed this infantine feat is of course Napoleon. And what a detestable passage to follow:—

'Empereur, il voulut dans ses vœux moins timides  
Quelque chose de mieux.'

The bathoses into which our poet is led by this same effort

\* 'Légende des Siècles,' Booz.

† Ibid.

‡ 'Chants du Crépuscule,' La Colonne.

to be epigrammatic and antithetical, these, too, are beyond numeration.

‘Juillet vous a donné, pour sauver vos familles,  
Trois de ces beaux soleils qui brûlent les bastilles :  
Vos pères n'en ont eu qu'un seul.’\*

And the inflating bellows are clearly audible sometimes when the poet insists on mounting his rostrum and writing on public events whether he be inspired or no:—

‘Gloire à notre France éternelle !  
Gloire à ceux qui sont morts pour elle !  
Aux martyrs ! aux vaillants ! aux forts !  
A ceux qu'enflamme leur exemple,  
Qui veulent place dans le temple,  
Et qui mourront comme ils sont morts.’†

He is far too insensible to absurdities and the pretentious commonplace when in search of his rhymes:—

‘Ces pentes de granit où saute le chamois  
Et qui firent glisser Charles le Téméraire,  
Le Mont Blanc qui ne dit qu'à l'Himalaya : Frère.’

What an abominable line is this last ! ‡

That which makes, we have suggested, these blots the blacker is that they are not slips but examples of pre-determination, of *volonté*, such predetermination and *volonté* being in themselves at war with the sincerity of genius.

Nor can we look deep into the more moving passages in Hugo's writings without finding a *somewhat* of fictitious in his sentiments also, a *certain* confirmation, at least, of Heine's biting phrase. Take, for instance, ‘L'Art d'être ‘Grand-père,’ which, without doubt, is largely simple and genuine, which more than anything else has won for Hugo the suffrages of that very middle class which every French artist affects to despise. Take even such charming passages as this wherein the grandfather confesses his over-indulgences:—

‘C'est terrible. Je règne  
Mal, je ne veux pas que mon peuple me craigne ;  
Or, mon peuple, c'est Jeanne et George ; et moi, barbon,  
Aïeul sans frein, ayant cette rage, être bon,  
Je leur fais enjamber toutes les lois, et j'ose  
Pousser aux attentats leur république rose.

Certe, on passe au vieillard, qu'attend la froide nuit,  
Son amour pour la grâce et le rire et l'aurore.’§

\* ‘Chants du Crépuscule,’ Juillet 1880.

† Ibid.

‡ ‘Légende,’ Régiment du Baron Madruce.

§ Les Enfants gâtés.

Then take—

‘ Un fils à ma vieillesse !  
 Quel don du ciel ! J'allais à son berceau sans cesse.  
 Même quand il dormait je lui parlais souvent ;  
 Car, quand on est très vieux on devient très enfant.  
 Le soir, sur mes genoux j'avais sa tête blonde.’

Would not one say, having regard not merely to the sentiments but to the form and movement of the verse of these two passages, that the emotions in the minds of the two old men are almost precisely the same? Would not one say, in fact, that the same old man was speaking in similar circumstances? Yet the characters, circumstances and all, are utterly distinct—one is Victor Hugo himself, the other is the iron old burgrave Job. Again, towards the end of the ‘*Misérables*’ there is a passage—Jean Valjean with the returned Cosette and Marius—where Valjean talks in just the same strain in which this same Job talks to Regina and Othert in the scene of ‘*The Burgraves*’ from which we have just quoted. The three old men are really identical; for Victor Hugo’s imagination, so soon as the moment comes for a special kind of sentiment, is no longer dramatic; it is personal. This shows something of fictitious, something of stereotyped in our author. We might multiply instances and enlarge upon this subject. But surely enough has been said of his defects.

For now consider his achievements.

The facts of Victor Hugo’s life are no longer of supreme consequence to us, nor even the order of his works. In his lifetime he was, and in the history of letters still is, a power as well as a poet; this side of him belongs more than all else to, and is involved in, the rise of Romanticism. But even Romanticism as a *movement* is now half forgotten, and the permanent interest of Victor Hugo rests elsewhere.

Victor was the son, we know, of one of Napoleon’s generals, who stood high in favour with Joseph Bonaparte when the latter was King of Spain; and in Spain Victor passed a portion of his childhood. Thus, as has often been said, the poet had two countries: his own, France, and the peninsula beyond the Pyrenees. But this last was always less known than *pro magnifico* with Victor Hugo, the eternal hunting-ground for his romantic imagination. At fourteen he sketches the plot of a play. He is sent to the *école polytechnique* by his father, and has to learn mathematics, in which branch he is said to have become (like our Carlyle) no mean proficient; but that old adventurer of a General

Hugo quarrels with and separates from Madame Hugo, attaching himself to another woman, while the sons attached themselves to their mother. Hugo, now more free to follow his natural bent, turns poet professed, and falls in love; he writes royalist odes, and rewards and pensions come to him; till that long love-affair, begun almost in childhood—a very charming and romantic one, wherefrom even certain after infidelities (which cannot be altogether forgotten) did not take away all the glory and the grace—ends in marriage. Up to 1848 Hugo's conduct and his opinions were, be it said, from an official point of view, unexceptionable; he approved the revolution of July, but did not object to the constitutional monarchy. Hugo's first essays in verse appear in his volume of 'Odes and Ballads.' The ballads—some of which are genuine *ballades* of the Villon type—are later than the odes. Both show a great command of rhyme and of the beautiful commonplace, and have, on the whole, a character like Lamartine's verse. If Hugo had continued on these lines he would have been another, maybe a lesser, Lamartine. Howbeit the ballads proclaim the beginning of a change. They have an astonishing lightness and alertness in their versification. The Renaissance had got hold of Hugo, witness the real *ballades*. In one of the ballad series, by accident it may be, we have an echo of Sidney's echo-song in the 'Arcadia:'

' Si tu fais ce que je désire,  
Sire,  
Nous t'édifions un tombeau  
Beau,'

and so forth. For now the Romantic movement seizes him. What one forgets to-day, the Romantic movement is also partly a realistic movement likewise; Delacroix is of it; Berlioz is for it—he who, before Wagner, wrote a music of the senses and in the true meaning dramatic. What Romanticism is to do in the end for Hugo, its greatest gift to him, is to show him that rhymes must not consist of melodious adjectives or abstractions in the three parts of them, but must deal, if need be, with the common things of life; yea, with rude harsh sounds, if need be, supposing these are the more effective—as our Browning's rhymes do, only do so too much. Romanticism meant a hundred things for France in those days, and it would be impossible here to analyse it; but the most important of all its meanings to Hugo and to French literature is simply *seisachtheia*, a shaking off of burdens. To the old school the

*seismos* was merely volcanic and destructive; now we know what good it has produced. 1830 is the great year of the Romantic battle, of Hugo's famous drama 'Hernani.' Before that, Hugo had written his 'Cromwell,' a play of great length, and good enough to make the reputation of a common man. 'Marion Delorme,' or 'De Lorme,' 'Le Roi 's'amuse,' and with these the prose plays, 'Lucrèce Borgia,' 'Marie Tudor,' and 'Angelo de Padoue,' belong to the full flush of this romantic impulse, as does Hugo's one absolute and great romance 'Notre-Dame.' Two of his other plays, 'Ruy Blas' and 'Les Burgraves,' come a little later; and of course there are others—'Esmeralda,' the *libretto* from 'Notre-Dame,' 'Amy Robsart,' 'Les Jumelles,' 'Torquemada,' published after his death. All but the last were written before the time when Victor Hugo began to take a very keen interest in politics; even as the greater part of Hugo's best verse follows the time when he was violently excluded from the arena of practical politics and from France by Napoleon 'le Petit.'

What shall we say, then, of these creations of Hugo in his true romantic era? One thing—that their relationship to the drama of Shakespeare is but remote. It would not be true to say that Hugo has no knowledge of human nature. But he certainly lacks the instinctive and convincing sympathy with human nature which makes Shakespeare what he is, and which is not to be obtained by taking thought. There are others of the Elizabethans who see things more as Hugo does, on broader lines, as of the folk-tales, the *novelle* or the modern melodrama. Stated roughly, that is Hugo's standpoint. But he is so constantly excelling himself that he puts general classification to despair. Carr in 'Cromwell' is a good instance. Carr seems at first a commonplace type of the ranter; but there are passages of his speaking wherein Hugo, inspired by the Biblical language which he puts into the mouth of the Independent, rises to a great dignity; so that this Carr really does stand above Scott's portraits of the same kind of personage, his Bletson Harrisons, his Desboroughs, but not above his Balfour of Burley. On the other hand, Cromwell himself is far below what we had a right to expect, and what, if one half of Hugo's pretended documentation had been genuine and not parade, we should very likely have had. A stroke of Carlyle's pen gives the Protector more character and more humanity than all Hugo's brush-work. *Hernani* is, through almost the whole play to which he gives his name, a merely

melodramatic hero, standing continually with his arms crossed and so forth, as the bandit should do. Doña Sol is Hugo's invariable *jeune première*. But just at the end, when she asks what Hernani's oath has to do with them now, there is a touch of common human nature in her which charms. Don Carlos in the same play is not a complete man, but more nearly so than either the hero or than Ruy Gomes de Silva: and at least the passage of Charles at the tomb of Charlemagne is a fine, and, what is strange, on the stage an effective piece of declamation. As for the plot—the cherished revenge, the point of Castilian honour to kill oneself when called upon—perhaps the less said about those the better. It is good enough for the Spain of Hugo's dreams and *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. And then, remember that there is much beyond all these heavy melodramatic elements in Hugo's romantic plays and stories. The lighter dialogue of the Don Ricardos and the others in 'Hernani,' of the Jehan Frollos and Pierre Gringoiros of 'Notre-Dame,' is pleasant, lively and natural, witty by times, though here Hugo has rather followed in the wake of Balzac than studied from nature. Both those remarks apply likewise, be it said in passing, to Hugo's students in 'Les Misérables.'

In 'Marion Delorme' he has followed in the wake of l'Abbé Prévost. Manon was a great creation; but she is now apt to re-create herself in every French story of sentiment: she is their one type. And Didier of the same play is a melodramatic hero of the same blood as Hernani. The ending is one of the most obvious of endings. In 'Le Roi s'amuse' again our author has professedly gone in search of violent contrasts. He thinks that good art; and he thought so to the end when he wrote 'Quatre-vingt-treize.' But for all that we are carried away by the roll of the lines and the merits of the verse, and we accept the picture as really affecting and almost real.

The romanticism of Scott and of the German romantics is as much a creation of, and has as much to do with, places as with persons. R. L. Stevenson has noted that; and, speaking like the romantic that he is, he declares that there are some places where you are ready to swear something eventful must have happened, though the report of it has never come down to us. French Romanticism, too, attaches itself to places and to other material things, sometimes to mere furniture and trappings, as much as to human beings. The true inspiration of 'Notre-Dame' is the middle-age cathedral

in the general ; as the lesser followers of Hugo, his lieutenants in the romantic war, found their romanticism in pour-points and justaucorps. The personality and the overshadowing immensity which 'Notre-Dame' lends to the cathedral church of Paris that plays in it the title rôle are something not reached elsewhere in literature. But it is the fault of all the romantics to fall below the things from which they have drawn ; the Scottish border is greater than Scott. Wherefore, side by side with what the Gothic cathedral really is, in its eternal shadow and its undying echoes, 'Notre-Dame' seems but a pale reflex. It is not serious enough to rise to the height of that monumental seriousness. But it is serious enough to give us, while we are reading, moments of acute feeling. The whole story of Esmeralda and her tragic fate, the description of Paris in the early morning of Esmeralda's execution, as seen from the cathedral tower, and the agony of Claude Frollo, these give one searchings of the heart enough and to spare all the while we have the book in hand. And then the countless lesser excellences, the 'Cour des Miracles,' Pierre Gringoire \*—for any book this is good measure pressed down and running over. But then, of course, the greatest among writers give us more than 'books.' The 'Antigone,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Faust' are not books.

Let us pass straight from this romance of Hugo's early maturity to the series of novels which he only began in his declining years, and was still engaged upon at his death—'Les Misérables,' 'L'Homme qui rit,' 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer,' and 'Quatre-vingt-treize.' We have now entered the section of Hugo's writing which is most familiar to English readers. Tennyson's bad line, 'Victor in drama, victor in romance,' glances at the two fields of work which we have at present dwelt on only, and of these two the field of fiction is that known to the average English reader of Hugo. We have called these later works, 'Les Misérables' and its successors, novels, in contradiction to 'Notre-Dame ;' they rub shoulders, at any rate, with the novel of character, as it has existed from Richardson to Balzac, from Balzac to Thackeray and George

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\* Pierre Gringoire is good up to the moment when he saves Djali, the goat, and leaves Esmeralda to her fate ; then he at once becomes fantastic and inhuman. Such sudden lapses from sense and artistry are, alas ! almost as characteristic of our author as his unexpected excellencies.

Eliot; or, if you prefer another branch of the genealogical tree, to Stendhal, to Flaubert, and so forth. But Hugo's stories do no more than touch this field. They are far more of romances than novels in the stricter sense. Nay, in one characteristic, the improbabilities of their plots, they are further removed than 'Notre-Dame' is from any touch of realism. They have a connexion, too—'Les Misérables,' 'L'Homme qui rit' have at least—with another order of fiction, which should have a section to itself—namely, the detective novel. This forms not a very high class of literature—by nature. But Balzac had a great leaning towards it, as had Hugo; and the latter might be content to shelter himself behind so great a name as Balzac's. On the whole, the detective part of 'Les Misérables' is the best done. Undoubtedly 'Les Misérables,' with its discourses, digressions, strange scraps of learning (the thieves' slang for instance), all running on in a matter of eight or ten volumes, is a stupendous accomplishment; one can hardly call it a stupendous work. There are immensely good, effective, and affecting passages in it: Myriel, a delightful sketch; the troubles of Fantine, most heart-moving; Jean Valjean and Javert are both creations up to the romantic standard of what is human. But what are we to think of Jean Valjean—merely because he must be the perfect and guileless man—falling into that trap of the Thénardiens as he did; he who had had fourteen years' converse with gaol-birds? And for probability, take out of the same portion Marius's relations with these same Thénardiens, the command in his father's will, and all the rest. The book is provoking in a way. Could you but eliminate the little dross of theatricality, it would be as fine in execution as in sentiment. That garden of the Rue Plumet comes very near to being a pure idyll. We know also it had a true source of inspiration in the garden where Hugo first met the woman he married. Here, be it said, is one of the hundred instances in which we see Hugo inspiring after-writers. For surely in the description of the Rue Plumet garden we may detect the prototype of the 'Paradou' of 'L'Abbé Mouret'?

The 'Travailleurs de la Mer' is the best of the remaining Hugo novels. Its octopus or sea-devil is and remains monumental, and the description of the storm and shipwreck what few prose writers have been able to come near. Of course it is overloaded, as we saw Swinburne's description of his little storm is overloaded. Allowing for Hugo's love of contrasts, for his theory (see the preface to 'Lucrèce

‘Borgia’) that that is the right way of art, Gilliatt and Déruchette in this tale give just the contrast required. ‘Quatre-vingt-treize’ is a kind of essay in psychology. The essential part of the plot is a struggle between the dictates of humanity and duty. The soldiers of the Republic are condemning three children who have won their hearts, by pressing the siege of the royalists. Psychology? yes; but once again the psychology of the melodrama. As for the remaining one of the four, ‘L’Homme qui rit,’ with its Gwynplaines, its Tom-Jim-Jacks, its Wapentakes and other wonders, as great as any that came out of the sea—what are we to say of that, if not that it is likewise ‘l’homme qui fait rire’?

And now, having dealt with those aspects of Victor Hugo’s art in which he is most open to criticism, but which are also the aspects that are best known in England, let us pass on to speak of the field in which he reigns supreme.

If Paris—which in this regard is France—be, and it can scarcely be questioned, the Mecca of the plastic arts and the cynosure of Europe, this is only a fair compensation to Frenchmen for that in the greatest art of all, in poetry, they are more isolated than any other people. The want of accent in their language makes their metre far less intelligible, far less easy to appreciate even by the remaining Latin races, Italians or Spaniards, than is by nature the metre of English or German or Scandinavian verse. For us not only are the accents which we look for wanting, so that French blank verse cannot exist, and that form of it which is practised to-day as *vers libres* is only a form of prose, but the principles of rhyme are different from ours and at times opposed to ours.\* This is the further reason why we cannot appreciate Hugo at his best. The while

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\* ‘Quant aux mots,’ writes De Banville in his ‘Petit Traité de Poésie française’ (p. 80), ‘qui, tout-à-fait différents l’un de l’autre pour le sens, offrent *exactement* le même son pour l’oreille, ils s’accouplent excellemment.’ And, of course, we know in practice that more than half the French rhymes are those *identities* of sound which are forbidden to us. This use is, however, more suitable to French vaudeville verse than to the more serious. It is one which Banville much affected himself. There is, be it said, one excellent song of Hugo’s (‘Légende,’ vol. iii.) which quite anticipates the manner of the author of the ‘Odes Funambulesques’:—

‘ En partant du golfe d’Otrante  
 Nous étions trente;  
 Mais en arrivant à Cadix  
 Nous étions dix.’

that Victor Hugo was engaged in writing his plays, his romances, and in later years those monumental novels (if we call them novels), he was likewise issuing a continuous series of volumes of pure poetry; and the while he was in 'Notre-Dame' and in his plays fighting the formal battle of romanticism, he was by his verse everywhere, in the volumes of poetry and in the poetical plays likewise, accomplishing a much greater feat even than romantic victories, nothing less than the utter rebuilding of French versification, of French poetry.

A reaction takes place in French literature in the first half of the nineteenth century, against the influence of the classics in verse precisely similar to the reaction against the Pope influence in our country; it goes on precisely similar lines to ours, and, in the same way as ours, looks back to a still earlier tradition. Only there is the difference that, in spite of Dryden and of Pope, Shakespeare always holds his head above the waves of fashion; but *there* Corneille and Racine and even Molière were part of the evil tradition which had to be overcome. With us Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge brought the lesser Tudor dramatists into vogue; with *them* Sainte-Beuve resuscitated Ronsard and the Pleiad. 'French poetry,' says Banville, speaking with the enthusiasm of the romanticist yet hardly too strongly, 'leaps from the 'sixteenth century to the nineteenth.' In this movement André Chénier plays to Victor Hugo something the same part which Cowper played to Wordsworth. But the burden which Hugo bears on his own shoulders corresponds with that which in England was carried by the Lakists and by Byron, by Shelley and Keats in common. Hugo championed that splendid band of versifiers who, since the thirties and the forties, have not fainted, but carried on the new art in French poetry down to our doors—De Musset, Gautier, Baudelaire, Banville, Leconte de Lisle, Verlaine, Heredia, Coppée, and the Parnassians. These have demolished the 'old rock' of poesy, the strong city of Boileau, against which Chénier led the first forlorn hope, and which, except for that one predecessor, Victor Hugo may be said to have captured almost as completely and almost as singly as Aymer captured Narbonne:

" 'Tu seras, pour ce propos hautain,  
Aymer de Narbonne et comte palatin;  
Et l'on te parlera d'une façon civile.  
Va, fils! "  
Le lendemain Aymer prit la ville.' \*

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\* 'La Légende des Siècles,' Aymerillot.

Technique is not the whole of art, but it is a great part of it. And the excellence of Hugo's technique is a matter of wonder—all the more when we remember how few good models he had immediately before him. Here, from 'Les Contemplations' are some fine examples of this workmanship. The motive of the second part of the 'Contemplations' is itself fine enough; the volume is a memorial of the poet's grief for the death of his child Léopoldine, who, married only six months, was drowned along with her husband, Charles Vacquerie, in a boating accident at Villequier on the Seine. But adequate motive without technical accomplishment cannot make great verse; witness Wordsworth's

'She was a phantom of delight.'

Here there is no failure; these funereal strains are in the grand manner of the singers of the sixteenth century:

'Il est temps que je me repose;  
Je suis terrassé par le sort.  
Ne me parlez pas d'autre chose  
Que des ténèbres où l'on dort !

'Que veut-on que je recommence ?  
Je ne demande désormais,  
A la création immense,  
Qu'un peu de silence et de paix !

'Pourquoi m'appellez-vous encore ?  
J'ai fait ma tâche et mon devoir.  
Qui travaillait avant l'aurore  
Peut s'en aller avant le soir.

'Elle nous quitta pour la tombe;  
Et vous savez bien qu'aujourd'hui  
Je cherche dans la nuit qui tombe  
Un autre ange qui s'est enfui.' \*

And this on the son-in-law, Charles Vacquerie, is still finer perhaps. The pity is that space prevents us from quoting the whole:—

'Il ne sera pas dit que ce jeune homme, ô deuil !  
Se sera de ses mains ouvert l'affreux cercueil  
Où séjourne l'ombre abhorrée,  
Hélas ! et qu'il aura lui-même dans la mort  
De ses jours généreux, encor pleins jusqu'au bord,  
Renversé la coupe dorée.' †

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\* Trois ans après.

† Vacquerie threw away his own life when he found it was impossible to save his wife, Léopoldine.

And so on through some other 'il ne sera pas dit' to the verse—

' En présence de tant d'amour et de vertu,  
Il ne sera pas dit que je me serai tû,  
Moi qu'attendent les maux sans nombre !  
Que je n'aurai point mis sur sa bière un flambeau,  
Et que je n'aurai pas devant son noir tombeau  
Fait asseoir une strophe sombre ! '

How beautiful and classic that last line is ! This is the true funeral dirge as the best poets understand it, and as distinguished from the funeral oration as we get it in the alexandrines of Racine. Victor Hugo, of course, has given us countless examples of his own manipulation of the alexandrine. He can be declamatory—too much, too often. But then in his happy moments his command of rhyme is so absolute !

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to compare with this Andromache's speech to Pyrrhus:—

' Seigneur, vous voyez l'état où vous me réduisez ;  
J'ai vu mon père mort et nos murs embrasés,' &c.

though the critics have commonly spoken of that as a *chef-d'œuvre*.

And what is not less wonderful, semi-miraculous, is the skill with which he can commingle his graver and lighter metres. People have smiled at Swinburne's exuberance of enthusiasm over the Breton song in the 'Châtiments'—'the song of those who go to sea.'

' Adieu, patrie,  
L'onde est en furie ;  
Adieu, patrie,  
Azur !

Adieu, maison, treille au fruit mûr,  
Adieu les fleurs d'or du vieux mur.

' Adieu, patrie,  
Ciel, forêt, prairie.  
Adieu, patrie,  
Azur !  
Adieu, patrie,  
L'onde est en furie ;  
Adieu, patrie,  
Azur ! '

and all the rest. But you have to take the poem where you find it, in the midst of those trenchant chastisements,

to snatch it out of the midst of such bitter lines as those on the new President—

‘Donc, vieux partis, voilà votre homme consulaire !  
Aux jours sereins, quand rien ne nous vient assiéger,  
Dogue aboyant, dragon farouche, hydre en colère,  
Taupe aux jours de danger ’ \*—

to get the right effect; and then you will hardly think that any praise is over-praise.

Here is an example of another kind—taken from the ‘Orientales’—of that gift which is specially needful in French verse, the sudden surprises which the rhyme may have in store for one :

‘Chio, qui dans les flots reflétait ses grands bois,  
Ses coteaux, ses palais, et le soir quelquefois  
Un chœur dansant de jeunes filles.’ †

And you pass on from such an example to the pure and absolute songs written for music, such as—

‘S’il est un charmant gazon  
Que le ciel arrose. . . .’ ‡

to the incomparable ‘Gastibelza’ and to some of the songs in the plays: Fabiani’s ‘Quand tu dors’ in ‘Marie Tudor,’ the ‘Nargue à Dieu’ of ‘The Burgraves.’ Words written for music, or with the idea of musical accompaniment present to the mind, rank in the lowest order of poetry. For true as it is that (as De Banville says) ‘toute poésie est chant,’ poetry must bring its own air with it, not receive it from outside. Yet is it a wondrous thing to note how also in this form of verse Hugo is unexcelled.

He has again the true poet’s gift of being carried away by his verse and (often) saying things better than he intended—Carr in ‘Cromwell’ we took as an instance of this—or of saying them differently. His verse is in this sense as creative as the versification of ‘Christabel’ or of ‘Kubla Khan.’ To find the best examples of these powers in Hugo one must go to the ‘Légende des Siècles,’ the earlier series: the series which follows the first by a long interval, after Hugo’s return to Paris, is in quite a different vein. § Certain among the poems of this ‘Légende’ are

\* L’autre President.

† L’Enfant.

‡ ‘Chants du Crépuscule.’

§ The two series were not kept in the order of their appearance, but confounded in later editions by Hugo himself. In the stereotyped edition, therefore, they are mixed up also.

probably known to the reader : 'Booz' for example (we call him Boaz), which has caught so strangely the atmosphere of an Eastern evening :

'Comme dormait Jacob, comme dormait Judith,  
Booz, les yeux fermés, gisait sous la feuillée;  
Or, la porte du ciel s'étant entrebâillée  
Au-dessus de sa tête, un songe en descendit;'

and has such a splendid and peaceful close :

'Tout reposait dans Ur et dans Jérimadeth;  
Les astres émaillaient le ciel profond et sombre;  
Le croissant fin et clair parmi ces fleurs de l'ombre  
Brillait à l'occident, et Ruth se demandait,

'Immobile, ouvrant l'œil à moitié sous ses voiles,  
Quel dieu, quel moissonneur de l'éternel été  
Avait, en s'en allant, négligemment jeté  
Cette faucille d'or dans le champ des étoiles.'

Of course there is a shade of over-emphasis here, as so often in Victor Hugo's work. 'Ces fleurs de l'ombre' is perfect alone : but when you have again 'le champ des étoiles,' its mystery and beauty are half ravished from the phrase. Throughout even these early 'légendes' you detect Hugo's reiteration of the more grandiose ideas and words. It occurred to the present writer to count how many times in the first dozen or so of the poems in the original volume occurred the word 'ombre' alone. It was forty times : and there were 'ténèbres' and 'profondeur' and 'immensité,' and all the other abstractions to be reckoned with.

When, long years after, Hugo wrote the second part of this 'Légende' and the third part later still, and had learnt (it must be confessed) to pose before the world as a prophet with a mission and nothing less than a prophet, he imagined a tremendous purpose in the whole work. Large as it is in the sum, the whole 'Légende des Siècles' was to be only one third of a vaster trilogy. (The other parts remained unfinished, but begun, at Hugo's death.) But in the earlier series of stories there is very little of this self-consciousness visible. The tales here picked up and put together seem to have been got by accident : the story of Cain pursued by the eye of God ; \* the story of Boaz and Ruth ; Canute's soul wandering wrapped in a shroud of snow on which drops of blood begin to fall ; of Mohammed's last speech ; of the Cid

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\* Stevenson, of course, drew on this for a well-known passage in his 'Dynamiter.'

grooming his horse; the horrible 'Jour des Rois;' the knight-errant series. There is nothing in all such of over-systematisation, over-logic, Hugo's and the Frenchman's usual failing. It is the verse in which they are told that gives to these legends their force: verse by no means equal in merit (like the verse of Milton for example), but so full of excellences that it is almost impossible to make a choice for quotation. Take this passage, for example, on the knights-errant as a class:

'Leur seigneurie était tutrice des chaumières;  
Ils étaient justes, bons, lugubres, ténébreux;  
Quoique gardé par eux, quoique vengé par eux,  
Le peuple en leur présence avait l'inquiétude  
De la foule devant la pâle solitude;  
Car on a peur de ceux qui marchent en songeant.'

Would it be possible to give more finely what in cant phrase one is constrained to call the psychology of such beings and of their times? 'La foule devant la pâle solitude' is not less than magnificent; so is the final line. And take the beggar on the bridge of Crassus in the 'Jour des Rois,' him first (but all that passage is too long for quotation) and next what he sees—

'Flamme au septentrion. C'est Vich incendiée.  
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.  
Flamboient au midi. C'est Girone qui brûle.  
Le roi Blas a jadis eu d'Inez la matrlle  
Deux bâtards, ce qui fait qu'à cette heure l'on a  
Gil, roi de Luz, avec Jean, duc de Cardona.'  
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.  
'Rougeur à l'orient. C'est Lambier en feu;  
Ariscat l'est venu piller pour se distraire;' &c.

—a passage which gives excellent example of Hugo's originality and boldness in rhyming.

For a *tour de force* take the description of the figures in armour in 'Eviradnus.' In themselves they were not, perhaps, much more miraculous—those hollow armours upon wooden horses—than what one may see any day in the Tower of London. But read Hugo's description, the things become sepulchral, monstrous. It is absolutely true, as De Banville says, that this 'Légende des Siècles' alone constitutes a revolution in French literature; the mixture in the whole of a lyrical and an epic element likewise forms a new departure altogether. The wondrous asides, the little

incidental images that slip from our poet almost unconsciously, who shall count them? Here is Balaam cursing vaguely :

‘ Sans savoir si des mains dans les ténèbres blêmes  
S’ouvraient pour recevoir ses vagues anathèmes.’

This of Iblis the fire-god :

‘ . . . Le feu lui sortait des naseaux,  
Avec un bruit pareil au bruit des grandes eaux,  
Dans la saison livide où le cicogne émigre.’

The last line is splendid and Homeric.

‘ On entend dans les pins, que l’âge use et mutile,  
Lutter le rocher hydre et le torrent reptile.’

There is nothing of the obvious in such a simile, which is yet so utterly appropriate to the passage. Or again :—

‘ L’herbe en était émue et le nuage et l’ombre,  
Et même le rocher, qui songe et qui se tait.’

In quite unexpected ways, in his prose as in his verse, Hugo springs upon you a trope or simile, which, simple in itself, is on the occasion immensely striking. There is a moment when Claude Frollo, seeking relief from his passion for Esmeralda, opens the Bible at a passage in ‘Job,’ and receives a shock ‘such as that a blind man feels who finds ‘his hand pricked by the stick he has picked up.’ The image is curiously apt and quaint.

‘ A chaque fois que l’heure sonne  
Tout ici-bas nous dit adieu ’\*

is not strikingly original in sentiment, but the ‘tout ici-bas’ is a surprise. Unhappily, in the succeeding passage the poet overdoes his refrain of ‘demain.’ In mere narration Hugo can be—though, it must be confessed, only in his more blessed moods—as simple as Tennyson, yet without the affectation of simplicity which Tennyson inherited from Wordsworth, and without Tennyson’s monotony. And this is a great achievement; for the alexandrine verse lends itself either to monotony or artificial fireworks to ward off that monotony. The description of Isara’s toilette in ‘Ratbert’ in the ‘Légende’ is an example in point.

And what a library of other volumes there are to choose from, each having some great and special qualities of its

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\* ‘Chants du Crépuscule,’ Napoléon II.

own! The sad suavity of the 'Contemplations' and the earlier 'Feuilles d'Automne' (though this is not so good, not so sincere as the 'Contemplations'), the bitterness of the 'Châtiments,' and the more declamatory roll of the later 'Legendes,' of 'L'Année terrible,' and so on. The 'Chants des Bois et des Rues' are the only series which seems to us decidedly inferior. The poet fears no subject and no form of verse. As Swinburne has said, who before ever applied, as Hugo has done in one place, a mythopœic gift to the mathematical sciences? At places he can be as realistic, and, yes, as much *terre à terre* as Coppée can be in his more realistic moods. The beginning of 'Noces et Festins' reads like a foretaste of those later Parnassians. And he can be, though rarely (for that was least in his nature), as severe and classical as the head and founder of the Parnassians, as Leconte de Lisle. No doubt Hugo's late verse—almost all of that written after his return to Paris in 1870—is too declamatory, too much spoken from a conscious rostrum. There is probably no need to insist on the many beauties of 'L'Année terrible,' such, for example, as the opening passage on Germany:

'Aucune nation n'est plus grande que toi;  
Jadis, toute la terre étant un lieu d'effroi,  
Parmi les peuples forts tu fus le peuple juste,  
Une tiare d'ombre est sur ton front auguste;  
Et pourtant, comme l'Inde, aux aspects fabuleux  
Tu brilles; ô pays des hommes aux yeux bleus.'

But on the whole the poem does not impress one as perfectly genuine. The sense of a need and a desire to pose is visibly weighing on Hugo's genius. We miss the nimble flight of the early 'Légende' or of 'Contemplations.' We do not find perfect naturalness even in 'L'Art d'être Grand-père.' His vein now is to roll out immense and universal ideas in verse which is at times a bathos, at others greatly impressive.

So that here we come back to the primary and essential defect in Hugo's character and genius which we spoke of at the outset, and which, whether or no we are conscious of it the whole time we are reading him, must always affect our judgement and the impression we carry away. He cannot get rid of himself. In his dramas and his novels he cannot utterly lose himself in his creations. In almost all his poetry he has a subconsciousness of an expecting and *admiring crowd, and he therefore never reaches the sim-*

plicity or the tremendous earth-shaking sincerity and strength of the greatest work. Such lines as—

‘ Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates  
him much

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer ; ’

or,

‘ “ Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avanti ! ”  
Mentre che l’ uno spirto questo disse,  
L’ altro piangeva sì, che di pietade  
Io venni men, così com’ io morisse ’

—were and are, ‘ both at the first and now,’ altogether beyond his compass.

ART. IX.—1. *The Theatre: its Development in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin Origins.* By CHARLES HASTINGS. London: Duckworth & Co. 1901.

2. *Drame ancien: Drame moderne.* Par EMILE FAGUET. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie. 1898.

3. *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant* (1898) and *Three Plays for Puritans* (1901). By BERNARD SHAW. London: Grant Richards.

WHAT do we mean precisely by 'modern' and 'ancient'? Each term implies the other, and Messrs. Taper and Tadpole are not the only phrase-mongers who have found it impossible to keep them apart. It was Mr. Taper, according to the author of 'Coningsby,' who suggested to Mr. Tadpole the electioneering cry of 'Our Young Queen and our Old Institutions.'

'The eyes of Tadpole sparkled as if they had met a gnomish sentence of Periander or Thales, then, turning to Taper, he said:

"What do you think of 'ancient' instead of 'old'?"

"You cannot have 'Our Modern Queen and our Ancient Institutions,'" said Mr. Taper.'

Ingenious writers sometimes amuse themselves by explaining how many things that pass for ancient are of all things most modern; how the Darwinian hypothesis may be discovered lurking in the speculations of some forgotten Greek philosopher, and how the 'Pickwick Papers' may be discerned, by those who have eyes to see, in the 'Odyssey.' Thus Matthew Arnold exhibited the modernity of the chattering Sicilian women in a Theocritean idyll.\* M. Jules Lemaitre points out how Euripides, in 'Ion,' 'méprise' 'Scribe vingt-quatre siècles d'avance, ce qui est prodigieux'† —as prodigious it assuredly is—and how (he is speaking of Herondas) 'certains dialogues de la "Vie Parisienne," du "Journal" ou de "L'Echo de Paris" vous donnent une idée fort exacte de ce que furent les mimes grecs.'‡ And what chiefly interests Mr. Herbert Paul in the 'Poetics' of Aristotle is the fact that they are 'intensely modern.'§

\* Essays in Criticism, first series: 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment.' At the Eton 'Fourth of June' this year Gorgo and Praxinoë were tricked out with parasols and bonnets.

† Impressions de Théâtre, neuvième série, p. 12.

‡ Impressions de Théâtre, huitième série, p. 2.

§ Nineteenth Century, February 1902, 'Art and Eccentricity.'

This is to darken counsel, as well as to fly in the face of Molière's common-sense observation that '*les anciens sont les anciens et nous sommes les gens d'aujourd'hui.*'

It may be thought that, whatever the general vagueness about 'ancient' and 'modern,' there can be no difficulty in assigning them a precise meaning when applied to drama. There is the 'ancient' drama of the Greeks and Romans, the drama about which the Examiners were expected to interrogate the Heathen Passeur, with his

'notes on the rise of the Drama,  
A question invariably set;'

and there is the 'modern' drama which came into being towards the end of the sixteenth century. That is the arbitrary division, for instance, adopted alike by M. Emile Faguet in his '*Drame ancien: drame moderne*' and by Mr. Charles Hastings in '*The Theatre: its Development in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin origins.*' No two works on the same subject could differ more completely in method and value. M. Faguet offers a rigorously logical '*catena.*' Luminous theories and suggestive correlations abound on every page. Mr. Hastings's portly volume is a catalogue laboriously compiled, but only a bare catalogue—not even a '*catalogue raisonné*—of which the value may be judged from a single extract:—

'The plays of Pinero, H. A. Jones, and Sydney Grundy are constantly reappearing on the playbills, and find admirable interpreters in George Alexander, Forbes Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, Wyndham, John Hare, and Martin Harvey, who are ably seconded by actresses like Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.'

But the point is that two works in all other respects so different both adopt the old arbitrary and, as it will be our endeavour to show, misplaced line of cleavage between ancient and modern drama.

Where then is the true line of cleavage to be found? In order to answer that question an obvious course is to examine a few typical plays, selected from successive theatrical periods, and to seek the causes which differentiate them from the drama of to-day, or rank them with it, as the case may be. By common consent, the most 'modern' of all Shakespeare's plays is the tragedy of '*Hamlet.*' Its hero exhibits what the nineteenth century was fond of calling '*la maladie du siècle,*' as something pre-eminently its own. His case is, in Shelley's phrase, '*a pure anticipated cognition*' of the late lamented Henri Frédéric Amiel. Hazlitt discerned a

Hamlet in all modern men. Musset wrote a 'Lorenzaccio' so rife with Hamletism that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, after appearing as the protagonist of that play, was in the nature of things bound to undertake the Prince of Denmark. One peculiarly 'modern' novelist, Tourgenév, cannot choose but write a 'Hamlet russe,' while another, M. Paul Bourget, reproduces the whole story in 'André Cornélis.' Then there is the veteran author of 'John Gabriel Borkman' who gives us a Hamlet, as it were, reversed, a Hamlet who makes 'il gran rifiuto,' and blithely refuses to take up the burden of the old generation under which the Shakespearian Hamlet was crushed. Nevertheless, it has to be asked, does 'Hamlet' show the distinguishing marks of the drama as we understand it to-day? Does every scene contribute to the advancement of the story? Do every action and word take their due place in the composition of a character? Nothing of the kind. With the *data* of the play, its business, according to modern ideas, is to exhibit the progress of the conflict between Hamlet's temperament and his duty, between his irresolution and his revenge 'mission.' But this business is persistently neglected. Any irrelevance serves to set Hamlet off at a tangent. While he is waiting on the platform at Elsinore for the Ghost, some one drops an observation about the King keeping 'wassail,' whereupon he moralises upon the general passion for strong drink. Meanwhile the play marks time. When the players arrive, Hamlet puts aside his revenge project in order to deliver a lecture upon histrionics. If he meditates on suicide, he must bring in a reference to the law's delay and the insolence of office—matters which have nothing to do with his case. In the churchyard he must 'draw' the gravedigger. It is in complete forgetfulness of his 'mission' that he accepts the challenge to a bout of fence with Laertes. His mind, on this side of it, is like Squire Brooke's, 'a jelly that runs 'eas'ly into any mould.' The obvious truth is that Shakespeare, having, as Walter Bagehot said, the 'experiencing 'temperament,' must needs endow Hamlet with that temperament. He expressed himself in Hamlet in disregard of dramatic propriety. The story might get on as best it could; what he was intent upon was exhausting the possibilities of the moment—'enjoying the moment for the 'moment's sake,' as the late Mr. Pater might have said. The same disregard of dramatic propriety runs through the other characters. Polonius, a fool at one moment, is a sage at another, so that Coleridge was driven to contend that

he is not a comic character. Laertes cannot take leave of his sister without generalisations about princes' love and maidens' modesty, so that, only half in jest, a former Examiner of Plays described him as an instance of heredity.\* Gertrude, rushing in with the shocking news of Ophelia's death, pauses to deliver a set piece of poetic description—

'There is a willow grows aslant a brook,'

with eighteen lines to follow—during which Laertes has to stand aside and bottle up his emotion. It comes to this, that, any topic once started, Shakespeare proceeds to expatiate upon it at large, and he is comparatively indifferent as to which character shall be his mouthpiece or to the progress of the dramatic action. Clearly 'Hamlet' bears the marks of something essentially different from a 'modern' play.

To draw attention to these points of technical method is not, of course, to call in question for a moment the virtues of 'Hamlet' as a poetic tragedy, its 'noble excess' as the *fine fleur* of Renaissance romanticism, its triumphant fulfilment of the test laid down by Goethe for all work really classic—namely, that it shall be 'energetic, fresh, and well-liking.' Such aspects of the matter are beyond discussion. But Shakespeare was no more free than any other man from the material limitations of the theatre in which his plays were produced; and it is in those material conditions that the explanation of his craftsmanship is to be found. Yet how seldom is that explanation sought in this the only proper quarter! We have seen S. T. Coleridge and Bodham Donne, two men of letters, explaining Polonius, one solemnly, the other only half jocularly, by purely literary and logical means. To this day our Shakespearian commentators, in the seclusion of their studies, pursue this false method—the bookman's method—of exegesis. If they would only come out of their studies and look at the stage—at some picture or model of the Elizabethan playhouse—they would save themselves the discovery of many mares' nests. A project has been recently mooted for the erection of an Elizabethan playhouse in *facsimile*, as<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare memorial, in one of the new London thoroughfares. We can perceive one, and only one, good reason for this other-

\* Mr. Bodham Donne. See 'More Letters of Edward Fitzgerald,' p. 181: 'Had any one quoted to me Laertes' parting advice to his sister, I should have sworn it was Polonius.' Donne thinks that Shakespeare may have intended pedantry in the blood.'

wise fanciful scheme; it would provide an object-lesson for the bookmen. Meanwhile we may refer them back to their Aristotle. The author of the 'Poetics'—whom nothing could escape—saw the distinction between what we have called the bookman's point of view in regard to drama and that which we propose to take in the present inquiry. 'Whether tragedy is to be judged in itself, or in relation 'also to the stage (*πρὸς τὰ θέατρα*)'—that, he said, is *ἄλλος λόγος*, another question.\* For us, however, it happens to be not another question, but *the* question. The bookmen have been used to consider drama exclusively 'in itself.' We think it is high time to consider drama *πρὸς τὰ θέατρα*, in its relation to the material conditions of the stage.

This aspect of the matter, so strangely neglected, is simplicity itself. That has happened in the theatre which has happened in every congregation gathered round the same centre of interest. Whether it be John Wesley preaching to the miners on a Cornish hillside, or a socialist haranguing the loafers in Hyde Park, or an acrobat tumbling for pence in a by-street, he chooses his 'pitch' and the crowd forms a ring. The earliest theatres, then, were naturally circular, with the stage in the centre. Naturally, too, the stage was bound to gravitate towards the circumference, in order that the performers might reach their platform and retire from it without traversing the crowd. It is superfluous to describe the minor modifications of this arrangement in the Elizabethan playhouse—everybody knows them—but it is not superfluous to point out the effects of this arrangement on the Elizabethan play. With actors on a raised platform, devoid of scenery and surrounded by the spectators on three sides, there could be no such thing as illusion, in the modern sense of the term, no attempt at a plastic reproduction of actual life. An Elizabethan actor was not, like his modern successor, a figure set in perspective in a framed picture whose conversation with his fellows is overheard by the audience. He stood forth among the crowd, hardly separated from them, and addressed them as an orator would address them. The Elizabethan drama, then, was of necessity a rhetorical drama. Each successive passage of dialogue was not so much the link between what preceded and followed it as a new 'topic,' which the speakers between them were expected to exhaust. The scene in itself, the scene of the moment,

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\* *Poetica*, ch. iv.

was everything; the logical *nexus* of the scenes nothing or next to nothing. Internal evidence of this has been adduced from 'Hamlet.' A curious piece of external evidence is forthcoming from a Frenchman who visited London shortly after the Restoration, one Samuel Sorbière, whose 'Relation' of his visit was published in 1664. This, to be sure, was after Shakespeare's time; but the point is immaterial, for the position of the platform stage in the playhouse was still what it had been in Shakespeare's time. Sorbière was struck by the indifference of the English audience to logical *nexus* of scenes in their drama, and gives the explanation furnished to him: 'Il ne leur importe que ce soit un pot-pourri, parce qu'ils n'en regardent, *disent-ils*, qu'une partie après l'autre, sans se soucier du total.'\* Sorbière's English friends here put him on the right track, and our bookmen should lose no time in adding the 'Relation' to their libraries. 'Ne regarder qu'une partie après l'autre sans se soucier du total:' that was the inevitable frame of mind in the spectator of a platform-drama.

It is a simple fact, little suspected by the bookmen, or indeed by the common-sense students of our stage, that its history up to a time so recent as to be within the memory of people now living is the history of the platform-drama. As time went on, the dimensions of this platform gradually shrank, like the shagreen skin in Balzac's story. A notable passage in Colley Cibber throws light on this process. As a rule, the lives of the players may be said to belong to the least important branch of entomology: but an exception must be made in favour of Cibber's 'Apology,' which is always interesting and sometimes, as is the ensuing extract,† of great documentary value. Cibber is comparing Drury Lane, as altered by Rich, with the structure of the old theatre:—

'It must be observ'd, then, that the Area or Platform of the old Stage projected about four Foot forwarder, in a Semi-oval Figure, parallel to the Benches of the Pit; and that the former lower Doors of Entrance for the Actors were brought down between the two foremost (and then only) Pilasters; in the place of which Doors now the two Stage-Boxes are fixt. That where the Doors of Entrance now are, there formerly stood two additional Side-Wings, in front to a full set

\* Quoted by Texts, 'Cosmopolitisme Littéraire,' p. 28.

† Quoted in 'Thomas Betterton' by Robert W. Lowe (1891), the most exhaustive and the most authoritative account of the Restoration playhouse.

of Scenes, which had then almost a double Effect in their Loftiness and Magnificence.

'By their original Form, the usual Station of the Actors, in almost every scene, was advanc'd at least ten Foot nearer to the Audience than they now can be; because, not only from the Stage's being shorten'd in front, but likewise from the additional Interposition of those Stage-Boxes, the Actors (in respect to the Spectators that fill them) are kept so much more backward from the main Audience than they us'd to be: But when the Actors were in Possession of that forwarder Space to advance upon, the Voice was then more in the Centre of the House, so that the most distant Ear had scarce the Least Doubt or Difficulty in hearing what fell from the weakest Utterance: All Objects were thus drawn nearer to the sense; every painted Scene was stronger; every grand Scene and Dance were extended; every rich and fine-coloured Habit had a more lively Lustre: Nor was the minutest Motion of a Feature (properly changing with the Passion or Humour it suited) ever lost, as they frequently must be in the Obscurity of too great a Distance.'

Here is a striking confirmation of the view already set forth that the rhetorical drama was what the mathematicians would call a 'function' of the platform-stage. The histrionic elements which Cibber singles out for mention are elements of rhetoric—the 'voice,' the 'utterance.' Cibber talks of the actors as we should now talk of orators—just as Plato had talked of them when proposing that *καλλίφωνοι ὑποκριταί*, 'the actors with their beautiful 'voices,' should be banished from his ideal State. The stage was still essentially a platform, projecting among the audience, though already showing a tendency to withdraw towards the curtain. Spectators still lined the sides of the stage as in Elizabethan times, no longer seated upon it, however, but placed in 'stage-boxes.' A full century passed and we find Jane Austen, in 1813 ('September 15,  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8'—'documentary' evidence is not always so precise)—writing from London to her sister Cassandra: 'I talked to Henry at the play last night. We were in a private box—Mr. Spencer's—which made it much more pleasant. *The box is directly on the stage.* One is infinitely 'less fatigued than in the common way.'\* Well into the last century, then, the boxes which Cibber had seen placed at the side of the stage were still in their old position. The stage remained even then, to all intents and purposes, a platform-stage.

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\* Letters of Jane Austen, ed. Lord Brabourne (1884), vol. ii. p. 147.

These facts account for the form not only of the Restoration but of the Georgian drama. The Restoration plots were beneath contempt. Who can remember Congreve's? From the modern point of view his *dénouements* are childish; some sudden 'discovery,' some hasty production of 'a certain parchment,' brings down the curtain to a general song and dance. 'What,' says Witwoud at the close of 'The Way of the World,' 'are you all got together, 'like players at the end of the last act?' The players are, in fact, always got together, and the final direction is 'Exeunt Omnes.' Congreve, to be sure, made some pretence to concern for the logical *nexus* of his plot. In his Epistle Dedicatory to 'The Double Dealer,' he asserts that 'the 'mechanical part of it is regular. I made the plot as strong 'as I could because it was single, and I made it single 'because I would avoid confusion, and was resolved to 'preserve the three unities of the drama.' But in practice Congreve's notion of orthodoxy was rather like that put into the mouth of one of his personages—'Orthodox is Greek 'for claret.' Who cares about what is going to happen next in 'The Way of the World'? Each scene of raillery between Millamant and Mirabell is self-contained. In the feigned madness of Valentine in 'Love for Love,' there is a riot of rhetoric. 'Mad scenes' were a constant feature of the platform-drama, because they gave the freest opportunity for bombastic, or discursive, or lyrical declamations. Valentine repeats some of Hamlet's very phrases. 'Sir,' said Johnson of Garrick and 'Irene,' 'the fellow wants me 'to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels.' Tilburina went mad in white satin. The stage vogue of lunacy in those days is only to be matched by the vogue of hysteria—the hysteria of the 'Saphos' and the 'Zazas'—in our own. The contrast is worth passing notice, as showing how the change from the platform to the modern picture-stage has affected the field of histrionic representation, even in the matter of physical ailments. As to Congreve's practice, it accorded, whatever he may have said, with the theory of Vanbrugh, which was the true theory of the platform-stage. 'I cou'd say a great deal against the 'too exact observance of what's called the Rules of the 'Stage, and the crowding of a Comedy with a great deal 'of intricate Plot. I believe I cou'd show, that the chief 'entertainment, as well as the Moral, lies much more in the 'Characters and the Dialogue, than in the Business and the

'Event.'\* And why? The justification had already been anticipated by Sorbière: 'Il ne leur importe que ce soit un 'pot-pourri, parce qu'ils n'en regardent qu'une partie après l'autre, sans se soucier du total.'

We have seen that Congreve by no means practised what he preached. The fact is, in his theories of drama he was curiously ahead of his age. 'In any part of a play,' he says, 'if there is expressed any knowledge of an audience, it 'is insufferable.'† That would be true of our modern illusion-stage; it was not true of the platform-stage. In the rhetorical drama the actor, under the pretext of conversing with his fellows, was in reality talking *at* his audience. The original players of 'The School for Scandal,' as Elia pointed out in a famous essay, surpassed their successors precisely because they recognised this. The 'teasings' of Sir Peter (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage. The original players gave the true spirit of the play because they treated it frankly as a piece of rhetoric. Kemble is singled out by Lamb on this very account. 'His 'exact declamatory manner' (in Charles Surface) 'as he 'managed it, only served to convey the points of his 'dialogue with more precision; it seemed to head the shafts, 'to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences 'was lost.' This was over a hundred years ago. To-day every so-called 'revival' of 'The School for Scandal' is an absolute counter-sense. What was written as a platform-play is presented as a picture-play.

But the platform-play died hard. It even survived the platform. It was kept alive by a succession of declamatory actors steeped in the traditions of the platform-stage, from Kemble and Siddons to Macready and Phelps. An amusing side-light is thrown on those traditions by the descriptions of amateur theatricals so frequent in the women novelists of the 'palmy days'—Miss Burney, Miss Ferrier, and Jane Austen. Lionel (in 'Camilla') 'returned to ask who would 'come forth to spout with him.' 'Spouting' was the proper business of the platform-stage. An amateur actor (in 'Patronage') is condemned because 'he would regularly 'turn his back upon the audience'—an absurdity on a platform-stage, a perfectly legitimate effect on our modern

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\* From Vanbrugh's reply to Jeremy Collier in 'A Short Vindication,' 1698.

† Dedication to 'The Double Dealer.'

illusion-stage. M. Antoine, when he played 'La Mort du Duc d'Enghien' in London a few years ago, turned his back upon the audience throughout a long scene. Perhaps the best indirect evidence that a play was naturally assumed to be a piece of rhetoric, and that acting was identical with spouting, is supplied by Miss Austen. When the private theatricals at Mansfield Park were afoot, Tom Bertram asserted of his father that

'for anything of the acting, spouting, reciting kind, I think he has always a decided taste. I am sure he encouraged it in us as boys. How many a time have we mourned over the dead body of Julius Cæsar, and to *be'd*, and not to *be'd*, in this very room, for his amusement! And I am sure, *my name was Norval*, every evening of my life through our Christmas holidays.'

All that Mr. Yates, another of the amateurs, demanded from a part, we are told, was 'good ranting ground,' and his great objection to one character was that 'there was not a tolerable speech in the whole.' This remark, curiously enough, gets repeated almost word for word by the old-fashioned tragedian in Mr. Pinero's 'Trelawny of the Wells,' who objects to a new piece that 'there isn't a speech—not 'what you could call a real speech—in it.'

Gradually the platform drama sank into the inanimate or semi-animate condition of a 'survival.' The sham Elizabethanisms which passed for tragedy were beginning to pall. Thomas Lovell Beddoes called the drama of his time 'a haunted ruin,' and advocated the policy of 'a clean slate.' 'Say what you will,' he wrote, 'I am convinced the man who is to awaken the drama must be a bold trampling fellow—no reviver even, however good. These re-animations are vampire cold. . . . With the greatest reverence for all the antiquities of the drama, I still think we had better beget than revive.' The works of Talfourd and Sheridan Knowles—nay, even 'Money' and 'The Lady of Lyons'—were rhetorical plays, and are now, indeed, 'vampire cold.' One of the latest efforts to keep the old art alive was 'The Patrician's Daughter' of Westland Marston (1842), which aimed at establishing 'the principle of characters talking poetically in plain dress'—a principle which resulted in the description of a marriage settlement by a family solicitor as

'the accustomed deed  
Determining the rights and property  
Of such as stand affianced.'

When some years later one of the last of the rhetorical actors quitted the stage, Tennyson addressed a sonnet to 'Macready, moral, grave, sublime,' and in the last epithet hit off the ideal of platform tragedy. Rhetorical comedy had its 'sublimities' too. In Dion Boucicault's 'London Assurance' (1841) Grace Harkaway talks as no young lady ever talked in 1841, or, we may be sure, in any other year, but as players were expected to talk in the platform period of drama:—

'I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song that flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause; these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it.'

Then there is Lady Gay Spanker's description of the hunt and its emotions:—

'Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing—a jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it would wish that creation had but one mouth that I might kiss it.'

These, and such as these, were the 'real speeches' to which Mr. Pinero's broken-down actor referred.

Surely here is ample evidence that down to the very middle of the last century the modern English drama, the drama as we know it to-day, had not come into being. From the reign of Queen Elizabeth right into the reign of Queen Victoria there had been a continuous tradition of a stage-technique which is not ours. It was a technique, as has been seen, conditioned by the material arrangements of the playhouse, and chiefly by the situation of the stage with respect to the audience. The history of the gradual modification of that technique is the history of the gradual withdrawal of the stage from the pit to the curtain line. Here, then, is another of the many cases in which art has been shaped less by its own inherent needs than by external causes, economic and social. For it was the pressure of population that step by step forced the stage back into its present place—changed it from a platform into the lower plane of a framed picture. While the number of London theatres was strictly limited by privilege, the number of people desiring to frequent them steadily increased. Rich, as we have seen, in Cibber's time, tried to meet the

increasing demand by contracting Drury Lane stage in order to expand the pit. But this measure was insufficient, and every time Drury Lane was burnt down it rose from its ashes more vast than before, until the younger Colman declared that a semaphore was needed to signal the actions of the players to the occupants of the topmost gallery. The result was twofold: the shrinking of the stage made it as absurd to retain the old rhetorical methods of the platform drama as the enlargement of the house itself made it impossible to abandon them. In such conditions no new drama could be born. That was not possible until the privilege of the 'patent houses' was abolished, and theatres could be built of reasonable size and in sufficient numbers to satisfy the popular demand. The necessary change was effected by the Theatres Regulation Act of 1843, which established free trade in drama. In addition to freedom, the change meant specialisation. A patent house had been justly called by Charles Mathews 'a huge theatrical 'omnibus.' When Macready took over Covent Garden in 1837, he had to provide a company for tragedy, another for comedy, a third for opera, to say nothing of a staff of pantomimists. Now every manager was free to form a repertory suited to his house and the talents of his players. The stage was in the picture-frame, rhetoric an anachronism, and the natural action and talk of actual life a possibility. From this moment the birth of the modern drama in England was only a question of time.

In what way and to what extent the drama is a 'function' of the stage on which it is played should now be clear. The transformation of the old drama of rhetoric into the modern drama of illusion is the artistic outcome of a mechanical transformation—the transformation of the platform-stage into the picture-stage. This process of evolution is, of course, not peculiar to England. Throughout Western Europe it has been the same story—the platform superseded by the picture, theatrical monopoly superseded by free trade, rhetoric superseded by illusion. The only foreign theatre, however, with which we need concern ourselves is the French, for that is the only foreign theatre which has exercised a continuous and vital influence upon our own. It is a noteworthy fact that, whatever other differences there may have been between the French and English stages, there has been next to no difference in the particulars which we have been considering. It is sufficient to say that down to 1759 spectators lined both sides of the Parisian stage,

being actually seated upon it, and that, placed in boxes, they continued to line it until the eighteenth century had come to a close. A well-known drawing by Moreau le Jeune, illustrating the crowning of Voltaire's bust at the Théâtre Français in 1778, shows these side-boxes and shows, too, how far the stage projected as a platform into the auditorium. When, then, did the picture-stage make its appearance in France? A casual entry in the 'Journal des Goncourt,' curiously enough, supplies the answer:—

'*Dimanche, 31 Mars, 1861.*—Déjeuner chez Flaubert avec Sari et Laugier, et conversation toute spéciale sur le théâtre. . . . Ce n'est que depuis ce siècle que les acteurs cherchent en leurs silhouettes l'effet *tableau*: ainsi Paulin Ménier montrera au public des effets de dos pris aux dessins de Gavarni; ainsi Rouvière apportera à la scène les poses tordues et les épilepsies de mains, des lithographies du *Faust* de Delacroix.'

It is piquant to find a French actor deliberately essaying those very 'effets de dos' for which, as we saw, the amateur in Miss Ferrier's 'Patronage' was ridiculed. With the 'effet *tableau*' the modern French drama has arrived.

It arrived a little in advance of our own, and it is not, we think, very difficult to see why. For one reason, theatrical 'privilege'—we have already shown the relation between that and the rhetorical drama—was established earlier on the other side of the Channel than on this. Article I of a decree of the National Assembly, dated November 19, 1791, runs as follows:—'Tout citoyen pourra élever un théâtre public, et y faire représenter des pièces de tous les genres.' It is true that monopoly was restored by an imperial decree of 1807, and that France had to wait for the definitive establishment of free trade in drama until 1864. But the point is that, decrees or no decrees, for full fifty years before theatres began to multiply in London they were numerous in Paris, and their number steadily increased.\* A much more important reason, however, for French priority in modern drama is, we believe, to be found not in the history of French institutions, but in the mental constitution of the French race. It is a race with a peculiar turn for logic; and even when the drama of both countries was acted upon a platform-stage this peculiarity of the French gave a symmetry of structure and a progressiveness of develop-

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\* Eleven in 1791, eighteen in 1829, twenty-one in 1833. See, on the whole question, Pougin, 'Dictionnaire du Théâtre,' 1885, art. 'Liberté des Théâtres.'

ment to their drama which were not to be detected in ours. In ours we have seen the platform-stage producing two effects—discursive rhetoric and a certain discontinuity of action. It was this second effect which struck the attention of our French visitor Sorbière, in that an English play seemed to him a *pot-pourri*. Our playgoers, as they admitted to him, considered only each facet of the play as it came into view, without regard to the play as a whole. But the French, with their logical instinct, did care for the play as a whole, and were concerned not merely for each scene as it passed, but for its relation to the other scenes, for the *growth*, that is to say, of the action. Here was the difference between the French platform-drama and ours. Theirs was quite as rhetorical; indeed, it was far more rhetorical. From Racine to Voltaire, from Voltaire to Campistron, there was a maximum of tirades, ‘confidences,’ monologues, ‘forensic’ dialogues—all the artifices of rhetoric—to a minimum of action. Another racial characteristic, no doubt, contributed to this excess of rhetoric: we mean the French turn for didactic moralising. French tragedy might or might not be a poem; it was always a sermon. Thus Sterne, while professing to think French tragedies ‘absolutely fine,’ significantly added, ‘and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher quite as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of ’em; and for the text, Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, is as good as any one in the Bible.’ This persistent didacticism of French drama found its *reductio ad absurdum* in both the theory and the practice of Diderot. ‘It is always,’ said he, ‘virtue and virtuous people that a man ought to have in view when he writes. Oh, what good would men gain if all the arts of imitation proposed one common object, and were one day to unite with the laws in making us love virtue and hate vice!’ In Diderot’s ‘Père de Famille’ a father addresses his child in this strain: ‘Marriage, my daughter, is a vocation imposed by Heaven. . . . If marriage exposes us to cruel pain, it is also the source of the sweetest pleasures. . . . O sacred bond, if I think of thee, my whole soul is warmed and elevated.’ Mr. John Morley’s comment on this passage is much to the point. If the drama is to be a great moral teacher, ‘it will not be by imitating the methods of that colossal type of histrionic failure, the church pulpit.’\* It may be added that the

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\* Diderot, vol. 1. p. 327 (1886).

moralising strain in French drama is to be found a full century after Diderot in the *raisonneurs* of the younger Dumas. But the important fact is that with all this excess of moralising rhetoric over action, the French turn for logic had its way. Such action as there was tended steadily to an ordained end, never zigzagging or marking time or deviating into mere irrelevance, as was, for the most part, the case with our English platform-drama. Logical, well ordered, as French drama was by comparison with our own, it was not logical enough for the French critics. The aim of their playwrights is all the more unmistakeable 'from the frequency with which they deplored failure to attain it. We have heard Diderot as a dramatist, but listen to him as a critic of drama :—

'En général il y a plus de pièces bien dialoguées, que de pièces bien conduites. Le génie qui dispose les incidents paraît plus rare que celui qui trouve les vrais discours. Combien de belles scènes dans Molière ! On compte ses dénouemens heureux. On serait tenté de croire qu'un drame devrait être l'ouvrage de deux hommes de génie, l'un qui arrangéât et l'autre qui fît parler.' \*

Here is Diderot virtually passing the very criticism on Molière that we have passed on Congreve. In both the dialogue surpasses the 'conduct of the fable.' How many 'belles scènes' in both ! How few 'dénouemens heureux' ! And by this time the cause of the resemblance between the two national dramas, in so far as resemblance there was, ought to be manifest enough ; it was the common factor in each, the platform-stage, always favourable to rhetoric and unfavourable to the strict ordering of plot. But there is this great difference between the two cases, that the French spirit, its turn for logic, almost from the first reacted against the influence of the platform-stage, whereas the English did not. Nothing could be more significant on this head than a remark of Voltaire's in his commentary on Horace. 'Tout doit être action dans la tragédie,' he says ; 'chaque scène doit servir à nouer et à dénouer l'intrigue, chaque discours doit être préparation ou obstacle.' Voltaire failed to observe his own precepts ; but he has here stated in the clearest terms what is nothing else than the ideal of modern drama.

For that ideal, whatever else it may cover, includes simplicity and strict economy of plot, and in these respects the French have always been ahead of us. Go back as far

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\* Diderot, 'De la poésie dramatique.'

as 'that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, 'when our navy engaged the Dutch' \* (June 3, 1665), and you will find the English and the French ideals compared by Dryden. It was one of the objects of his 'Essay,' as all readers know, to contrast the two national theatres and to make the best case he could for the English. Lisideus, the advocate for France, observes that 'another thing in which 'the French differ from us is that they do not embarrass or 'cumber themselves with too much plot; they only represent 'so much of a story as will constitute one whole and great 'action sufficient for a play; we, who undertake more, do 'but multiply adventures, which, not being produced from 'one another, as effects from causes, but barely following, 'constitute many actions in the drama, and consequently 'make it many plays.' To which Dryden, in the character of Neander, answers by decrying the 'barrenness' of the French plots and praising the 'variety and copiousness' of the English. But the point is that he never attempts to dispute Lisideus's main fact: 'The French carry on one 'design, which is pushed forward by all the actors, every 'scene in the play constituting and moving towards it.'

It was because the French did this, even in the period of the platform-stage, that, so soon as that stage had given place to the picture-stage, they were the first to create what is legitimately entitled to be called modern drama. Literary historians, each docilely repeating the commonplaces of his predecessors, were for long accustomed to trace the modern French drama back to the great Romantic movement of the thirties. The best opinion of to-day is dead against that attribution. What is there in the contemporary French theatre that can be shown to owe its origin to Romanticism? People talk of a 'romantic' revival, but these are the people who cannot see any further than Cyrano's nose. M. Rostand's plays are 'romantic' in a sense—because the word 'romance' can be used in almost any sense, the sense of anti-classicism or of anti-realism or of mere troubadourism—and out of these senses one or more can be found to fit M. Rostand. But 'Cyrano de Bergerac' and 'L'Aiglon' and 'La Princesse Loiraine' are not romantic in the sense of 1830. Must we come to the conclusion that the Romantic movement was merely an episode in the history of the French stage? We can hardly recognise Victor Hugo's plays as modern drama; they belong to the old

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\* Essay of Dramatic Poesy: opening paragraph.

drama of rhetoric. Every one of them is based upon an antithesis—a king at odds with a bandit, a queen enamoured of a lackey, a court fool turned tragic protagonist—and antithesis is a figure of rhetoric. Rhetoric, the monologue of Charles Quint before the tomb of Charlemagne. Rhetoric, the 'scène des portraits.' Rhetoric, the address of Ruy Blas to the ministers. That grotesque document the preface to 'Cromwell,' so far as it had any intelligible meaning whatever, meant a rhetorical dramaturgy. The author of 'Hernani' was not the first of the modern dramatists; he was the last of the rhetoricians. So much was written about the excitement over the 'première' of 'Hernani,' to say nothing of Gautier's red waistcoat, that at last the public was fooled into believing that there must be something in it. The legend grew up, and 'epoch-marking' became the cant word about it. But an ounce of fact is worth a pound of legend. And the fact is that the first of the moderns was the author of 'Antony,' a play which substituted for the Romantic formula a brand-new formula of its own. Here at last was a tale in plain (indeed, in bad) prose about the actual life of the day as Dumas saw it. Dumas, to be sure, saw life neither steadily nor whole. But what he saw, or thought he saw, he took bodily into the theatre. For he was a born dramatist. 'Antony' is all rapidity and fire, all action and passion. It is easy to laugh at the Byronic, Wertherian, Satanic hero. But Antony was a true type of his time, brother to Stendhal's Julien Sorel, and to the exorbitant adventurers of Balzac—the men of a generation burning with the Napoleonic fever driven inwards. This type of ferocious egoist had a long stage posterity down to the 'homme fort' of Feuillet and the 'strugforlifeur' of Alphonse Daudet. Countless, too, are the descendants in French drama of Adèle d'Hervey, at once heroine and adulterous woman. But Dumas did something more important than fix types of modern stage-character. He hit in 'Antony' upon the great modern dramatic theme, the conflict of passion and the social world, of the individual and opinions—the very stuff out of which his son's plays were afterwards to be made. While Dumas *père* supplied the motive power of the new drama, Scribe perfected its mechanism. It is the present fashion to speak contemptuously of Scribe, as a mere manufacturer, turning out machine-made plays by the gross. But that is because we are wise after the event. Scribe triumphantly vindicated in practice a position of Aristotle's, which has been recently

and by no means intelligently assailed—the position that while you can have drama without character you cannot have drama without plot.\* No doubt Aristotle overestimated the importance of plot. We suspect that he did so deliberately, in the belief that in neglect of plot lay the special pitfall for the ‘bas-relief’ drama of his time. Be that as it may, it would be untrue to say to-day, as Aristotle said, that plot was the end of drama; but it is, assuredly, the beginning. Scribe made too much of it, made everything of it. Nevertheless, he fulfilled a purpose useful for the moment. A new craftsmanship was wanted for the picture-stage, the old craftsmanship of the platform-stage being as useless as a sedan-chair on a railway. Scribe supplied what was wanted, just when it was wanted. If he was only a craftsman, he could at least make instruments which others were to put to real use; and that is what Scribe actually did for Augier and the younger Dumas. He gave them the neat framework of the ‘well-made piece,’ and within that framework they did what he could not do, they worked out ideas of their own.

What ideas were these? Of what kind were they? What relation had they to reality, to the practical conduct of life? To answer these questions is to indicate the fundamental difference between modern French and English drama. The ideas of Augier and Dumas *filis* were ideas about society, its economic structure, its hierarchy of castes, its pressure on the individual; and they were ideas about private ethics, the relations of men and women, fathers and children, the disparity between the Civil Code and the moral law. In other words, these men made the French drama, in Matthew Arnold’s phrase about poetry, a ‘criticism of life.’ That has been the vital, the prime characteristic of the French stage for half a century and more—its rule—whereas with our modern English drama it has been the exception. Only in quite recent years have one or two English plays attempted anything like a ‘criticism of life,’ and even in the rare instances wherein these plays have been accepted by the public, they have been accepted against the grain. The English attitude in this matter is well illustrated in a brief passage of irony from the ‘*Critic* :’—

‘*Mrs. Dangle*. Well, if they had kept to that [*i.e.* ‘serious’ comedy from the French], I should not have been such an enemy to

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\* Poetics, ch. iv.

the stage; there was some edification to be got from those pieces, Mr. Sneer!

'Sneer. I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Dangle: the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality; but now, I am sorry to say it, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment!

'Mrs. Dangle. It would have been more to the credit of the managers to have kept it in the other line.

'Sneer. Undoubtedly, madam; and hereafter perhaps to have it recorded that, in the midst of a luxurious and dissipated age, they preserved two houses in the capital, where the conversation was always moral at least, if not entertaining!'

What Sheridan said wittily enough over a hundred years ago the majority of English playgoers are tiresomely repeating to-day. We go to the theatre, they say, for 'entertainment;' we want to leave the world behind us, to escape from the pressure of reality; we do not go there for a criticism of life. There is a double fallacy underlying this popular statement of the case. 'Entertainment,' in the fullest sense of the term, is, of course, the aim of all drama, from the 'Prometheus Bound' or 'Lear' down to 'Box and Cox' or 'Charley's Aunt.' Further, to treat reality as a spectacle is in the very act to relieve it of its pressure. Art, however faithfully it may follow the lineaments of life, is not life itself; it is life which has undergone a *κάθαρσις*, life purged of the will-to-live. What the popular statement merely means is that the typical English playgoer does not find entertainment where the typical French playgoer does, in a criticism of life. And in that sense the statement is undeniable. If the English playgoer stopped there, if he were content with the admission that he found moral questions in drama a bore, whatever we might think of his intelligence, we could not contest his right to choose his own pleasures. But he goes further. He considers it 'immoral' to raise moral questions on the stage. This habit he acquired, it would seem, from the moment that Dumas  *fils*  began to raise those moral questions. 'La Dame aux Camélias' was produced in 1852. At the Theatrical Fund dinner of 1853 a speaker, after admitting that the English owed much to the French stage (it was, indeed, living upon French adaptations), went on to say: 'But we should limit our obligations to the French, in order to keep our own drama pure; and, in availing ourselves of their art, we should be careful to avoid their immorality.' Unfortunately, his very next sentence gave the case away. 'We cannot be insensible to the changes that are taking place around

'us in our theatres. Covent Garden is given up to the 'seductions of a foreign opera, and the legitimacy of Old Drury is displayed by the antipodean feat of a gentleman 'who walks on the ceiling with his head downwards.'\* Such was the result of 'availing ourselves of French art,' in so far as it was mere amusement, and of 'limiting our 'obligations' so as to keep out anything like a criticism of life. The French playgoer was being introduced to the masterpieces of Augier and Dumas *filis*, while the English playgoer was gazing at a gentleman walking upside down. Fortunately, we have done something since towards mending our ways. The contrast between the two stages has long ceased to be as tragi-comic as it was in 1853. But it is still sufficiently humiliating. It is no exaggeration to say that while in the intervening half-century every social and ethical question of importance has found its way into the French theatre, from the English theatre all, or nearly all, such questions have been rigorously excluded.

There is no need to recite the long catalogue of plays, sufficiently well known and more than sufficiently discussed, by which Augier and Dumas *filis*, in their several ways, converted the French drama into an active social force. It is impossible to dissociate these twain, because they worked to the same end, but there is a marked difference in their work. Augier was much less of a preacher than Dumas, and much more of a *bourgeois*; but, though he had the 'burgess mind,' we must be cautious about disparaging a mind which has given the world 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier.' He took that 'respectable,' comfortable, tolerant view of men and things which one finds so complacently adopted in the novels of Anthony Trollope. He disliked the 'idle 'rich,' the haughty aristocrat, the Bohemian journalist, the 'Daughters of Joy'—and everything else which the *bourgeois* disliked. His plays have aged now, as Trollope's novels have aged, but, like those, they can still be read with pleasure. Notably, he was a good-humoured man; whereas Dumas, like the medical gentleman in 'Pickwick' when he forbade his patient crumpets, was 'werry fierce.' It is the foible of earnest reformers, and Dumas believed in his mission, and the mission of the stage, if ever man did. He ascribed to himself priestly functions. In his preface to 'Le Fils Naturel' (dated 1868, though the piece was begun in 1853, the year of the topsy-turvey

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\* Dramatic Register for 1853.

gentleman at Drury Lane—*annus mirabilis*!) he actually put the theatre alongside the Catholic Church:—

‘The Church is wrong to attack us, for we are both marching willy-nilly towards the same end, since we start from the same principle: the representation of the Idea by man. Under penalty of death or degradation we can only proceed, like her, by propagating the highest morality. Like her we address assemblies of men, and you cannot speak long and effectively to the multitude save in the name of the higher interests.’

The drama, he went on, was doomed ‘unless we hasten to press it into the service of the great social reforms and the great hopes of humanity.’ ‘Inaugurons donc,’ he cried, ‘le théâtre utile.’ To the theorists of art for art’s sake, to say nothing of mere playhouse loafers, these may seem wild and whirling words; but to question the sincere conviction, the true vocation, of the writer is impossible. His conception of his priestly duties certainly brought him into queer company. Fallen—or falling—women became his especial care. There is an elderly rake in one of Mr. Pinero’s plays who confesses he could never approach women ‘in the missionary spirit.’ Dumas *fil*s could do nothing else. Every one knows how modern art has turned to account what a learned professor of the University of Finland calls ‘the veiled polyandry and ‘polygamy which lie at the bottom of modern society.’\* Dumas *fil*s may be considered to have exhausted all the variations and combinations afforded by this subject. Sometimes he had the offenders taken out and shot, at other times he brought in a verdict of ‘Not guilty, but don’t do it again.’ Then he attacked the Code, pleading the right to prove affiliation, the right of divorce, and the identical responsibility of both parties in cases of seduction and adultery. He did it all ‘in the missionary spirit,’ and yet the missionary never got the better of the dramatist. For, with all his ideas and moral aims, he had his father’s dramatic instinct and adhered to the Scribe *technique*. He took care that his plays should always fulfil the ultimate end of every play, the end of ‘entertainment,’ so that, while appealing to Mrs. Dangle, he would also have conciliated Mr. Sneer.

And yet there was a great difference between the earlier and the later Dumas, the Dumas of ‘La Dame aux Camélias’ and the Dumas of ‘Francillon.’ The one play

\* The Origins of Art, by Yrjö Hirn, p. 240.

was written, as M. Sarcey \* said, *à la diable*, dashed off by a young fellow in the twenties who was making theatrical 'copy' out of his own experience. The other was formed upon a deliberately conceived plan, to demonstrate in action a proposition about the *lex talionis* in conjugal relations. The fact is, between the two, his first piece and his last, Dumas had invented the thesis-play. What is a thesis? In general, of course, any kind of proposition; in drama, a proposition about life and conduct. And a thesis about life and conduct necessarily implies a moral precept. 'Honesty is the best policy' is a thesis; the implied precept is 'Be honest.' There is a general thesis at the back of every drama which makes any appeal to the intellect. Take two examples from the platform-stage. The general thesis of Shakespeare's Chronicle plays is that the king is very human, but still your king; their implied precept is 'Honour the king and behave like a true-born Englishman.' The general thesis of Molière's comedies is the Horatian one that nature, though you expel it with a fork, will yet recur; their implied precept is 'Follow Nature, avoid affectation, and don't be a "crank."' But the thesis-play proper, invented by Dumas as his contribution to the picture-stage, deals with a particular proposition, and is constructed from first to last to demonstrate that proposition. It is a play, as people say, with a purpose. This is a peculiarly French product. Even the French farce-writers, the mere amusers, cannot resist a thesis. Labiche, for instance, abounds in theses. His 'Voyage de M. Perrichon'—to take his most characteristic work—is framed with geometrical symmetry round the Rochefoucauldian thesis that we like the people we have benefited more than the people from whom we have received benefits. But the conscious, deliberate thesis-playwright was Dumas fils.

The later history of the thesis-play is rather curious. When Dumas died in 1895 it had already fallen into disfavour. The public had accepted his theses because of his dramatic verve inherited from his father, and because he could 'tell a story' as neatly as Scribe, or as the second and greater Scribe, Sardou. If he had made the theatre an active social force, it was because of his sœv' indignation, the 'fire in his belly,' not because of his ratiocination. A thesis, after all, holds good only for the particular case. Gustave

\* Quarante Ans de Théâtre, p. 191.

Flaubert hits upon this objection in one of his letters to George Sand:—‘Put what genius you like into a fable, taken as an example, some other fable can be adduced to the contrary, for *dénouements* are not conclusions. From a particular case you cannot proceed to a general induction, and those who try to do so are flying in the face of modern science, which insists upon the accumulation of innumerable facts before establishing a law.’ The real truth is that a dramatic thesis proves nothing, for the simple reason that you cannot prove a case by manufacturing the evidence. These were, and are, the objections to the thesis judged by the ‘practical reason.’ But if we look for the immediate causes of its temporary eclipse, we shall find them in an artistic movement. Before the end of the eighties, a new generation of French playgoers had had time to grow up since the war, and, like all new generations, it demanded a new art. For a time it seemed as though the new art had been found in naturalism. This was, of course, originally a novelistic movement, and, as M. Gustave Larroumet, the dramatic critic of ‘Le Temps,’ recently reminded a London audience,\* Flaubert and Zola and Daudet all failed in the theatre, where novelists generally do fail. A dramatist, however, was not long wanting for the movement. This was Henri Becque, who in ‘Les Corbeaux’ (1880) and ‘La Parisienne’ (1885) established a formula for naturalism in the theatre. The ingenious plot of Scribe and Dumas and Sardou was abandoned. No ‘exposition,’ no ‘*dénouement*,’ no ‘sympathetic personage;’ only what M. Jean Jullien, the theorist of the school, called ‘slices of life.’† The new school found a home in the Théâtre Libre, founded in 1887 by M. André Antoine, who also instituted a new school of ‘naturalistic’ acting for the interpretation of the new plays. After a brief career of audacities, too often merely scandalous, naturalism fell by its own excesses, but not without impressing an indelible mark on the stage. It left the French drama more simple in construction than it found it, more accurately observant, and, it must be added, a little more insidiously erotic. Though sexual passion had been the chosen subject of Dumas, he had always painted it in the blackest colours; it is the perpetual theme of men like Donnay and Lavedan and Porto-Riche, whose moral purpose

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\* Conférence on ‘Le Théâtre’ at the Coronet Theatre, March 6, 1902.

† Le Théâtre Vivant (1892), p. 2.

in the exposure of its seamy side is by no means so apparent. It must be remembered that the French theatre has always been, like St. Augustine in his youth, 'in love with love,' from Racine to Marivaux, from Musset to Meilhac. The present men are only carrying on an historic tradition, though we think that tradition was better served by the old idealism than by the new realism.

Be that as it may, the amorists hold only a secondary position in the French drama of to-day. The primacy belongs to Paul Hervieu and Eugène Brieux. The one has been called a second Dumas, the other a second Augier; and not without reason, for they have revived the vogue of the thesis-play. But they are more austere men than their prototypes, without a tincture—they would consider it a taint—of Scribism. With them the thesis is presented in all its simplicity, naked and not ashamed. Nothing, for example, could be simpler than the thesis of M. Hervieu's '*La Course du Flambeau*,' a play which has been presented to Londoners by Madame Réjane. It is the familiar figure which Lucretius took from the Greek torch-race:—

'Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.'

Each generation has to sacrifice the last to itself and then itself to the next; thus is the torch of life carried on. You have a widowed mother renouncing her chance of second marriage because her daughter is not yet married and settled; later, becoming a forger to save her son-in-law from ruin; ultimately confronted by a choice between the death of her daughter and that of her mother, the consumptive daughter needing a high altitude in the Engadine which is fatal to the grandmother's heart-disease. 'Pour sauver ma fille j'ai tué ma mère,' cries the heroine, or rather the middle term of the 'rule of three' sum, as the curtain descends. Q.E.D. Everything in the play is conditioned not by the probabilities and proportions of life, but by the mathematical requirements of the thesis, and the consequence is that you cannot believe a word of it. Again, nothing could be simpler than the thesis of '*Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont*,' by M. Brieux, which is that women, whether they elect to be dependent on men in either regular or irregular relations, or to be independent of men, are all equally badly off. To prove this, one of the daughters marries, another goes on the streets, and the third withers in single-wretchedness. Ultimately they compare notes, and each admits herself to be as dissatisfied as either of the

other two. Indeed, the play might almost be rewritten as a mediæval morality, and called 'Everywoman: or Dame 'Goodwife, Dame Lechery, and Dame Maidenhood.' Here, again, the thesis, not life, dictates the form of the play, which is not a play but a triangle; and once more you cannot believe a word of it. We leave the French, then, with their turn for logic more in evidence than ever. We have seen how it gave them a formula for modern drama, a vehicle for a true criticism of life. Now we see the formula piercing through the drama, and life subordinated to the criticism. The French stage is suffering from intellectual hypertrophy. Where is the remedy to be found? Assuredly not, as some enthusiasts deceive themselves into believing, in the rhymed fantasies of M. Rostand. Practical conduct, life as we know it, is the staple commodity of French drama. This does not exclude great poetry, for a great poet will always have a 'message' for his day. M. Rostand only offers it a copy of verses. An inspired schoolboy, like our own Landor, he can turn anything into metre—gaisconades, a duel, pâtisserie, a protuberant nose, the Old Guard, a battle-field, Napoleon's cocked hat, what you will. He has with difficulty been dissuaded from addressing the French Academy in verse. 'Il ne manquait que 'ça!' No, the French drama is not to be saved by prosody. We regard Rostandism as a passing mirage, if, indeed, it be not a mirage already dispelled. If a French Ibsen—but a French Ibsen is a contradiction in terms. And, in any case, it is no business of ours to prescribe.

Were we to offer the French that impertinence, nothing but their traditional politeness could save us from the obvious retort about the mote and the beam. The English stage of to-day is in little danger of intellectual hypertrophy; in mid-nineteenth century—the point at which we left it—it was in no danger at all. It was an absent-minded drama. It whistled as it went, for want of thought. And it went in another sense, it went into the *Ewigkeit*. Where is that drama now? The French drama of that date still lines our shelves—volume after volume of Augier and Dumas and even of Labiche. These French playwrights still permit themselves to be read and not seldom to be played. But who can read the 'Théâtre Complet' of Bulwer Lytton or the 'acting editions' of Boucicault or Tom Taylor or Charles Reade or John Oxenford? It is impossible even to think of the early Victorian theatre without a yawn, so 'unidea'd' was it, so ephemeral, so paltry and jejune. We

shrink from dwelling on this tedious theme. Our concern here is not with the imitators, the adapters, the mere purveyors, but with the elect few who have done something new—no matter whether good or bad, so long as it is new to drama—the *Fortschrittmänner* as the Germans call them, the men who give a new lead in art. The first of these men, in the history of the modern English theatre, was T. W. Robertson. In the Robertsonian drama—which includes not merely the author of ‘Caste’ and ‘Society’ and ‘School,’ but minor and coarser Robertsons like H. J. Byron and James Albery—is to be found the first intelligent employment in England of the picture-stage. A plausible representation of actual life and manners and speech, with all rhetoric and rhetorical conventions abolished, with no aim but the aim of illusion, was for the first time presented to an English playhouse audience. The world of the sixties is now so remote from us—are not the humours of its remoteness the very point of Mr. Pinero’s ‘Trelawny of the ‘Wells’?—that it is odd to think of Robertson as a realist; nevertheless, a realist he was in his day. We are not referring to the ‘real door-handles’ of ‘Society’ or the ‘real ‘snow’ of ‘Ours,’ or the other novelties of accurate *mise-en-scène* of which the history is written in the annals of the old Prince of Wales’s Theatre under the *régime* of the Bancrofts. These mechanical details were bound in time to be invented for the new requirements of the picture-stage, though that consideration does not detract from the credit of the actual inventors. Still less are we referring to the structure of the Robertsonian drama, the ‘motivation’ of its plot. It is here, of course, that realism can best justify itself—in the action and the springs of action—so that the impression produced on the spectator’s mind may be the exact opposite of Judge Brack’s, the impression that ‘these ‘are the very things people do.’ Robertson was no realist in this sense. His plots are always feeble, often merely silly, and the motives of his character have little in common with those of live people. Nevertheless Robertson was a true realist in aim, and more often than not he did succeed in transferring to the stage certain types of character, the current ideals and ambient atmosphere of so much of the outside world as he had the opportunity of studying. That was a limited opportunity, no doubt; Robertson’s was a cockney and a middle-class world; but then so much of England in the sixties was cockney and middle-class. This was the new, the ‘forward,’ element in Robertson’s plays

that ranks him among our *Fortschrittsmänner*; he did, however imperfectly, bring the stage into some sort of relation to life. As with all new developments, the method was a method of exaggeration. Hawtrey and Eccles and Polly and Sam Gerridge are caricatures, but the basis of observed fact underlies them all. Hawtrey is a caricature which might have been signed 'John Leech,' as Eccles or Sam Gerridge might have been signed 'Charles Keene.' Robertson, then, accomplished something. The Robertsonian drama counts. It gave a lead, and a fairly good one, for the picture-stage. But, English in its many good qualities, it was English also in its chief defect; it was 'unidea'd.' Happily no quotation in proof of this statement is called for—happily, because Robertsonian prose is absolutely unreadable. 'School' and 'Ours' have been revived in quite recent years, and 'Caste' has been played during the season just expired, so that the present generation of playgoers has had ample opportunity of acquaintance with some typical Robertsonian plays. They show that, while Robertson observed his time and responded to its pressure, he had no critical ideas about it. By ideas we do not, of course, mean the puerile commonplaces of the copybook.

In harping upon this question of ideas, their presence or their absence, we do not forget that we are presenting only one aspect—important as that aspect may be—of a many-sided matter. The future historian of the English stage—unhappily the epithet 'future,' which has long since become stale in this connexion, is still obligatory—the future historian of the English stage will have to describe many phases of it which are here left out of account. Our less ambitious task is to contrast the modern French and English theatres, and that contrast turns upon the inequality in their stock of ideas: abundance, even to excess, on the one hand, on the other a lamentable penury. To such an inquiry the theatrical record for many years after Robertson's death is scarcely relevant. Those years witnessed the rise of Henry Irving, the return of London society, at his call, to a theatre from which it had long held aloof, the gradual perfection of the art of *mise-en-scène*, and many other important things. But none of these important things had aught to do with the theatre of ideas. That suited neither Sir Henry Irving's interesting qualities as a romantic actor nor his still more conspicuous ability as a manager, a generalissimo of stage forces. Sir Henry, to be sure, added Tennyson to our list of acted poets, but only, we fancy, with the result of bringing the world in general to the mind of

Tennyson's candid friend 'Old Fitz,' who 'wished A. T. had 'not tried the stage.'\* And, of course, there were those gorgeous Shakespearian revivals which it is a duty to remember, as well as those pseudo-poetic plays of W. G. Wills which it is a pleasure to forget. Of the Shakespearian revivals there is one thing to be said germane to our present purpose. They represented an effort to pour old wine into new bottles: to accommodate the platform-drama to the picture-stage. Charles Kean had made a similar attempt in the fifties, which failed, because the new conditions were imperfectly understood and because public opinion had not yet escaped from the bondage of the old rhetorical ideal. In the eighties this ideal had vanished, and though a few veterans grumbled, the Lyceum experiment did achieve a certain success. It was Walter Bagehot, if memory serves, who said that, though Eton boys might not learn much Latin or Greek, they left school with the firm impression that there *were* such languages. So the Lyceum public, all agape at the 'solid sets' and the rich costumes, carried away a conviction that there had indeed been a Shakespeare. As to the difference between the old and the new styles we cannot do better than give the unconscious evidence of FitzGerald and his cronies, who had seen both. They found the scenery of the Lyceum 'Much Ado' 'too 'good,' while 'Irving was without any humour, Miss Terry 'with simply animal spirits.'† On the other hand, of Macready's Macbeth FitzGerald remembered the actor's 'Amen stu-u-u-u-ck in his throat.'‡ In other words, over-elaboration of scenery was the besetting sin of the picture-stage, as that of the platform-stage had been over-emphasis of delivery or 'ranting.' The truth is, Sir Henry Irving stands apart. By sheer force of individuality he has impressed himself on the time; he has rendered signal service to the playhouse by making it once more a social institution, and to the actor's calling by making it, perhaps for the first time, an entirely respectable profession; but in the developement of modern drama, as we are considering it, he has taken no share.

This complete, if 'splendid,' isolation of the Lyceum in the later eighties reminds us of those enthusiastic Parisian anglers who, so the story runs, continued to fish for gudgeon under the Pont-Neuf while the Revolution was raging

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\* More Letters of Edward FitzGerald, p. 273.

† Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble, p. 255.

‡ Ibid. p. 45.

overhead. The Seine might run with blood, a stray body might be hurled over the parapet, incendiary fires might 'incarnadine' the sky, but still they placidly fished on. Not otherwise was the 'ancien régime' of the theatrical world solemnly keeping up its consecrated ritual inside the Lyceum walls, while the world outside resounded with the din of two new factions, the Ibsenites and the Anti-Ibsenites. Translated by Mr. William Archer, explained and pierced to his 'substantifique moëlle' by Mr. Bernard Shaw,\* played by a little band of enthusiasts and even by Mr. Beer-bohm Tree, the Norwegian dramatist for a brief moment frightened the isle from its propriety. Conservative playgoers mistook for a new Reign of Terror what proved to be little more than a storm in a teacup. 'Ibsenism' soon passed away without establishing itself in this country as a vital force. Nevertheless it left its mark upon our drama. Without the Ibsen episode we could hardly have had the serious plays of Mr. Pinero, of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, or of Mr. Sydney Grundy. Without the Ibsen episode the world would certainly have been the poorer by the brilliant dramatic vagaries of Mr. Bernard Shaw. In the eighties Mr. Pinero, who had learnt the technical tricks of the stage as an apprentice to the actor's calling, was known as the author of a series of farces brimful of 'modernity' and bubbling over with wit. Then came the Ibsen movement, which gave Mr. Pinero 'furiously to think.' The result of his furious thinking was 'The Profligate' (1889), followed by a group of plays beginning with 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' in 1890, and ending with 'Iris' only a year ago, which represent the high-water mark of our modern English drama. They are our closest approximation to the theatre of ideas, to a criticism of life through the medium of drama. We are constrained to say approximation, for the impression left on our mind by the whole group of plays is that Mr. Pinero, in the expressive Americanism, never quite 'gets there.' Perhaps exception should be made in favour of 'Iris,' which does not shirk the logical conclusion from its premisses; but 'Iris' is a character-study rather than a play, a picture of woman's weakness and self-indulgence coarsening to vice and ending in degradation worse than death. The other plays of the group, also studies in feminine perversity, but studies which show the collision of wills, and are therefore strict drama, do not offer a valid criticism of life because they shirk a real *dénouement*. The

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\* The Quintessence of Ibsenism, 1891.

suicide of Paula Tanqueray is an arbitrary termination, not a conclusion; the 'whitewashing' of Agnes Ebbsmith and of the frail woman in 'The Benefit of the Doubt' is logically an absurdity as well as a concession to English cant. The truth, as it appears to us, is that Mr. Pinero has lacked the courage to defy his audience, as Dumas *filé* defied it and as Ibsen defied it. He has tried to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; to be the 'disinterested' artist and yet to please the 'compact majority.' This means a lack of single-minded purpose; we do not get ideas, but half-ideas, or adumbrations of ideas. The spectator is always asking himself: what does Mr. Pinero really think? That is not only a natural but an inevitable question about all serious drama, which, however 'objective' it may be in comparison with other arts, should still be a projection, a revelation of the dramatist. In all art the really interesting thing is the 'état d'âme,' the temperament, the outlook upon life of the artist behind it. What is Mr. Pinero's 'état d'âme'? What, in the colloquial phrase, is he driving at? Probably he would reply that he is driving at simple realism; that he gives us studies from life, as accurate as he can make them. That, however, is not to give us the drama of ideas, a criticism of life.

We are in much the same state of dubiety about Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. His language, especially in his prefaces, papers, and manifestoes, is that of an earnest man, almost a Hot-gospeller; but what is he earnest about? At first while vowing he would ne'er consent he consented to become an Ibsenite. He talked of Ibsen's 'drains' or 'cesspools' or whatever the elegant figure was; but he nevertheless wrote 'confession' dramas under the inspiration of 'The Pillars of Society.' At another moment he was inventing Ouidaesque dukes or Corellian barmaids. Then he turned to France and produced 'The Case of 'Rebellious Susan,' which is a vulgarised 'Francillon.' Two later plays, 'The Liars' and 'Mrs. Dane's Defence,' are tolerable achievements from the mere 'story-telling' point of view; but what is their moral? In the one case, that an elopement is a mistake because you will be cut by your friends and 'the world,' whereas it is better to be taken out to supper by a brute of a husband; in the other, that an unprotected female, trying to conceal a doubtful 'past,' must expect to be bullied and hounded out of Society by a shrewd lawyer, and serve her right! The Ibsenite *malgré lui* has now become fugleman of the compact majority! Upon errors like 'The Lackey's Carnival' and 'The Princess's

'Nose,' with their coarseness of feeling and their provinciality of thought, it is better not to dwell. But what a chaotic output! How is Mr. Jones's criticism of life to be disengaged from this tangle of themes and modes, schools and styles, violent affirmations and flat contradictions? He flouts Mrs. Grundy in 'Lady Susan' \* and brings her in as 'dea 'ex machinâ' for 'The Liars.' He was an idealist in 'The Crusaders,' and a sentimentalist in 'The Dancing Girl' and a cynic in 'The Tempter,' and Mr. Worldly Wiseman in 'Mrs. Dane' and goodness knows what in 'The Princess's 'Nose.' Is it permissible to suppose that a hodge-podge like this was ever inspired by any constant ideal, directed towards any definite end? Your serious French dramatist knows his own mind and takes care that we shall know it too. The purpose of Dumas  *fils*  we have seen emphatically declared in the preface to 'Le Fils Naturel,' and Dumas kept his word. M. Hervieu says his purpose is to plead the cause of the oppressed; M. Brieux regards himself as the 'commis voyageur de l'intellectualité.' We all know, then, what these men are driving at. But what Mr. Jones or Mr. Pinero is driving at remains an inscrutable mystery.

Of course we are not contemplating these gentlemen as theatrical craftsmen, as artificers of 'fables' in three dimensions. In that respect their primacy is beyond dispute—unless it is to be shared by Mr. Grundy. But Mr. Grundy is outside our present scope. Although he occasionally took a pot shot, and by no means a bad one, at the drama of ideas (in 'Sowing the Wind,' for example, and in 'The Greatest of These'), although, as we have said, he for a time bowed the knee to Ibsen, he seems to have returned to his early love, Scribism, adaptation from French anecdote-plays. We pass over Mr. Grundy, then, to glance for a moment at a man with real ideas and a definite purpose which he is at no pains to conceal—Mr. Bernard Shaw. No one need ask what Mr. Shaw's 'message' is; he is always ramming it down our throats. For his general philosophy you have this: 'The tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imagination, by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history.' †

\* Of malice prepense it would seem; see the preface to the printed play.

† Preface to 'Unpleasant Plays' (1898).

There it is, as circumstantial, and almost as long-winded, as a power of attorney. Mr. Shaw's plays are so many attacks upon what he considers our false ideals, and so many attempts to illustrate what he calls a scientific natural history. The only drawback is that 'with such a being as 'man, in such a world as the present,' Mr. Shaw's plays do not count as plays at all. They offer such a criticism of life as the average man cannot even begin to understand. Mr. Shaw assumes a world of unimpeded intellect; he addresses himself to the pure reason; his characters do not love or hate, laugh or cry, they merely argue it out. It is the Euclidean drama—or would be, if Euclid had set himself to prove that two sides of a triangle are *not* greater than the third, and that it is a vulgar error to suppose a point to be without parts or magnitude. We must not enter, however, upon so dangerously controversial a subject as the value of Mr. Shaw's criticism of life; nor need we, seeing that he fails to express it in terms of drama. The essential law of the theatre is thought *through emotion*. No character exhibits real emotion (though occasionally there is a show of 'temper') in those fascinating exercises in dialectic which Mr. Shaw miscalls plays. This fatal defect condemns Mr. Shaw to remain a dramatist of the study or, at best, the dramatist of a coterie. If any one of our playwrights who appeal to the public at large had only a tithe of Mr. Shaw's independence and originality of thought, to say nothing of his vivacity and wit, our contention that the modern English drama is 'unidea'd' would fall to the ground.

It is, of course, irrelevant to the subject of our inquiry to consider the case of Mr. Stephen Phillips. We have been examining the modern French drama and the English on a specific point, appraising their relative contributions to a criticism of life, contrasting the ample stock of ideas in the one with the intellectual poverty of the other. The drama of beauty and mystery and passion enshrined in verse—and Mr. Phillips's work, unless we are much mistaken, takes high rank in that dramatic region—stands outside our comparison. How much the vogue of Mr. Phillips is a vogue of pure poetry, what, on the other hand, is the amount of its debt to the two ablest and most progressive actor-managers of the moment—Mr. Alexander and Mr. Tree—that is an interesting question for those who have a fancy for premature conjecture. But for us it is what Aristotle would call ἄλλος λόγος.

ART. X.—1. *The Mastery of the Pacific.* By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN. London: Heinemann, 1902.

2. *China and the Powers: a Narrative of the Outbreak of 1900.* By H. C. THOMSON. London: Longmans, 1902.

THERE is an old story of two men meeting in the public square of Quito, the one clad in all the warm wraps within his reach and shivering with cold, while the other, in his shirt-sleeves and with the perspiration pouring down his face, was complaining of the oppressive heat; the explanation being that the first had just come to the town from the torrid plain below, the other from the snowy fields above. This anecdote from childhood's geography has come strangely back to our memory as we read this latest work by Mr. Colquhoun. From one point of view, it is excellent; from another, it is meagre and disappointing. As a descriptive geography in its best sense, it is admirable. No other book that we are acquainted with deals so well and so comprehensively with the conditions of the several countries which border on the Pacific, or of the islands which gem its surface. Alike in its examination of their physical conditions, their scenery, their products, their people, their commercial capabilities or aptitudes, it is all very good; it is only when it comes—or does not come—to what, after all, the title leads us to expect, a discussion of the political problems involved, that we find it wanting. For surely the mastery of the Pacific in the near or more remote future is a political question; to this country and to the British Empire a political question whose interest and importance it is scarcely possible to exaggerate; for the extent—in its literal meaning—the outstretching character of the Empire is such that no part of the world, and still less so vast a part of it as the Pacific Ocean, does not approach its boundaries. From this point of view, we do not think that Mr. Colquhoun's work answers the expectations which might be justly entertained. It leads up to the question, but it does not directly tackle it; and even the preliminary matter, excellent as it is, is so purely geographical that other considerations of the first importance are omitted, or have to be sought for, instead of being presented as necessary to the discussion of the problem. Still, even with this drawback, serious though it is, the work which Mr. Colquhoun now offers us is of the deepest interest, and does, to a very

great extent, clear the way for the more important problems which must follow.

It begins with a geographical account of the expansion of the United States in the Pacific—it is, of course, with the Pacific alone that it is directly concerned—and, as the main feature of that expansion, with a somewhat detailed and altogether admirable account of the Philippine Islands and their people, the Filipinos. The introduction to this is suggestive. After speaking of the way in which, on its own continent, the United States had expanded from about 828,000 square miles in 1782 to more than four times that area, to 3,600,000 square miles, Mr. Colquhoun goes on:—

‘Americans had got to believe that they could continue, as they had begun, to live self-contained on their continent, and it never entered into their imaginings that one day they might feel impelled to make a new departure. The country, however, gradually filled up, manufactures grew, and the trading classes looked more and more to foreign markets. It became apparent that openings must be sought abroad, and under these circumstances Hawaii was secured, then Samoa, and finally . . . Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. . . . The change [of foreign policy], however, was not so sudden as it seemed, and had been foreseen to be inevitable by a few onlookers, for with the pressure at home for new markets, expansion abroad was certain to follow as a process of nature, and the Spanish American war was but the final act, the culmination of a drama which had been enacting since the commencement of the national existence; . . . it was the inevitable end of a century of friction and antagonism. . . . Anti-expansionist and Expansionist are in the main agreed that whether occupation of the Philippines could have been avoided or not is a question which it now serves no useful purpose to discuss. Once there, it is impossible to retire, and the United States, established in the Philippines, with stepping-stones across the Pacific at Hawaii, Samoa, and Guam, has been brought at one step into the vortex of Asiatic-Pacific rivalries, and must perforce play her part.’

And thus

‘the presence of the United States in the Pacific, close to China, Japan, Russia, the Dutch East Indies, and Australasia, brings a new factor to bear upon the question of the Pacific, with which the future of further Asia is so closely allied—the world-problem of the twentieth century.’

So considered, the United States’ annexation of the Philippine Islands becomes a matter of more importance than people in this country have cared to believe it, and the measure of success obtained by United States’ troops and administrators has a direct English interest. We are not, we think, mistaken in supposing that a very common idea here has been that the difficulties the Americans have met

with have been largely due to the want of experience by military and civil officers alike. But in fact, for some generations—if we should not say, for three centuries—the military officers of the States have had plenty of experience in dealing with savage enemies; and during the last three years we ourselves have been painfully learning that war in a wild country may have a physiognomy of its own, differing in many respects not only from war in a different type of country, but still more from the teaching of the schools; while as to the civil administration, we may take Mr. Colquhoun's word for it that

‘No such problem has ever presented itself to Great Britain or any other colonising power as that which confronts the United States in the Philippines, for there conditions are complicated by the presence of a mixed race who can neither be treated as “natives” nor as Americans. The evil traditions of some three centuries of corrupt government hang over the islands, and the task is rendered twofold harder by the necessity of pulling down the edifice before building it up again.’

When, however, he goes on to say that ‘with characteristic self-confidence the Americans are practically setting on one side the accumulated experience of other colonising nations and are determined to meet the new problems by a great and entirely novel experiment,’ he seems to contradict himself; for, according to his own showing, no other colonising nations have met the same or even similar conditions, and their experience is, therefore, not necessarily to the point.

Of the corrupt government referred to, whose evil traditions remain to give trouble, Mr. Colquhoun has much to say, but it is unnecessary here to repeat it except in summary: that the power was virtually in the hands of the priests, and that though ‘many of the men sent out by the Church were earnest and devoted,’ and though ‘many saintly men volunteered for the arduous mission,’ others ‘were not always worthy of their order’ and ‘a great many were merely the sweepings of the Spanish monasteries.’ It has been abundantly proved in all ages, in all countries, that—quite independent of the particular religion—the hierocratic form of government is radically bad; it was at its worst when administered by priests who used their sacred character but as a cloak to immorality, greed, and oppression. As against these—the last more especially—came the revolt, which a decadent Spain was unable to suppress; and war, interspersed with massacres, went on, till—in following out another quarrel—the United States intervened, quelled the

Spaniards without much difficulty, and now finds itself face to face with the native problem. In solving this, the first and perhaps the greatest difficulty in the way of the Americans will be to convince the Filipinos of their good faith, of their intention and determination to rule them as men, not as brute beasts nor as slaves. That eventually submission will be enforced and peace established we cannot doubt; but the economy of civil life will bring its own questions, the foremost of which will be that of labour.

The population scattered through the thousand or more islands which we know collectively as the Philippines consists of many different types, but the predominant—in number, character, and civilisation—is Malay, mixed, most commonly, with the blood of other races, and largely with Spanish. But Malay and Mestizo agree in their dislike to work, partly, it may be, from physical disability to ‘work laboriously for any long stretch,’ but principally—according to Mr. Colquhoun—because ‘laziness has its roots deep in the Malay character, and the Spaniards—who despised labour themselves—did nothing to instil an idea of its nobility into their imitative pupils.’ He tells of ‘four Filipinos dragging at a weight which one Chinaman would shoulder and trot off with;’ a difference certainly not to be explained by vastly superior muscular power. Feast-days and *fiestas*, too, interfere with regularity of work—a lesson learnt from the Spaniards; and feast-days or not, the Filipinos will not work if the wants of the moment are satisfied. Mr. Colquhoun

‘heard of a case in which a contractor, having increased the wages to twice the usual amount in order to get plenty of men, discovered that they would only work half the week, since by so doing they earned the same sum which they had originally got in a whole week.’

This explains and illustrates the preference given to the Chinese. ‘Having once been engaged and given to understand that the work must be finished in a certain time, the contractor could be sure that they would work every hour, and could safely calculate the time they would take.’ Industrious as labourers, keen, intelligent, and pushing as tradesmen, economical and saving, they would quickly, if freely admitted, crush the life out of the Filipinos. And yet, as citizens, they are objectionable by reason of ‘their hatred of sanitation, their addiction to opium, and their system of clubs and secret societies which make them undesirably powerful.’ They find, however, favour with

the native women, marry, and give rise to a numerous mixed population. But the absorption of one race into the other is not likely to lead to a favourable solution of the problem. Mongrels of men, as of dogs, are apt to reproduce and emphasise the worst points of the parent races; and in the Philippines 'the Chinese half-breed is a dangerous person—'bright, restless, intriguing, and untrustworthy; . . . the 'Chinese half-breeds have the reputation of being amongst 'the most brainy and also the most *difficile* of the natives, 'and a very large proportion of the insurgents belonged to 'this class.' It may well be that the Chinese problem will become here, as in other places, the great economic puzzle of the future.

Though in a different way, the Spanish half-breeds are almost as difficult to deal with as the Chinese; and the long duration of the Spanish rule and the Spanish civilisation has made its own peculiar mark.

'The faults and peculiarities of the Latin races are exaggerated and burlesqued, and a thin veneer of Western culture is spread over the passions and emotions of these Orientals. . . . The intellectual subtlety of the Latin has also been curiously grafted on the simplicity—which is not stupidity—of the Malay. The result is a peculiar leaning towards abstract ideas, a love of the purely theoretical side of learning, with a corresponding inability to apply those theories, which are to them things apart from real life—things they have learned or read and not evolved from life itself. They begin with the abstract and fail to work down to the concrete. A witty American who, being a fluent Spanish scholar, had conversed with hundreds of the better educated Filipinos, said of them: "They will write you essays on Individual Rights until you are tired, but if they met Individual Rights in the street they wouldn't know him from Adam."'

The United States' remedy for all this—the universal nostrum—is education exhibited vigorously, rigorously, and at once—'or sooner.' The consequence, Mr. Colquhoun thinks, will be that the first few years of enlightened teaching will let loose on the islands a large number of half-educated, conceited natives, who cannot be given posts to keep them quiet, and will therefore turn their attention to promulgating sedition, or to other practices equally undesirable. Many of these will go to the States, will learn to feel themselves citizens of the great Republic, and will be necessarily discontented when they return to their own country and to a position of inferiority. It will be necessary to open certain posts to Filipinos, but this should only be done with great care, with great caution. Mr. Colquhoun

would impress on the Government and reiterate the warning, 'Go slow! Don't hurry! Let things work out gradually! 'It is the best advice that can be given, for there is no short cut to success.'

And it is not only in respect of education and its immediate concomitants that this advice seems called for. The Constitution of the United States declares every subject free and self-governing; and to the great bulk of its people, what is good enough for them at home seems good enough for their fellow-subjects abroad. It is as impossible for the average American as for the average Englishman to believe that to every native of every country under the sun a free electorate and free parliamentary representation are not the ideal form of government. There are among us many who would fain establish such in and for India, and hold that the not doing so is contrary to the eternal right which ought to be done even if it were to bring down the heaven itself. Fortunately, common sense and some knowledge of Indian nature and Indian history have hitherto prevailed over such aspirations, and the native Indian is all the happier for being told what he has to do and being made to do it. We may be permitted to have grave doubts whether the opposite policy, more immediately in agreement with the Constitution of the United States, will produce satisfactory results among the Filipinos.

'Those who know them best,' says Mr. Colquhoun, 'those who have had experience of Orientals and how to deal with them, have considerable misgivings as to the result of this great experiment of self-government, unless kept under due guidance and check. If we were to judge the Filipinos merely by professions, by phrases, by words, much might be expected from them, but our anticipations of the future must be based on their essential character and the performances of the past. Jealousies, intrigues, corruption, the ingrained conviction that every office-holder is justified in squeezing all he can—these are not promising features in the experiment. . . . The needful thing is a firm consistent policy to be framed and carried through by the men on the spot, who are at all events aware of the difficulties in the path. It would have been far better to have from the outset a definite system of control. . . . It would have been better to say frankly, once for all, "We have come to give you the government we think best for you, a government that will be just and liberal, but a government that must be obeyed."'

Mr. Colquhoun expresses a very decided opinion that the best, the ideal treatment of the Philippines 'would have been a temporary military government, gradually merging 'into purely civil administration.' As the sentimental

objections of the electorate in the States render that impossible, the next best thing is to support the Governor-General, Judge Taft, who is 'peculiarly the stamp of man' wanted. 'If given anything like a free hand, and not 'bothered and harassed by Congressmen or reports from 'politicians who have taken a run out to Manila and found 'mares'-nests, he will do very well.'

It may perhaps be thought that as, at any possible rate, some considerable time must elapse before the Philippine Islands are reduced to order and a settled government, there must also be some considerable time before the change of ownership can produce any marked influence on the course of Eastern trade. This idea may perhaps be a mistaken one. Trade may be, and very often has been, the product of the port rather than of the country. Venice and Genoa in bygone days illustrated this in Europe, as in later times Hong-Kong and, in a more marked degree, Singapore have done in the far East. They have been depôts or centres of distribution, owing everything to their situation and to their local administration. It is thus not only possible but probable that, in American hands, Manila—or some other port of the Philippines—may become a centre of distribution and collection, as indeed it was in Spanish hands in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, before Hong-Kong or Singapore was known except to pirates, tigers, or wildfowl. And just as, in Spanish hands, the first link in the chain between Manila and European civilisation was Acapulco, so, in American, will it be, in the first place, San Francisco; later on, when the much-discussed canal has been made—as surely it will be made—a new depôt will probably come into existence, still nearer to the Acapulco of old.

It is conceivable that the trade across the Pacific—whether for the United States, British Columbia and Canada, or the Canal and Europe—may find a more convenient centre at Manila than at Hong-Kong, which, though a pestilent hole, both in its sanitary and moral aspects, during the forties and fifties of last century became at once, in English hands, an important commercial settlement, as well as the usual rendezvous of our ships of war. Gradually a better class of Chinese were attracted to it, and the freedom from all import or export duties drew towards it the main current of Oriental trade. During the last forty years much has been done in the interests of sanitation and morality; malaria has decreased, and at the present

time, even in summer, the settlement is as little unhealthy as a place within the tropics, resting on a steaming sea under the lee of a mountain, can be. In winter it is, as it always has been, cold and bracing; and at Christmas time our exiled countrymen draw round the fire, talk of old times and schools, recollect their Horace enough to say—

‘Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco  
Large reponens;’

and drink cheering glasses of hot toddy as a substitute for the four-year-old wine from a Sabine jar. More recently the approaches to its harbour have been strongly fortified, and the annexation of a tract of territory on the mainland opposite has rendered it secure against the casual attack of any enemy. The inhabitants are, of course, mainly Chinese. According to Mr. Colquhoun, ‘of the total population of 240,000, only some 8,000, exclusive of the garrison, are whites, and of these at least half are euphemistically termed ‘Portuguese.’ But if euphemistically Portuguese, then also euphemistically white; non-euphemistically, they are ‘snuff and butter.’

‘The British have acted with great liberality towards their Oriental settlers, protecting the colony, and asking only indirect advantage, giving them educational and other opportunities practically equal to those obtainable in self-governing colonies. Order is maintained without overstepping the limits of police work, and a liberal commercial policy is pursued. This system is not the result of a cut-and-dried code, but was gradually evolved out of experience as the conditions arose, and that is the secret of Britain’s colonial success in every clime. . . . In every case success, however partial, has been the result of the system indicated—that of seeking no direct revenue for the mother country, building up step by step, and modifying the structure to the needs of the particular situation.’

Mr. Colquhoun, however, rightly adds that much of Great Britain’s success has been due to the fact that she has had exceptional opportunities for picking and choosing the best places, and has, on the whole, exercised good judgement in choosing. In itself, no place could well have presented a more unpromising appearance than, for instance, Hong-Kong before its annexation. Early in the thirties the East India Company’s ships had found it out, and sometimes waited there; and on the knowledge thus obtained was formed the appreciation of its suitability for being, as it has become, the depôt and centre of Occidental trade. The strategic value of the harbour has been merely a corollary to its commercial, though Mr. Colquhoun considers that

recent events in the far East have enhanced the strategic value and depreciated the commercial, by turning China 'from a friendly, commercial, comparatively powerful and 'independent state into an arena for foreign rivalries.' On this there is, perhaps, a good deal more to be said than Mr. Colquhoun has ventured on; but a further suggestion of commercial depreciation has a more direct significance.

The presence of America in the Philippines, and the consequent shifting of the centre of activity considerably to the east of Hong-Kong, open—he believes—a grave possibility; for it is obvious that this island on the Chinese coast will, in the future, be out of the direct trade routes between Australasia, the Malay Archipelago, and the great markets of America. Its value as a distributing centre for Northern China will be greatly impaired by the vast changes occurring in that quarter. In fact, the developments in the Pacific will, speaking broadly, leave Hong-Kong largely out of the reckoning, except as regards the trade with Southern China. The future of the colony depends, therefore, on the maintenance of the integrity of China, and it seems extraordinary that there has been no powerful expression of feeling emanating from the local merchants to induce the Government to take strenuous steps to protect their interests on the mainland of Asia.

It may be conceded that the interests of English trade in China call for a fuller and more careful consideration by the Government than, during these last few years, they seem to have had; but it is difficult to admit that the prosperity of Hong-Kong—simply as Hong-Kong—is of such importance to the Empire as to give it the right to dictate the policy of any government; and the demand that it should do so has some grotesque resemblance to a conjectural desire of the tail to wag the dog. But the continuation of Mr. Colquhoun's remarks on the impending depreciation of Hong-Kong is noteworthy:

'The possibility of Manila becoming a serious rival is one that does not at present seriously exercise the Hong-Kong merchant or ship-owner. But although that place is handicapped during certain seasons by adverse winds and typhoons, there are evident signs that the United States mean to make an important centre of the capital of the Philippines. At present Manila Bay, though nearly landlocked, is not a good natural harbour, but large sums are to be spent on improving it, a measure that cannot be merely for ornamental purposes.'

Singapore rests on a basis somewhat different from that of Hong-Kong, and will not be affected to the same extent

by this presumed easterly movement of the centre of commercial activity, though it cannot be made without Singapore sensibly feeling it; for such movement will mean that the bulk of the trade to or from China is passing by the Pacific and the American isthmus, instead of, as now, by the African isthmus or the Cape of Good Hope. Such a change is possible, but, in view of the enormously increased distances, we do not think it probable; though, so far as the trade from the United States by San Francisco is concerned, or from Canada by Victoria, Manila will pretty certainly, and at no distant date, be again a principal commercial centre; unless, indeed, Nagasaki or some newly born port in Formosa should prove more tempting. For European trade and for the heavier trade from Eastern America—States or Canada—we greatly doubt whether the commercial centre is on the point of shifting in the way Mr. Colquhoun supposes, even if—under American rule—Manila is made a free port, which would be contrary to all that we know of American fiscal principles.

In neither case, however, do we see that our position would be bettered by moving the centre of English trade from Hong-Kong to Sandakan in the north of Borneo, as Mr. Colquhoun suggests. Sandakan is unquestionably a 'magnificent' harbour. It is so styled in the Admiralty 'Sailing Directions,' a work not given to poetry or to exaggeration of expression. And magnificent as it is now, it is capable of almost unlimited extension as the development of Borneo is extended. But neither by its position, its bearings and distances from the Chinese ports, its weather, its monsoons, nor its neighbourhood to the dangerous navigation of the Sulu Sea and to the fever-laden jungle of Borneo, does it seem to us in any way calculated to take the place of Hong-Kong, after fifty years of improvement. As a natural harbour Hong-Kong is the better, and though not so large, is quite large enough. Notwithstanding all the changes, imminent or possible, its position seems to us better, much better, than that of Sandakan; and it will take many times fifty years to clear the Borneo jungle, to drain the Borneo swamps, and to bring the country to even the comparative salubrity of Hong-Kong. Interesting as these speculations are, they fade into insignificance before the clear statement that foreign shipping companies, mostly German, have absorbed the greater part, if not the whole, of the local traffic of the far East and especially at Singapore. The change has, indeed, been taking place for

the last three years, and is now an accomplished fact. Mr. Colquhoun's

'attention was forcibly drawn to this by the discovery, when he desired to go from the Straits to North Borneo—from one British possession to another—that he was actually forced to travel by a German steamer, a branch of the North German Lloyd. The same line is now the chief one running between Singapore and Manila, and between North Borneo and the Philippines. The same flag now covers the carrying trade between Singapore and Bangkok. Until the other day these were all British lines.'

Mr. Colquhoun takes this as his text to make several severe charges against the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, whom he accuses of a short-sighted greed which he considers mainly, if not wholly, responsible for this result. He says:—

'For some time past dwellers in the East have found much to complain of in the service of British steamers, notably the P. and O. Company, which had practically a monopoly; and when Germany started a magnificent passenger line, on which the comforts of passengers were carefully consulted, many people preferred to travel by it rather than face the high prices, limited accommodation, and in many cases the scant courtesy they had hitherto put up with on their own boats. The policy of the German line was to please the passengers, and they succeeded. On more than one occasion an outcry was raised when a high official and his family chose to travel by a foreign line, but such an event no longer attracts attention. The claims of patriotism were urged, but British subjects objected to travelling on uncomfortable steamers which, though heavily subsidised, persisted in employing Lascar crews. Germany has not been the only competitor for both goods and passenger traffic. The French Messageries Maritimes was first in the field, but has made little progress. But the excellent and inexpensive boats of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha have absorbed a great deal of both the freight and passenger traffic between East and West, and their fleet is yearly increased. It is to be regretted that this competition, which should have been healthy and stimulating in its effect, has not led Great Britain to make further efforts in this direction. Apart from the open ports, British prosperity has mainly been due to competition and cheapness of distribution, and the falling-off described is largely attributable to a deviation from this traditional policy and to the short-sighted and unpatriotic views of British shipowners aiming at present profits rather than permanent prosperity.'

We have given this quotation at length because it puts the case as it is often heard from men partially informed, but ignorant of the details. Practised traveller as Mr. Colquhoun is, he appears to be exceptionally ignorant as to the actual facts; and as to matters of opinion, writes with

an air of positive certainty on points which proved so difficult that a committee of the House of Commons, after examining them for three months of last summer, hearing and collecting the evidence of many experts, could only give in an interim report,\* recommending that, as they had not been able to conclude the investigation, they should be reappointed early in the next (the present) session.

What the committee could not decide in an investigation lasting over three months, Mr. Colquhoun pronounces on offhand, with the almost necessary consequence that several of his statements and all of his inferences and implications are distinctly contradicted by the evidence before the committee. To examine the several issues at length would require much more space than is at our disposal, and it is unnecessary to do so, for the full evidence can be read in the blue-book to which we have referred, and, later on, in its sequel, which will report the conclusion of the investigation now proceeding. It is therefore enough to say, in brief, that expert opinion seems decidedly in favour of the employment of Lascars, both as a sanitary and economical measure; that the statement that the P. and O. is highly subsidised is incorrect, the so-called subsidy being merely the payment—and, in the opinion of the P. and O. Company, a very meagre payment—for services actually rendered; and that the implication that, of all the companies referred to, the P. and O. is the only one subsidised, is absolutely untrue. It is indeed monstrous, for, quite independent of the evidence now before us, it has been matter of common repute that the North German Lloyd, the Messageries Maritimes, and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha receive very large subsidies from their respective governments; and that as true subsidies, not as payments for service.

Whether such subsidies are or are not to the ultimate advantage of the country that pays them is the question which, as at present reported, the parliamentary committee has not been able to answer; and, indeed, it may be doubted whether it admits of a categorical answer. But there can, we take it, be no doubt that they are, at the time of payment, greatly to the advantage of the companies receiving them, and render it possible for them to run steamers on lines which do not, of themselves, bring in sufficient profit. And

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\* Parliamentary Papers: Report, Steamship Subsidies. Ordered to be printed, August 1, 1901.

in this is the explanation of the fact which has so exercised Mr. Colquhoun, the misapprehension of which has led him so wildly astray. We may take as a crucial instance the North German steamers running between Singapore and North Borneo, which Mr. Colquhoun very directly implies were started in opposition to the P. and O. steamers running on that line, and so miserably, shabbily conducted, that the North German Lloyd (N.D.L.) saw its opportunity, and by its superior enterprise beat the P. and O. out of the field. In all this there is not a shadow of truth. The British steamers which, till early in last year, ran between Singapore and North Borneo, did not belong to the P. and O., but to an independent local company known as Holt's. There was no competition, no opposition; the trade, indeed, was so small that it was not worth it. Sir Alexander Swettenham, Colonial Secretary and Acting Governor of Singapore, stated in evidence that these steamers

'were only just meeting their expenses and having a little profit. It was well known as being the least profitable part of Holt's business. He was offered a very large capital sum if he would give this branch line up to the Germans, and he sold for that large sum. That, no doubt, was the only inducement which was brought to bear upon him.'\*

Sir Alexander believed that the price paid for the steamers was in excess of their value, and explained the object of the Germans in buying—as he understood it:—

'They had only traffic enough, I believe, for the main line, from Germany to Singapore, once in twenty-eight days. When the N.D.L. had obtained from the Imperial Government a promise of a second subsidy if they would double their line and make it run every fortnight, it became necessary for them to find traffic for the second; and as they thought they were seriously handicapped by the fact that all these branch lines that run into Singapore were under the British flag, they said, "A main line without any feeding line is a mistake, and therefore we must acquire some feeding lines." Therefore arrangements were made for purchasing those feeding lines with great secrecy. The Government did not pay any portion of the purchase money, but sent out a recommendation—from the very highest quarters—in so strong a form that it could not be disregarded, that certain persons or firms were to find the money.'†

Two other lines—one of them running from Singapore to Bangkok—were bought in the same way, or a little earlier.

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\* Steamship Subsidies, Q. 2348.

† Ibid. QQ. 2335-6-7.

In no case was there any competition, healthy or otherwise ; and in each, Sir Alexander was convinced, the only reason for selling was that they obtained a somewhat exaggerated price for steamers that were doing little more than pay their way.

The whole question of the subsidies is one of the very greatest interest and most serious importance, but it is not to be discussed here as ancillary to a different though cognate subject. It has only been introduced on account of the extraordinary licence which Mr. Colquhoun has allowed himself in regard to it. It is difficult, if it is not impossible, to conceive that a man who for so many years has been at home in the East, who has travelled everywhere and seen everything, was ignorant of the fact that these foreign companies, which he expressly names, are heavily subsidised ; that the small branch lines running to Singapore had nothing whatever to do with the P. and O. except in the way of trade ; or that they were not forced to withdraw by competition or lack of energy, but were bought up at a fancy price. That the passenger accommodation of comparatively small cargo-boats was not palatial may be conceded, without in any degree explaining the savage and apparently unmeaning attack on the P. and O. Company and the whole conduct of the P. and O. business.

But whatever may be the result of this remarkable phase of commercial war, it is evident that Germany will claim a full share of Eastern trade. This is no new determination on her part, and may be dated back to before her seizure of Kiao-chau, which she presumably wishes to convert ultimately into a great trading centre. The actual station is Tsing-tao (45 miles west of Kiao-chau city), where some ten millions sterling are being expended on a railway to the coal-field behind, the model town, and the deep-water harbour. Whether she will succeed in drawing trade to it, whether it will be more than a costly naval and military station, seems very doubtful. Mr. Colquhoun's account of it is not encouraging :—

'Kiao-chau,' he says, 'has failed to flourish for several reasons. Great importance is attached to the independence of the local Government, we are told officially, but the place, artificially created and artificially maintained, is governed by red tape. The policy is to secure immediate and direct advantage to the Motherland. Everything German is favoured in a most ridiculous manner, but the German merchants, however enthusiastic they may be over the colonial policy, have hitherto shown a marked disinclination to settle or invest at

Kiao-chau. No wonder that this should be the case when, accustomed to the most complete liberty, courtesy, and consideration in the neighbouring British colonies and treaty ports of China, they find themselves treated by their own officials like recruits in the hands of a Prussian officer. The treatment accorded them is galling in the extreme, and indeed must be unbearable, for the *amour-propre* of the German trader is not easily ruffled in the search for wealth.'

Their policy of employing only Germans, even in subordinate posts which might very well be filled by Chinese, tends enormously to increase the cost of administration, and though much has been said of the intention to maintain it as a free port, it is—in Mr. Colquhoun's opinion—very doubtful indeed whether it will or can be done :—

'As long as Germany has only inferior places to colonise, and the German colonial system remains what it is, so long will German peasants decline to go to their own colonies, or German merchants to places like Kiao-chau. But the object of Germany is to establish at Kiao-chau a great naval base, a centre of German influence from which political control can be spread further and further afield. An increasing influence over-sea is certain to be one of the chief aims of the German Government—an influence which, in the absence of successful colonies, they will seek to sustain by means of these artificially maintained establishments, which are by no means to be dismissed as worthless. If they serve no other purpose, they are so many *points d'appui* from which Germany can claim, and not merely claim, but exercise, the right to have a say in the disposal of the various questions which may arise, and can, by sea or land, bring influence to bear on other nations, especially on the great colonial and maritime power—Britain.'

But all this points to what Mr. Colquhoun considers imminent—the break-up of China. He says :—

'The prospect of China's integrity being maintained is a very slender one, for a great portion of that country is already parcelled out into so many spheres—spheres that are being consolidated slowly but surely, and always with feelers cast out, as in the case of Germany and the Yang-tze Valley, or pre-emption to provinces, as in the case of Japan. Under these circumstances it is useless to discuss the possibilities of China as it was a few years ago. We have to consider a China controlled in certain regions by various Powers, the still independent section of the country gradually diminishing in extent. . . . Were China on the eve of a new departure, on her own initiative or under the guidance of Japan, it might be possible to foreshadow the future, which would be a repetition, on a greater or lesser scale, of the rise of Japan; but cut up by foreign Powers with diverging policies, and subject to outside influences, it is only possible to foresee the developement of vast regions at the hands of Western Powers, with the application of all their gifts of organisation, and each sphere a closed borough so far as possible.'

Mr. Colquhoun knows China well, as a traveller and a trained observer; but we do not feel sure that in this he is right. When we consider how the modern developement of Japan really dates from an unsuccessful war and the forcible intrusion of Europeans, it is difficult not to think that something of the same kind is possible for China; and this is the opinion of Mr. Thomson, whose interesting work on China we have named above. Mr. Thomson has not, we believe, the extended acquaintance with China that Mr. Colquhoun has, but as a trained enquirer into the state of things around him, his judgement is not to be lightly set aside. It is possible that the report of a conversation which he held with 'a Chinaman of high position,' a Cantonese, may be nearer the truth than Mr. Colquhoun's more commonplace forecast. 'Do you think this trouble is over now?' he asked this Chinaman last October in Tien-tsin. The Chinaman had been educated abroad, and spoke English perfectly.

'Over!' he said, 'over! Why, I think this has only been a big preface. It may seem very dreadful to you Europeans, all this frightful devastation and slaughter, but I cannot help thinking that for China it has been really a blessing in disguise. We are accustomed to slaughter, and it has been much worse in our own internal revolutions—in the Tai-ping rebellion, for instance—than it has been now. What was needed was some terrible national humiliation, such as the sack of Peking, to awaken China from her long sleep; and I hope and believe that she really is awakening at last, that her sufferings now will prove to be the agony of a new birth.'

This may, of course, be merely the Chinaman's wish to agree with his interlocutor, and to repeat, in other words, something that Mr. Thomson had previously said; but we do not think it is; we believe it is the expression of an opinion now held by many enlightened Chinamen, men who have seen and realised the power of Occidental civilisation. Mr. Thomson thinks that through the North and Centre of China there is a strong feeling of attachment to the present Emperor, and that during his life this will hold in check the anti-dynastic movement in the South in favour of foreigners and progress.

'It is led,' he says, 'by Sun-Yat-Sun, an energetic reformer, whom the Chinese Government made an unsuccessful attempt to seize in London two years ago. He has raised the standard of revolt in the country to the north of Canton, and all over the South of China men are flocking to join him. His aim, he declares, is to overthrow the present Manchu dynasty and to establish a Chinese dynasty in its

stead. . . . If the Emperor were to die, there is no knowing what might happen.'

He quotes letters emanating from, refers to proclamations issued by Sun-Yat-Sun, all to this effect—freedom, unity, and reform; freedom from foreign control—from the Manchu dynasty first of all; unity, in opposition to the threatened dismemberment of the empire; reform, as throwing the country open to the trade of the world.

'If,' he says, 'if, as there is good reason to believe, this southern revolt is extending into the Yang-tsze Valley, the consequences to Europe in the stoppage of trade and the difficulty of restoring anything like stability of government in the interior may be so momentous as to bring about an entire reversal of the present political equilibrium in the East—a reversal from which China *may* emerge as capable of standing by herself, of resisting foreign dictation as Japan now is. . . . The Chinese have quite as much aptitude as the Japanese, and the latter declare that the former would have gone through a like process of regeneration at the same time that they, the Japanese, did, if Great Britain had not interfered to put down the Tai-ping rebellion. . . . The more enlightened of the Chinese hope that their country may yet, like Japan, show itself capable of assimilating Western civilisation. They do not believe that China, with its vast mass of people knit together by a common written language, by the same historic traditions, by common religious beliefs, can ever be effectually broken up. . . . The Western nations, they say, may conquer China, may rend it asunder, but in time they will be driven out, and the Chinese will become once again the same great and undivided people.'

But if this view of the present position of China is correct—and, on the whole, we think it agrees better with the facts as we know them—a tremendous change is about to take place, not only in what Mr. Colquhoun neatly calls 'the centre of commercial activity,' but in the centre of political activity, and even in the centre of military energy. Is it likely that the rousing of China and its hundreds of millions of inhabitants will be a peaceful awakening? We think that more probably it will be a dawn red with blood, not of Chinese alone, but of many others who have disturbed their repose.

Mongol hordes have before now spread terror over the East of Europe, and have made of Russia a land of bondage. What may happen if they again overflow their bounds, and back their overwhelming numbers with modern arms and modern science, it will be for the historians of the twenty-first century to moralise on. The bloody wars which the Chinese have waged among themselves when, from time to time, they have broken loose from the artificial restraints

imposed by their Government, give sufficient proof that they are not altogether the devotees of peace that they have been supposed to be; and, though they have been stigmatised as cowards because, when armed with bows and arrows, spears and matchlocks, they made but a feeble stand against Enfield rifles and shrapnel shell, it is conceivable that, in similar circumstances, the men of Crécy and Agincourt would not have made a much better show.

And in the realm of commerce the wonderful success of the Japanese seems to foreshadow what may be achieved by a kindred people, differing in many respects, but with much in common—a similar ingenuity, a similar artistic taste, a similar keenness in business. Here surely are possibilities that—if we may use the French expression—*‘donnent à penser furieusement.’*

And Russia? To all present appearance it is Russia that threatens to engorge China. It is possible, even as the Manchus did; but such an end might even intensify the foregoing prognostics. China would still be China; Mongols would be Mongols; but instead of forming part of an Empire whose traditional policy has been peace, they would become subjects of the most grasping Empire that the world has known. What will be the future of Russia, of Asia, of Europe, if the Russian Government has the absolute command of some five hundred millions of people who, in the most literal sense, do not care half a depreciated dollar for their lives. And the trade? Up to the present our experience of Russian methods is not promising. With an extension, such as is here supposed, these might be changed; but the whole subject becomes much too vague for further speculation. The only thing certain is that enormous changes may be expected, but in what direction or by what agency produced—whether by a revived and autonomous China, by a Russianised China, or by a China broken up into spheres of influence and partitioned among the Western Powers—we will not prophesy till we know.

So far we have been considering the Pacific solely in its relation to the Asiatic fringe, and it is unquestionably this that gives the subject its present absorbing interest; but the part that Great Britain is to play there in the future may be expected to depend not so much on herself as on the continental dominion in North America, on the island-continent in the South Pacific, and on the relations which the several colonies of Australia and New Zealand bear to the mother country and to each other. During

these last years Australasia has loomed very large in the domestic politics of the Empire. The noble part which the colonies have taken in the war—now happily ended—has brought their names prominently before even those people who prefer to stand aloof from politics, as matters with which they have no concern. But to those who believe that ‘the proper study of mankind is man,’ and that the history of the present, illustrated by the history of the past, is the study of man, to them the colonies during the past two years have been most attractive as living studies in constitutional history, which it is impossible to avoid comparing or contrasting with those other great colonies from which we so wretchedly parted company five quarters of a century ago. And there are many, perhaps the majority, of our countrymen, who, without troubling themselves too much about the political details, have still been conscious that our great colonies in Australia were passing through a crisis in their history, that the crisis was happily past, that the Prince of Wales—or rather the Duke of Cornwall and York—had visited them in state to launch them on their new course, and that they now form a federated, self-governing, and practically independent unit of the British Empire.

To those who, with little practical knowledge of geography, know Australasia only from the map, it was and is a matter of much wonder that there should have been any difficulty in forming a union between the different colonies, and that eventually New Zealand refused to join that union. In the first place, they do not realise the size of Australia, and the enormous distances which separate the colonies; that the distance from Sydney to Perth, for instance, in a straight line, exceeds the distance from London to Constantinople; that the distance from Sydney to New Zealand exceeds that from London to Gibraltar. With these great distances are associated differences in climate, as between temperate Tasmania and tropical Queensland; differences in soil, in products, in social and economic relations, all giving rise to differing interests and to political questions of the greatest importance.

The geography of Australia and, in connection with it, the several causes of these differing interests and separating tendencies, are, perhaps, better and more clearly explained by Mr. Colquhoun than has ever been done in anything like the same space. In Australia itself, and in Tasmania with it, these difficulties have been overcome for the time being,

and we may feel sure that many of them, by force of habit, will eventually cease to appear as difficulties; others may tend rather to increase than to diminish, and may possibly give much trouble in the future. In New Zealand they could not be overcome; that colony has remained apart from the union, and will probably continue to do so. The case is thus summarised by Mr. Colquhoun:—

‘As regards the political side of the question, it has been decided by New Zealand that she has nothing to gain and much to lose by union with the Commonwealth. Neither as regards legislative independence, finance, postal and telegraph services, the administration of justice, agricultural, industrial, and commercial interests, nor the social condition of the working classes and coloured labour, would New Zealand be assisted by federation. She would, moreover, suffer by the enforced absence for six months of the year of some of her abler citizens, who would be attending the Commonwealth Parliament. Politicians in the colonies are a professional class by themselves, as a rule, and the number of really capable men is very limited in such a young community.’

He passes on to speak of two considerations which have been thought to render the correctness of her decision doubtful. The first is that of defence:

‘It is obvious that New Zealand is weakened strategically in the case of attack by her isolated position, but in answer to this the New Zealanders make two points. First, while they remain in their present status, they are entitled to the protection of the British fleet, and are therefore spared the expense, hardly to be borne by such a community, of providing warships of their own. So long as Britain retains her maritime supremacy they feel safe. Secondly, in case of an attack on New Zealand, Australia would for her own sake, as well as by reason of ties of kinship, afford her every help and protection. Lest this should seem a selfish policy, New Zealand expresses her readiness—of which she has given practical proof during the South African war—to help in the work of imperial defence, and she expresses an equal willingness to assist Australia in any difficulty, her interests being bound up with those of the Continent.

The point is, of course, one that has to be considered, if only in deference to vulgar apprehensions; but it cannot be overlooked that until the downfall of Britain is an accomplished fact—that is, till some other nation or coalition has obtained the command of the sea\*—no serious attack on

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\* It may be necessary to say that ‘command of the sea’ is defined to be that absolute superiority which permits the party having it to send out comparatively defenceless expeditions without fear of their being interrupted.

either Australia or New Zealand is possible, though there may be casual raids, which the local forces of any one of the colonies ought to be, and we believe would be, quite capable of dealing with. The other consideration, that of the Federal tariff, appears to us of more practical importance, though Mr. Colquhoun thinks, or at least hopes, that it may not prove so.

‘The freedom of intercolonial commerce is of great importance to New Zealand, whose principal Australian trade is with Sydney, which has been for some years past a free port. The Federal Ministry, divided upon many questions, is unanimous in its determination to maintain a protectionist tariff outside the Federation. The tariff is not a hide-bound system on the American pattern, but rather a compromise between that and one desired purely for revenue purposes. The whole question is one that is likely to be keenly fought in the future, since New South Wales has a strong party of ardent free-traders. . . . It is to be hoped that the statesmen of Australia will not be blinded by the apparent exigencies of the moment to the advantages of that wide and generous policy which has been the characteristic of British trade in all quarters of the globe.’

But in Australia itself, among the federated States of the Commonwealth, there are at least two questions which, from the very beginning, tend to disintegration. The first is the construction of a trans-continental railway from Sydney to Perth, the *pro* and *contra* of which appear in very different lights to West Australia and South Australia. By reason of its magnificent harbour and its position on the east coast, where no other can at all compare with it, Sydney is the natural outlet for Australian trade in the Pacific. Hence the importance of the railway to Western Australia.

‘There are difficulties in the way, however, for this railway is opposed by some of the Eastern States and South Australia. If a line be made from Perth to Sydney across the continent, it is apparent that Adelaide must suffer very considerably; indeed, the *raison d'être* for its existence would almost disappear. Now the Commonwealth Act forbids the Federal authority to build a railway in any State without its consent. South Australia is very unlikely ever to give its consent unless some compensating advantage can be found, and the position is therefore certain to become more and more strained. . . . On the other hand, the Western Australians threaten to break up the Federal Government unless they get their railway and are thus brought into close contact with the rest of the Commonwealth, and this view is likely to become much stronger as the value of the Pacific becomes realised. . . . The difficulty is, therefore, a very serious one, and is likely to test the Federal Government severely.’

That it will be surmounted we have no doubt, though the

States may be for a time like some newly-married couples, who have to learn, with more or less friction, the limits of yielding, compromise, and self-assertion, and then live happy for ever afterwards. The labour question seems to us really far more serious. In Queensland white men cannot work effectively, and coloured labour has been and is largely employed. There are there no fewer than twenty thousand coloured aliens—Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, and Polynesians—none of them desirable as colonists, though sorely needed as labourers. But the labour party in the Southern States is very strong, and opposes the introduction or the presence of coloured aliens.

‘Despite the very strong planter interest brought to bear from Queensland, and the impossibility of fully developing that country without outside coloured aid, the Australians are determined to preserve their continent from what they call the contamination of the yellow and black races. The Pacific Island Labourers Bill prohibits islanders from entering the Commonwealth after March 31, 1904, and only allows their immigration meanwhile under licence. No agreement between employers and Pacific Island labourers is to remain in force after December 31, 1906; any islanders found in Australia after that date are to be deported. Already restrictions on Chinese and Japanese immigration have been greatly increased, while steps are to be taken against natives of India by means of an education test. As the Hindus are British subjects, this is sailing rather near the wind, and it is difficult to see how such measures can receive the sanction of the Imperial Government. Japan is not likely to acquiesce in the restrictions against Japanese, and she may adopt retaliatory measures.’

Difficulties with the Japanese there may possibly be, and to the annoyance of the Home Government, but we conceive there is not and cannot be any objection to the Australians protecting themselves from an undue immigration of Hindus or any other coloured British subjects—Houssas, for instance, or Kaffirs. The real difficulty, as it appears to us, will lie among the Australians themselves, and we do not think that Mr. Colquhoun overstates the case in saying: ‘The diverging interests—between the Federal Government, dependent on the white labour party, and North Australia, dependent on coloured labour—constitute a serious danger to the unity of the new Commonwealth.’

The most serious danger of all, however, not to the colonies only, but to the Empire, lies in the not improbable difference of opinion or in some misunderstanding between the Commonwealth and the mother country. For such differences or misunderstandings do occur. Our politicians

are not always statesmen, and are very often curiously or even ridiculously ignorant of colonial needs, feelings, and prejudices. Formerly, when such differences occurred, the colonies were weak, and gave way; now they are united and strong, and very probably would not. Just at present we are all so deeply impressed with the loyalty shown by the Australians—no less than by the Canadians and New Zealanders—in the recent war, that a sentimental feeling is greatly in evidence, which is not at all likely to stand the rude conflict of business life. We may think, and indeed do think, that the services rendered have been pure loyalty and affection. Possibly the Australians think so too, but it is at least probable that a time may come when many of them may think that the mother country is bound to reciprocate. Bismarck had no monopoly of the cynical motto ‘Do ut des;’ and the expected return may be neither pleasant nor prudent. Mr. Colquhoun has suggested—as we have seen—that friction might arise out of the refusal of the colonies to admit Hindus; it is perhaps more probable it might arise out of a refusal to make any concession in favour of the Japanese, whom it is the imperial policy to conciliate, as friends and allies. But putting, for the moment, hypothetical speculations on one side, we may take what has actually occurred in the past as an example of what may occur in the future.

In April 1883, acting on a belief, afterwards known to be well founded, that the Germans were preparing to annex New Guinea, the Queensland Government,

‘convinced that the establishment of a foreign Power close to their shores would be fatal to their interests, sent agents to take possession in the name of Great Britain—an action which met with the approval of all the other colonies, but was not confirmed by the Colonial Secretary, Lord Derby. Pressure was brought to bear by the colonists, who urged not only the annexation of New Guinea, but the prohibition of convict transportation to New Caledonia by France, and, in effect, the entire control of the Western Pacific by Great Britain. These demands were flatly refused, but the action of Germany in seizing part of northern New Guinea, while these negotiations were still pending, hastened matters, and the Government of the day, under Mr. Gladstone, at last gave way so far as to consent to the annexation of the southern side of New Guinea nearest to Australia.’\*

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\* This annexation, or rather protectorate, was proclaimed on October 10, 1884, and the Louisiade Islands were taken possession of on January 21, 1885, clearly in compliance with orders which must have been sent out from England about the time of the annexation.

We know that at the time the Australian colonies were greatly annoyed by the refusal of Lord Derby to recognise and support the action of Queensland, by the subsequent partition of New Guinea, and by the maintenance of the French convict station in New Caledonia. The questions are at present slumbering, but are not dead, and it is far from impossible that they may again wake to burning life. If so, they may give rise to a very serious divergence of interests. It is conceivable that, under certain conditions, the colonial feeling might be intensely hostile towards France or Germany, or rather towards the French or German possessions in the Pacific, whilst the home sentiment and European interests were all in favour of peace. A sentence of Mr. Colquhoun's strikes the same note :—

'Had the Federated Commonwealth come into existence earlier, it is doubtful if the United States would have been able to acquire her share of Samoa, while the present anomalous state of affairs in the New Hebrides would have been brought to an abrupt conclusion, and Germany would certainly not have had the opportunity for embarking on a policy of controlling an important section of the Pacific.'

And again :—

'The strategic importance of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia is not in reality a pressing matter, for Fiji dominates those groups. But New Guinea is of strategic value, and while Australia does not at present absolutely object to the presence there of Germany—quiescent in the north of the island and in the Solomon and smaller groups—she would strenuously resent any extensive development of German power in the Pacific, such as the creation of a large naval station, or the acquisition of any of the Dutch East Indies. Any such action would at once rouse Australasia to a man. The Australian Monroe doctrine has not yet been officially promulgated, or incorporated in the national policy, but its spirit is breathed by all Australians. The day therefore may not be distant when Britain may have to decide between her colonies and some of the European Powers—in particular her ally Germany. The question is certainly one that should receive serious consideration before the actual occasion arises, for by such consideration may the clashing of interests be avoided.'

In the diagonally opposite corner of the Pacific lies the English territory of British Columbia, which includes Vancouver Island, and is a constituent part of the Dominion of Canada. Hitherto, notwithstanding its gold, its deve-

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Mr. Colquhoun's dates are wildly incorrect ; a parallel of latitude he speaks of is impossible, and the details which are based on these dates and this parallel of latitude may be relegated to the region of 'good stories.'

lopement has not been great, though its vast natural wealth—not only gold, but coal, timber, minerals, and fish—as well as its numerous and excellent harbours, may and must bring it to a front place in the commerce and politics of the Pacific. This, however, will take time. Compared with her area and resources, the population is exceedingly small, which Mr. Colquhoun attributes partly to the amazing growth of timber, which, valuable in itself, is a hindrance to the immediate work of the farmer, and still more and especially to the lack of communication and consequent absence of a market for produce. ‘Urgent need exists,’ says Mr. Colquhoun, ‘for a network of local lines, which could be ‘worked at small cost, to bring the interior districts into ‘touch with each other and with the coast, and to tie them ‘all on to the great trunk line of Canada.’ The construction of these calls for money, and at present the Government of the Dominion does not see its way to assist.

But meantime the ocean trade is rapidly increasing—a trade with Japan, Eastern Russia, and China. In fact, this trade for the whole of the western coast of North America is developing enormously. The passenger traffic in the summer is very large indeed, and the cargo traffic is so large that for the last three years the tonnage has not been sufficient for it, and there have frequently been large accumulations waiting for ships; and this though six lines of steamers are running from the Pacific ports of America to Yokohama, and thence to the Russian and Chinese ports; of these three are from San Francisco, one from Tacoma, one from Portland, and one from Vancouver, which belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Portland line, too, is carried on by English ships, and one of the San Francisco lines, though chartered by an American company; the ships of the Tacoma line, and of one of the San Francisco, by Japanese.\* Clearly, it is not in the nature of things that a trade carried on by English, American, and Japanese should languish for want of ships, so that a large addition to the number of steamers on these lines may be expected.

In summing up his most interesting survey of the Pacific, Mr. Colquhoun seems to think that the future ‘mastery’ of it will rest with the United States, and assigns the second place to Japan. But taking into account the extent of coast-line and the excellent harbours of British Columbia, resting for their commercial basis on the vast resources of

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\* Steamship Subsidies, QQ. 1624–9.

the Dominion; the enormous developement that may be expected of the industries and commerce of Australia, New Zealand, and presently of South Africa, not to speak of the mother country itself, small in area but great in industry and wealth, we see no convincing reason for the belief that the British Empire is to be ousted from the pre-eminent position it has hitherto held—until, indeed, an awakened China claims its own. But then will be wars and revolutions, and the reign of topsy-turvydom, which may be possible—but not yet.

ART. XI.—1. *A Bill to make further provision with respect to Education in England and Wales.*

2. *Report of the Board of Education, 1900–1901.*

**A**N Education Bill should be a matter of interest to the whole community. We have an accumulated experience, unsatisfactory no doubt, but none the less instructive, of our own haphazard methods, and the Board of Education has brought within our reach, in its special reports, a knowledge of the methods of other countries. We have, therefore, a topic on which all might combine to work for the common good, and abundant material to assist our judgment.

Yet it may be safely said that nothing is more distasteful than educational legislation, alike to the average man who takes part in public affairs and to the man who is specially concerned with education. This does not arise solely from the difficulties of principle which have to be met, or the mass of detail which needs to be worked out. The attempt to solve difficulties and to arrange details is part of every day's work; but an Education Bill, if it is a large constructive measure, is not only encompassed with difficulties of principle and filled with contentious minutiae of local and educational government: it is haunted by the contrast of lofty motives and great ideals with small ambitions and untoward prejudices. To one man the subject presents itself as one of pedagogy, to another of local self-government, to another of religious freedom, to another of local or imperial finance. The teacher, the minister of religion, the ratepayer, the taxpayer, all have something to say: there are not wanting those who would sooner the whole country was left untaught than that the machinery of local control or the conditions of religious teaching were not arranged to their liking. Amid these cross-currents of opinion and purpose an Education Bill labours slowly on its way.

What are the defects which most urgently call for treatment? First and foremost, there is the religious difficulty, which dislocates our system of elementary education. Next, there is the debateable ground of higher elementary and lower secondary education—the teaching of boys and girls with a view, more or less immediate, to the practice of a trade or profession. Perhaps of all educational problems this is the most important to the future of the country. Thirdly, we need fuller provision for the training

of teachers, and last, though not least, we need the adjustment of our secondary education, not only to that kind which may be described as higher elementary, but to the requirements of the Universities and the professions.

With these problems in our minds it would seem when we look at an Education Bill that it contains very little about education. This, no doubt, is right and necessary. A statute can do no more than create authorities on whom it imposes duties and confers powers; it must leave its machinery to work on the lines laid down. Remote as this may seem from the practical business of education, it is important enough. For want of some such provisions as we find in this Bill, we have seen competition of authorities, duplication of institutions, waste of resources. We want, above all things, simplicity and definition, broad outlines unencumbered by detail, but drawn upon a sound plan. We must, therefore, study the machinery which the Bill creates.

The Bill commences (clause 1) by creating a local authority for education, the council of a county or county borough. The council is, for educational purposes, to act through a committee, the constitution of which may be considered later, but is to retain financial authority and rating power in its hands (clause 12). This authority may deal with elementary as well as secondary education, but subject to two important provisos, one of which has been received with partial and qualified approval, the other with very general condemnation. By the first of these, non-county boroughs with a population of over 10,000, and urban districts with a population of over 20,000, are cut out of their respective counties, and are to be independent authorities for elementary education (clause 1), with certain limited powers as to higher education (clause 3), and with the right, by agreement with the County Council, to relinquish their independence and merge themselves in the county (clause 15, *b*). The other proviso (clause 5) leaves it optional to any of these authorities to adopt the provisions and assume the powers relating to elementary education.

This strange adoptive clause gives an air of half-heartedness, almost of levity, to the entire measure. It is inconceivable that provisions of a highly contentious character, approved by Parliament as important to the educational future of the country, should be left to the option of local authorities; and it would be disastrous if county and municipal elections were embittered for years to come by

the question whether the solution of the religious difficulty in elementary education which had been accepted by Parliament, should or should not be accepted by the locality. This brings us to the religious difficulty and the mode in which the Bill treats it. But to estimate the treatment we must ascertain the nature of the difficulty, which may be said to have been formulated in 1870.

The Education Act of that year was designed to bring elementary education within the reach of all. Voluntary effort, supplemented by Government aid, had failed to supply the requisite school accommodation. New methods were needed, whereby present and future deficiencies might be met. It was but natural that the Church of England should desire to keep the hold which it had maintained for so long, and by such worthy efforts, upon the education of the people. It was equally natural that the opponents of the teaching of the Church of England saw with satisfaction the opportunity which now offered itself of diminishing, if not extinguishing, the influence of the Church in this department of national life.

The Bill went through some strange vicissitudes in its progress through the House of Commons. As originally introduced it provided that School Boards, chosen by various local authorities, were to have the power to assist schools of all denominations, subject to a conscience clause, out of the rates. In the form in which it became law, voluntary or denominational schools were excluded from rate aid, while school boards, directly elected, with the cumulative vote, were given unlimited power to draw upon the rates, but were restricted, as regards religious instruction given in schools under their control, to teaching without formularies.

Thus was the ground marked out for future conflict. The school board becomes the representative of the two principles of undenominational teaching and popular control, as against the voluntary school with its formularies and its *ex-officio* or nominated or co-opted managers. From the first the combatants were unequally matched, for, apart from the Parliamentary grant, the resources of the board school were measured only by the capacity of the ratepayer, those of the voluntary school were limited by the willingness of the subscriber.

The antagonism was prompt and keen, as two instances will show.

Although the machinery of the school board could be called into play to enforce attendance at school, a board

school might not be introduced into any school district in which the provision of school places was sufficient for the children. The supporters of voluntary schools therefore realised at once the urgent necessity for occupying the ground. Between 1839 and 1876 18,000,000*l.* was contributed from voluntary sources to the building of schools, and of this sum no less than 5,000,000*l.* was raised in the period between the passing of the Act of 1870 and the spring of 1876.

The other illustration may be taken from the debates on the Education Bill of 1876. Up to that time school boards alone possessed the power to make byelaws compelling attendance at school. Districts which desired that attendance should be compulsory found it necessary to form a school board, though there might be no board school. In 1876 a new authority was created. The school attendance committee, appointed, if the school district was a borough, by the council of the borough, if it was a parish, by the guardians of the union, received power to make byelaws to compel attendance. The existence of a school board where there was no board school was thenceforth unnecessary, and a clause was introduced at a late stage in the progress of the Bill empowering the ratepayers, under certain conditions, to dissolve a school board which had been created for this purpose. Long and acrimonious debates ensued. The fact that the board had become useless for the purpose for which it had been created was not allowed by the opposition to weigh against the consideration that the school board was an outpost against voluntaryism, and that its existence, necessary or unnecessary, was a good in itself which should not be lost.

As time went on it became more clearly manifest that voluntary effort could not, in the long run, compete successfully with institutions which had an unlimited control of the rates. Free education, established in 1891, was not a universal boon to voluntary schools. The uniform fee grant of ten shillings was helpful to rural schools where fees had been low, but was a poor compensation to schools in large towns where parents had been able and willing to pay substantial fees. The higher standard of accommodation set during the last ten years was no great hardship to the school board, for it could borrow for building, on the security of the rates; but the voluntary school, which had to beg for the funds needed to pay for the required improvements, was in a very different case. The ambitious and

abortive Bill of 1896 was designed at one and the same time to assist voluntary schools; to provide machinery for the extinction of school boards; and to create local authorities for secondary education who might ultimately manage education of all kinds within their respective areas. The Bill stirred up all the elements of jealousy lurking among the various local authorities which compete for educational functions, and its failure left the voluntary schools where they were. The Act of 1897 gave an aid grant of five shillings per scholar to voluntary schools, but this and the abolition of the limit of 17s. 6d. to the Parliamentary grant\* have not redressed the balance. Financial inequality must necessarily mean unequal efficiency. It is idle to try to build a great educational system upon these jarring elements; such a system must begin from below and work up from the sure foundation of sound training in the rudiments of knowledge.

Thus we have to face a combined financial and religious difficulty. Let us take the financial difficulty first. There are more than 14,000 voluntary schools, educating more than 3,000,000 children. Voluntary contributions for the maintenance of these amounted, in 1900, to the sum of 800,602l. But whereas the average cost of each child in a voluntary school was 2l. 6s. 4½d., the board school child cost on an average 2l. 17s. 7½d. To the cost of the board school child the rates contributed 1l. 5s. 6½d. in each case, and to each voluntary school child subscriptions contributed 6s. 4½d. The average of the board school charge is raised by the inclusion of London, where every child in a board school cost 3l. 15s. 9½d., towards which sum rates contributed 2l. 3s. 7½d. If we exclude London we get a cost per child of 2l. 12s. 7½d. in board schools, and of 2l. 5s. 9d. in voluntary schools, leaving a difference in cost, roughly speaking, of seven shillings a child.

This difference in cost may, and doubtless does in some cases, mean extravagance on the part of the school boards. It is not easy to practise strict economy when you have full

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\* This means that from 1876-1897, if the contributions from voluntary contributions, rates, fees, endowments, or other sources did not amount to more than 17s. 6d. per child, the Parliamentary grant did not exceed that sum, although a larger grant might have been earned. The abolition of fees had reduced the power of the voluntary schools to meet the Parliamentary grant by a corresponding contribution, and the removal of the limit restored the power to obtain the full grant earned.

power to spend other people's money in a cause which you believe to be good. But the difference does more probably mean that the voluntary schools throughout the country are not maintained at the same standard of efficiency as board schools. To bring the two kinds of schools up to a uniform standard of efficiency involves a heavy charge either on the rates or on the Exchequer. If we strike off from the items of payment towards the maintenance of the child in a voluntary school the amount of voluntary contributions, and then add to the items of charge the sum necessary to bring him up to the level of the board school child, we get an additional charge on the rates (and the charge would naturally fall on the rates) of about two millions. This does not include London.

But if the voluntary schools are to disappear, they must be replaced, and the ratepayer or taxpayer must provide, by the purchase of existing schools or the erection of new ones, for school accommodation corresponding to that of the existing 14,000 voluntary schools.

Yet the children must be educated; and it is necessary to ask whether there is any reason, other than that of cost, which prevents the State from requiring that all schools receiving a Parliamentary grant should be placed under popular control, and thus securing that the same standard of efficiency is maintained over the whole field of elementary education.

This brings us to the religious difficulty. The conditions of religious teaching in board schools are set forth in the Cowper Temple clause, s. 14, of the Act of 1870:—‘No religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any religious denomination shall be taught in the school.’ Under this clause the Bible may be read and taught as a historical and moral exercise. In some board schools the Apostles’ Creed is taught by a sort of compromise and on sufferance; but those answers in the Church Catechism which describe the Christian’s duty to God and to his neighbour have been held on the highest legal authority to be denominational.

Those who maintain the usefulness and the justice of this clause employ a somewhat illogical combination of arguments. It is alleged, on the one hand, that the State has nothing to do with religious teaching, but should confine itself to secular instruction; and, on the other hand, that the religious teaching given by board school teachers is often, for all practical purposes, denominational, that it is

given by teachers who are members of the Church of England, and should therefore be satisfactory to churchmen.

These arguments are, no doubt, self-contradictory; but even if the contention as to the character of board school teaching stood alone it would not meet the case.

Firstly, it proceeds on the assumption that the Church of England is the only religious denomination interested in the matter. There were in the year 1900 no less than 1,045 Roman Catholic schools and 488 Wesleyan schools, besides the 11,777 Church of England schools. This shows that the desire for denominational teaching is not confined to the Church of England, and that if teaching satisfactory to English churchmen is given in board schools the law is not observed, and the teaching cannot satisfy other members who may attend the school.

Doubtless many board school teachers are members of the Church of England, and can give teaching satisfactory to members of that Church, but this is largely due to the fact that the majority of the training colleges are now denominational and Anglican. This state of things may not last, nor is it desirable that so important a department of our educational system should be left, to so large an extent, in the hands of any religious denomination. Hereafter the trained teacher may have passed through an undenominational college, and may not possess either the training or the inclination to give the denominational teaching which is now given by some board school teachers in such satisfactory measure and quality.

But no attempt has been made to meet the most serious objection which may be brought against the Cowper Temple clause. This enactment does not merely affect the character of the religious teaching which may be given: it clearly admits of an education from which all religious teaching is omitted. And this is an objection which is felt by many who may not care to press the claims of one denomination against another, but who do not desire to see education become wholly secular. In fact, the objectors to the present form of settlement may be ranged in three groups—first, those who desire, generally, that religious teaching should form a part of education; next, those who hold more definitely that every child should be brought up in the faith of his parents; and, lastly, those who desire to see the clergy of the Church of England retain their control over the elementary education of the country.

To these last the Bill of 1902 offers little attraction. Its proposals would appear to proceed on this broad and reasonable line of argument, that to allow the voluntary schools to struggle on under their present conditions would for a long time to come maintain differences of staff, of equipment, of standard, which destroy the uniform quality of our elementary education; that to replace them by universal board schools would throw a heavy burden on the ratepayer or the taxpayer; while to secularise all schools would offend the convictions of very many who, without desiring to clericalise education, are unwilling that it should be divorced from the religious life of the community.

The terms proposed in the Bill are sure to be sharply criticised, but they seem to offer at least the basis of a fair compromise. The managers of a voluntary school are to provide the building, to keep it in repair, and, if required, are to make alterations and improvements; they are to admit a representation of the local authority amounting to one-third of their number; they are to be subject to a veto, on secular grounds, to their appointment of teachers, and to any direction which the local authority may give as to the secular instruction in the school. This last provision would empower the local authority to require the dismissal, on secular grounds, of an incompetent teacher. In return the school will be maintained and kept efficient by the local authority out of the rates.

Such, in outline, is the proposed solution of the difficulty as regards the maintenance of existing schools. But there is a further concession to the voluntary principle.

To understand this it must be borne in mind that a new school is not recognised by the Education Department for the purpose of the Parliamentary grant unless there is an existing deficiency of school places in the area. Hence a Church school may exist as the only school in a district, maintained by voluntary effort, although a large majority of the scholars may be children of nonconformist parents. While it exists, and affords an adequate supply of school places, no other school can be recognised by the Board of Education. The Bill proposes to correct this hardship, not by allowing the required religious instruction to be given in the existing school, but by enabling any denomination, or the local authority, to give notice that it proposes to build a school. An appeal is to lie to the Board of Education by the local authority, by the managers of any existing school, or by any ten ratepayers within the area, on the ground that

the school is not required, or that an existing school is better suited to meet the wants of the district. The board is to decide, having regard to the interests of secular education, to the wishes of the parents as to the education of their children, and to the economy of the rates.

This part of the scheme is open to criticism on several grounds. It does not help those who are not wealthy enough to provide a school; and it burdens the area with two schools where, in many cases, for all purposes of secular instruction, one would suffice. Moreover, since voluntary schools under the Act of 1897 obtain a grant of five shillings per child, the Bill, as framed, gave a preference to such schools in the event of an appeal—a preference based on the economy of the rates.\*

Such is the solution of the religious difficulty proposed by the Government in substitution of the present arrangement, whereby denominational teaching is given in voluntary schools subject to a conscience clause, while in board schools no denominational teaching *may* be given, and no religious teaching *need* be given.

Another suggested solution is the repeal of the Cowper Temple clause. This would leave to those who had the control and management of the schools the decision whether there should be any, and what, religious teaching. Every child would be protected by the conscience clause; no child would receive teaching of which its parents disapproved; but the board or managers with the whole range of denominations to choose from would make their selection, or determine that all should be excluded. If this should ever be accepted as a solution, we must face the certainty of vehement contests between the advocates of different kinds of sectarian teaching, the possibility that the character of the teaching might vary with the fluctuations in the strength of parties on the board of managers, and the strong probability that repose from religious controversy might be found in the acceptance of a religious teaching

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\* This objection is removed by the proposals laid before the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour on June 23. The sums paid to voluntary schools and the smaller sums paid to necessitous board schools under the Acts of 1897 will be withdrawn, and their amounts (860,000*l.*), together with a sum of 900,000*l.* contributed by the Treasury, will be paid to all schools alike. Four shillings a head will be paid for every child in average attendance, and the residue will be divided, in proportion to their necessity, among districts where a penny rate produces less than ten shillings per child.

which was colourless, or the rejection of such teaching altogether.

Then there is the proposal to allow what are called 'out-side facilities.' These would enable the child to be sent, or kept from school, during some part of the school hours, when he could receive, at home or in some neighbouring room, religious teaching which might not be given at school.

Lastly, there is the proposal which figured as clause 27 in the Bill of 1896, by which every school should be open on reasonable demand to external teachers of every denomination. This plan would, doubtless, involve some difficulties as to the time-table of study, possibly also some difficulty as to accommodation. But it would more surely than any other plan meet every reasonable and genuine requirement.

It may be worth while to profit by the experience of a neighbour. Mr. Brereton, in his interesting report on the rural schools of North-West France, describes the process of secularising the schools. Elementary education was made 'otm' 1881; compulsory, in 1882; secular, in 1886. 'The realisation-programme was to be purged of all denominational educating distinctively Roman Catholic, Protestant, or highwish, the teaching of *la morale* being put in its place.' tiesState schools for boys all teachers were, within five the s, to be laymen: in those for girls, the *religieuses* who acquit were to be left in possession until death or resignation. The consequences of the new *régime* to some of the teachers in rural districts were decidedly painful.

'The adversaries of the school in one village put about 'statements that the lay-teachers strangled their pupils. In 'other *communes* the parents, under threat of extreme 'ecclesiastical penalties, withdrew their children *en masse*. 'In others, the new teacher (sometimes a woman) was 'received with a shower of stones. Other teachers, again, 'found themselves boycotted. The local grocer and provision-merchant refused to supply them; they could get 'neither flour nor milk on the spot.' A parish council, with a fervour which some English ecclesiastics might envy, passed a resolution deploring 'd'être obligé par une loi 'scélérate à entretenir une école de perdition.'

This bitterness is passing away, but still the struggle between the State schools and the private schools under religious superintendence continues, and as with our board and voluntary schools the struggle is partly religious, partly financial. Mr. Brereton cites the opinion of 'a primary

The Secondary Education Commissioners sought long to distinguish elementary and secondary education. They received many suggestions: that it depended on the length of years given to school life; on the character of the instruction given; on the social position and pecuniary means of the parents; on the department responsible for dispensing the money voted by Parliament. At last to the question, uttered almost in the tones of Pilate, 'What is 'secondary education?' they formed an answer on this wise. 'It is the education of the boy or girl not simply as a 'human being who needs to be instructed in the mere rudi-

\* **Special Reports on Educational Subjects**, vol. vii. p. 39.

'ments of knowledge, but it is a process of intellectual training and personal discipline conducted with special regard to the profession or trade to be followed.' Secondary education would thus extend over a wide surface, from the immediate preparation for the exercise of a craft to the leisurely developement of the faculties with a view to entering one of the liberal professions, or to the exercise of the higher duties of citizenship.

It is plain that secondary education thus defined needs subdivision. There is an education, which from its immediate bearing on practical work, is clearly distinguishable from secondary education properly so-called, and the distinction is well marked in France, where the importance of this branch of education, which is there called 'higher elementary,' has long been clearly understood. Put in its shortest form, it means 'the recognition of the fact that even the lower ranks, both of commerce and industry, imperatively need a special form of education which must be beyond that given by the elementary school, but quite other than that of the secondary school.'\* From this realisation of one of the greatest and most urgent of educational needs has sprung the excellent system of higher elementary schools in France. The French authorities have asked themselves, first, how can we best employ the time which a boy or girl can spare between the acquisition of a groundwork of elementary education and the commencement of a wage-earning life? and next, how can we ensure that those who receive this education are such as will really profit by it, and that it is not wasted or misused by the casual or dilettante student?

So we find three kinds of school, distinct in character from one another, and from the true elementary school. The problems of the higher elementary education, if not completely solved, have been clearly apprehended and methodically approached. A distinction has been drawn between the practical teaching which has for its purpose to impart technical skill in the exercise of a trade or profession, and the teaching which, although preparatory for a trade or profession, lays more stress on the scientific aspects of the subject in hand, and treats it as the material out of which a general education can be obtained. Thus the *écoles professionnelles* or *écoles pratiques de commerce et d'industrie* give an education which brings the learner into close contact

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\* Special Reports on Educational Subjects, vol. i. p. 297.

with the technicalities of his future business, whether agricultural, commercial, or industrial; and the *écoles primaires supérieures*, while they keep the technical and professional purpose of their teaching always in view, aim at the completion of general education, and use the professional study for this end. The distinction drawn between these two kinds of school is much the same as may be drawn between the legal and medical teaching at our Universities and the practical instruction which is obtained in a hospital or in a barrister's chambers. The needs of the student have been carefully thought out; and while, if we follow the history of these schools we shall see that the French Ministry of Public Instruction has spared no pains to give effect to its views, the benefit of these schools is confined to those who are capable of profiting by them. The candidate who desires to be admitted to the higher primary school must produce a *certificat d'études* that he or she has completed the elementary course, and has passed a year in the highest standard of the elementary school. Sometimes a qualifying examination, in some cases a competitive examination, is preliminary to admission. Not only are the conditions of entrance such as to exclude all but the best products of the elementary school; extreme care is also taken that children should not continue at a school unless they can profit by it, and that their studies should be directed toward the pursuits in which they are most likely to succeed.

Lower in the scale of this kind of education, and yet superior to that which is primary, is the *cours complémentaires*. This is permitted to an ordinary elementary school which takes children up to the highest standard—has a *cours supérieur*. The pupils here must have remained for a year in the highest standard, and must possess the *certificat d'études*. The course is not allowed to last for more than a year; it is in the strictest sense a continuation class, and is not allowed to compete with the higher primary schools.

In large rural districts with a scattered population it is clearly impossible that the requirements which these schools are intended to meet can be met merely by day schools. To meet this difficulty, boarding-houses are established, sometimes under the management of the director of the school, sometimes under the control of the municipality. The cost of education thus given would for the greater part of the rural population be prohibitory, but it is met by a system of scholarships adapted to the various charges to which parents may be put in cases where the education of the child pre-

vents it from earning money, takes it some distance from its home, or necessitates expenses for board and lodging.

It is true that this system has been worked out by a central authority, undisturbed by jarring local authorities, or the local ambitions and vanities which spring from popular control. It is true, also, that we could produce, here and there, institutions corresponding to those of the French system. To some extent our technical school corresponds to the *école professionnelle*; our higher grade board school, with a science school attached to it, corresponds to the *école primaire supérieure*; and our continuation classes to the *cours supplémentaire*: but the correspondence is accidental and incomplete, our institutions are unsystematic. We have let one authority after another grow up with duties ill defined, and with no settled purpose.

In the year 1900 the sort of education which we have endeavoured to describe was assisted by the State from three different sources, and was provided by local authorities in four different ways. The Board of Education, acting from Whitehall, dispensed the parliamentary grant for elementary education, which, as will be seen, might be carried beyond the elementary stage. The same Board, acting from South Kensington, dispensed the parliamentary grant for science and art, which appears to be regarded as an aid to secondary education. Councils of counties and boroughs and urban district councils, which in 1889 were empowered to raise a rate of one penny in the pound for the provision of technical instruction, received also a residue under the Local Taxation Act of 1890—a sum which originally represented the amount which the Government of that year had allocated to the purchase of superfluous licences, but which has come to mean nearly the whole of the amount which the Government had then intended to devote to the relief of local finance.

Apart from the work done by endowed schools, and the efforts of individuals or societies, the local authorities which provided this higher elementary education were the elementary schools (board and voluntary), the county and borough and urban district councils. The modes in which this form of education was provided were as follows.

The elementary school code contained a long list of subjects for instruction—some of these were necessary, some were ‘class’ subjects, others were ‘specific’ subjects. The class subjects were English, elementary science, history, and geography, and a grant could not be earned for more than

two of these. The specific subjects were numerous, and were left to the discretion of the teacher. Although by the teaching of these subjects the children in the higher standards might obtain an education which was more than elementary, there was no general curriculum, suited to the needs of the average child, with variations corresponding to the line of life which the child might be intended to follow. It might not be unjust to say that the specific subjects were often taught more for the sake of the grant than for the sake of the child.

Then there were certain board schools, which not only taught the more advanced specific subjects of the Code, but which also established science and art schools as a part of their educational machinery, maintaining them partly out of the rates, and partly out of the grants obtained, not from the Whitehall Department of the Board of Education but from the Science and Art Department, which claimed to deal with secondary education.

Thirdly, there were the Technical Instruction Committees of county and borough and urban district councils, which established technical schools of their own, or gave assistance out of the funds at their disposal to existing schools. In the latter case these grants tended, in the opinion of the Secondary Education Committee, to modify the curricula of the schools to the undue restriction of literary teaching.

Lastly, there were evening continuation schools, sometimes set on foot by school boards, and teaching a great variety of subjects. These schools drew upon Whitehall, in so far as they taught the subjects of the Code, upon South Kensington for their teaching of science and art, sometimes upon the local authorities under the Technical Instruction Act; sometimes they demanded fees, and, if attached to board schools, they drew on the rates.

The technical schools may be put aside: their career has been unaffected by departmental action or by judicial decision. But in the year 1900 these two influences acted very strongly on the other sources of the higher elementary education.

First the Board of Education introduced into the Code of 1900 the system of the 'block grant,' which had already been successfully used in Scotland. Instead of payment by results as shown by the preparation of individual children in 'class' or 'specific' subjects, a normal grant of 22s. was made for each child; the lower grant, which is, in fact, a warning of inefficiency and possible dissolution, is 21s.

The merits of the system are set out in the speech of Mr. Jebb in moving a resolution of approval of the new Code:—

‘ The first great merit of the block grant is that it delivers primary education from the influence of a mercenary motive. Under the old system of payment for individual subjects there was a strong inducement to managers and masters to turn a school into a machine for earning the largest possible grant irrespective of the true educational interests of the children. . . . The second great merit of the block grant is that it gives more freedom and greater elasticity in the choice of subjects to be taught. The curriculum in each school can be adapted to the particular needs and circumstances of the children ’ (Parliamentary Debates, 4th series, vol. 82, p. 605).

These were undoubted merits. But against them should be set the withdrawal of higher payments for higher teaching, which might not always have been given on the best lines or with the best motives, but which henceforth would probably not be given at all. The Board of Education proposed to counteract this by the issue of the Higher Elementary Schools Minute.

This minute purported to establish higher grade schools for children who had passed or could pass Standard IV. of the Code. The grants to be made were substantial: the course of study was planned to last for four years, ending at the age of 15; and one condition of the grants was to be ‘ the suitability of the instruction to the circumstances of the scholars and the neighbourhood.’

So much for departmental action, the effect of which we may presently return to consider. An influence more widely discussed, if not more far-reaching, was exercised on our higher elementary education by the judgement in the case of *Reg. v. Cockerton*, delivered in the Queen’s Bench Division of the High Court in December, 1900, and affirmed on appeal in the spring of 1901.

This much-controverted judgement laid down two rules which do not need any special training in the subtleties of law for their comprehension. School boards were created to provide elementary education for children, and, to this end, were empowered to draw upon the rates. They cannot, therefore, use the rates to provide education which is not elementary, or to provide education for adults. Elementary education is defined, roughly, by the subjects recognised in the Code issued from Whitehall, but this rough definition is enough to exclude the organised schools of science created by school boards and teaching the sub-

jects for which science and art grants were made from South Kensington.

The age-limit for elementary education has no statutory definition, but the Board of Education has satisfied itself, on high legal authority, that after the age of 15 a boy or girl ceases to be a child. The judgement has been canvassed more as though it were a political pamphlet than a legal decision, but we must confess that to the ordinary mind, not specially desirous that school boards should be either extolled or rebuffed, it seems to be good law and good common sense. And yet the feeling excited by the decision comes not merely from the self-importance or partisanship of those interested in school boards, it is inspired by a sense of the value of the sort of education provided by these school boards, and the neglect of Governments, past and present, to secure its provision.

It may be asked why the Minute creating higher elementary schools failed to satisfy this requirement. The answer is to be found in a speech of the Vice-President of the Board of Education.

‘There is no power to give these large grants in the higher elementary school minute to any school which does not teach subjects outside of the elementary school code, and there is no Parliamentary authority to give grants for anything outside the code but scientific subjects. The general idea of Parliament is that literary education is provided for by very large endowments, that technical education is provided for by the “whiskey money” (i.e. the residue under the Local Taxation Act, 1890), and that science and art are provided for by the annual grants of the House of Commons (Parliamentary Debates, 4th series, vol. 90, p. 672).

This sentence marks the disjointed character of our educational system. It is accentuated by the subsequent and most recent action of the Board of Education. Evening schools are now aided by Parliamentary grant as secondary and technical schools, on condition that at least a quarter of the cost is provided from local sources—fees, subscriptions, endowments, or grants from the local authority. Secondary day-schools are established on the same conditions as to the extent of the Parliamentary grant. But here again we are met by the limitations of the grant. Parliament recognises nothing outside elementary education except science and art, consequently the secondary day-schools fall into two classes—science and art schools—to which the Board contributes, out of the funds placed at its disposal by Parliament, not more than three-quarters of the total expenditure of the

school;—and secondary schools applying for a grant and obtaining one on certain conditions. In these last a general education is supplied from the resources of the school, and science teaching is provided by grants from the Board.

Parliament, therefore, in the money granted to the Board of Education recognises only two things—elementary education and science and art; while in the money granted under the Local Taxation Act 1890 it also recognises technical instruction. Technical instruction, as defined by the Act of 1889, covers the subjects recognised by the Science and Art Department, and includes ‘modern languages and commercial and agricultural subjects.’

We may now ask how the Education Bill treats the difficulties and the problems which we have been discussing—the numerous educational authorities, the various funds from which education is supplied, and the limited recognition by Parliament of educational subjects. In the first place it creates in counties and county boroughs one local authority for elementary education and for education which is described as ‘other than elementary.’ The new authority is thus set free from all hypothetical and arbitrary distinctions such as have hitherto hampered, and still hamper, the Board of Education. Power is given to create schools higher than elementary schools in such a graduation and of such a character as the authority may determine, having regard to the resources at its disposal and the needs of the locality, and in these schools literary subjects may be combined with scientific and technical.

The non-county boroughs and urban districts with populations respectively of more than ten and twenty thousand are not only to be independent, if they please, as regards elementary education, but are to have powers concurrent with those of the County Council as regards education other than elementary, and to spend what they think fit up to the amount which would be produced by a rate of a penny in the pound. The county authority will have the power of raising a rate to the amount of twopence in the pound, and will, besides this, have the control of the residue under the Local Taxation Act 1890, commonly called ‘the whiskey money.’

The wisdom of the excision of these smaller corporations from the larger area is open to question. They may, if they please, under clause 5 of the Bill, retain their existing system for elementary education, and therewith the present conflict of authorities—the municipality, the school board, the

voluntary school—with their various types of education and sources of supply.

If the option as to elementary education were withdrawn, this proviso is less objectionable. The burden thrown on the counties of taking over the elementary schools would be lightened, and the educational interest, which in many towns is strong and keen, would be fostered by this measure of autonomy.

On the other hand, it may be difficult in some parts of England, where towns are numerous, to provide for the intervening spaces of country. The withdrawal of wealthy urban districts from the rateable area of the county may cause financial embarrassment; while much of the administrative merits of the plan for constituting one authority will be lost if, for the purpose of elementary education, a county is dotted over with a number of small independent units. It has been suggested that the consent of the County Council should be required to this autonomy of the towns within its area, or that, at any rate, the county should retain financial control. There is much to be said for either of these propositions, but they bring us face to face with two important features of the Bill—the constitution of the new authority and its powers and resources in respect of finance.

Is the new authority well constituted for the ends which it has to serve? The Bill is elastic to the verge of vagueness on this point. The council of the county, borough, or urban district, is to act through a committee 'constituted in accordance with a scheme made by the council and approved by the Board of Education.' Only two conditions are laid down as essential to the scheme. It must provide that a majority of the committee are chosen and appointed by the council, and it must provide for the appointment of experts in education and of persons acquainted with the educational needs of the area.

The Secondary Education Commission advocated a process of indirect election, nomination, and co-optation for their secondary education authority differing somewhat as to composition in counties and boroughs. Lord Rosebery, speaking on May 30, expressed himself in favour of one local authority for elementary and secondary education, and of an indirectly elected authority; partly because the frequent recurrence of elections is to be avoided, partly because the introduction of educational interests into municipal elections would give them enhanced dignity and importance. One may hope that this would be so, but it is tolerably certain

that educational interests have not hitherto excited very great attention in the elections to school boards.

There is a general preference for indirect election, but for some reasons it would be very important that the council of the county or borough should be largely represented, or that it should even be in a majority on the committee through which it must act.

The committee will have to incur certain financial liabilities, and it should, in the opinion of many, possess financial control. If its budget is to be revised and amended by the council, its independence of action will be gone. If it is to have a free hand, not only as regards the money placed at its disposal by Parliament, but also as to the exercise of rating powers for educational purposes, there arises the necessity that the committee should have behind it the force which comes from a popular element in its composition. In other words, a majority of its members must be the elected members of the council. Direct election may not create or maintain a good educational authority, but the authority must be in some measure representative if it is to retain the confidence of its public.

We may now consider the financial resources of the committee, first for elementary and then for secondary education. For elementary education there is first the Government grant; and it may be hoped that the forms which this has assumed, the block grant, fee grant, aid grant, will now be simplified. There are the rates on which the maintenance of the voluntary schools will henceforth make a large additional demand, and there are endowments to which no allusion is made in the Bill, but which will need to be dealt with. Out of these funds the local authority will be required to maintain all the elementary schools and to provide, from time to time alter and improve, and keep in good repair, all but the voluntary schools.

For secondary education there is the residue under the Local Taxation Act 1890 amounting in 1901 to more than a million. County Councils have power to raise money by rate up to twopence in the pound, the Local Government Board may fix a higher rate by Provisional Order, on the application of the council of a county or county borough, while the autonomous boroughs and urban districts may raise another penny. Fees may be charged for education other than elementary, and the local authority, though it has no power to deal with endowments, will probably be able, by offer of subsidies, to come to terms with the smaller

grammar schools, and to utilise the endowments within its area.

These resources are not large, and inasmuch as the same authority will, as regards counties and county boroughs, be responsible for both kinds of education, it may be feared that the additional charge which voluntary schools will make on the rates may deter the councils from the free exercise of their rating powers for the higher education.

The disinclination of the ratepayer to meet the growing needs of education may have an effect other than the mere diminution of educational resources. Already we hear a demand, becoming constantly more urgent, that Parliament should come to his assistance, and that a larger sum should be given to elementary education from the Imperial Exchequer. This may set free money for education other than elementary, but it must also react on the constitution of the new education authority. The larger the sum contributed by the general taxpayer, the smaller the reasons for demanding local representation and popular control, the greater the probability that persons nominated by the Board of Education may occupy a considerable space on the committee of the local authority.

The smallness of the resources which the Bill provides becomes more apparent when we consider that the new authority will not only be expected to make provision for higher education, but to take some steps toward the more complete and efficient system for the training of teachers.

In elementary education the need of such training has been long recognised. Few indeed, if any, are likely to possess an innate capacity for the maintenance of discipline in large classes, the power of arresting and keeping the attention of children, and of putting knowledge in such a form as would reach young and uninformed minds. In secondary schools it has been thought until very recently that anyone could teach who knew a little more than the learner.

The need of larger appliances for the training of teachers in elementary schools is apparent in the report of the Board of Education for 1900-1901. It appears from that report that 139,818 teachers are engaged in the teaching of more than four and a half million children. Of this number of teachers not more than 62,085 are certificated, and of these again not more than 36,020 have passed through training colleges.

Many of those who have not passed through colleges

have nevertheless obtained valuable practical experience as pupil teachers or assistants under trained and capable teachers; but the fact remains that more than half of the certificated teachers in elementary schools have picked up their training as best they could, and have prepared themselves for their examinations in the scanty leisure which their work in the school allowed.

His Majesty's Inspector of Training Colleges attributes this result to several causes. One is a continuance of the belief that teaching is a natural gift, that the power to teach is not to be learned by any scientific process of education. Another is the paucity of training colleges and the denominational character of the greater number. A third is the expense which attends a course of training, expense which to the students is not represented merely by outlay, but by postponement of the time for the profitable exercise of their profession.

The difference in the effect of study at a training college and preparation for examination while engaged in the hard and practical work of teaching, is made very clear in the same report. The acting teacher is at a serious disadvantage as compared with the student at a residential college, when brought to the test of examination.

'Their success in our examinations is far from brilliant. One comparison will bring out clearly how they stand in relation to students from training colleges. Last year 3,510 acting teachers took papers for the second part of the second year examination. Of these 439 failed outright, 262 passed in the first division, 777 in the second, and 2,032 in the third. In the same year (1899) out of 1,868 students in residential colleges who took the same part of a similar examination none failed, 1,195 passed in the first division, 572 in the second, and 91 in the third. As the third division does not qualify to take charge of pupil teachers, the difference means a great deal.'\*

Such being the value of training, and such the advantage which the trained student has over the untrained, it is unsatisfactory to learn that, comparing the number of children in the schools and of certificated teachers who have gone through a course of training, there is but one trained teacher for every 128 children. The statistics of the training colleges, day and residential, show that their yearly supply will not overtake the demand for many years

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\* Report of the Board of Education 1900-1901, vol. ii. p. 186. Pt. I. Division ii. Mr. Rankine's Report on Training Colleges.

to come, even if that demand is put as low as one trained teacher for every 100 children, and if we assume no increase in the number attending school.

But the dearth of trained teachers does not arise only from the causes which deter the student from undertaking a course of instruction at a training college. The residential colleges themselves are deficient in number, in means, and in freedom of character. In other words, they are too few, they are too poor, and, with two exceptions, they are denominational.

At present the Government assists residential training colleges to the extent of three-fourths of the certified expenditure, the remaining fourth comes from contributions of individuals and societies, and from fees paid by the students. Building and supervision must come from private sources. Then, too, the denominational character of so many of these colleges is a serious drawback to their general usefulness. The two difficulties are summed up in a paragraph of the report.

‘The number of our training colleges is insufficient. Many teachers would gladly avail themselves of the advantages of college life, but there is no room for them. Nonconformists especially are at a disadvantage, as there are many cases of King’s scholars high in the first class who cannot get a place.’

A King’s scholarship, it may be mentioned, is nothing more than a right to a place in a training college, if a place can be obtained.

The training of teachers for secondary schools is not a matter of local interest, nor one to be dealt with by a local authority. But the training of the elementary teacher in elementary schools seems to grow naturally out of the elementary education of the area, and to be a matter for which some provision should be made. How far such provision is possible out of the moderate resources which will be at the disposal of the local authority may well be regarded as uncertain. But if these resources should be sufficient, the Bill, in clause 18, extends the power of supplying education other than elementary so as to enable the local authority ‘to make provision for the purpose outside their area ‘where they consider it expedient to do so in the interests of ‘their area.’ This is important for the purpose of training colleges. It may often be convenient to assist the teachers of one locality to enter a training college at another; or to combine the resources of two educational areas. And it is

always desirable that the course of training should give as large a variety of experience as possible. A narrow range of vision and monotony of ideas are common failings of the teachers, and they react upon the pupils.

The Bill will not affect the higher secondary schools, nor can it be expected to do anything for the higher secondary education. The local authority has no jurisdiction over any schools other than elementary, except where it creates schools of its own. It may obtain an influence by subsidies of money, or a definite voice in the management by requiring representation on the governing body in return for an annual grant; it may, by judicious provision of scholarships, enable clever boys to make their way from the higher grade schools to the universities. The many problems which our higher education presents are left untouched, nor can they be dealt with easily by legislation.

But the Education Bill of 1902, in spite of its many options, its apologetic and half-hearted character, does offer a possible solution of the religious difficulty, while at the same time it brings under one authority our system of elementary education, and those various studies by which youth is prepared for the practical work of life, which may be conveniently, if somewhat vaguely, described as 'education other than elementary.' Through the agency of this authority we may hope that our system of elementary education will be simplified, consolidated, and strengthened, while the higher education will be more readily adapted to the various purposes which it has to serve, and more readily available to the classes which require it.

**ART. XII.—*Agreement as to Terms of Surrender of the Boer Forces in the Field.*** (Parliamentary Papers, South Africa, June 1902.)

**T**HE month of June 1902 will long live in the memory of Englishmen all over the world. One common feeling was animating us all. The great solemnity of the Coronation fixed for June 26 was looked forward to as a unique ceremonial which was to bring together for a great constitutional function British citizens of many races and every clime. Our new King was to be crowned, and his Coronation was to be the best demonstration that the Empire could give of the Imperial unity, of which the Crown and the Flag are the symbols.

Peace had come at last. London and the country had finished their preparations to celebrate in worthy and joyful fashion the crowning of the King. Foreign princes, Colonial statesmen, Indian potentates, envoys from every nation of the earth had arrived. Suddenly, only some forty hours or so before Westminster Abbey was to throw open its doors for the great function, the announcement came that the King was dangerously ill, and that the Coronation could not take place. Never was there a more sudden transition from happy anticipations and popular rejoicing to disappointment, to be succeeded by feelings of the gravest anxiety as the nature of his Majesty's illness became known. The week following the operation was necessarily a most anxious one; but a strong constitution, and the science and skill of the most eminent surgical and medical men of the day, have brought the King through his worst perils, and his subjects may now reasonably indulge a confident hope of his ultimate restoration to health.

Deep had been the feeling of thankfulness amongst Englishmen everywhere when in the first days of June the news came that peace with our Boer foes had actually been signed, and that the Boer leaders, having abandoned their claim to independence, were showing a genuine desire to co-operate with the British generals in bringing about popular reconciliation with the new state of things.

The war at last is over! The Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State, in such constitutional fashion as the circumstances rendered possible, have fully admitted their conquest by the superior power of the British Empire—of which Empire they will henceforward form a part. Con-

vinced of the uselessness of further resistance, and anxious to prevent further sacrifice of life, the Boer commanders strongly advised the burghers of the two States still left in the field to yield fully on the essential question of independence, and for the rest to make the best terms they could with the victors. The terms granted by Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener were wise and generous; they were approved by the Home Government, and upon these terms the whole of the Boer forces have surrendered, and have fully accepted for themselves and for the two States the sovereignty of His Majesty King Edward VII.

No wonder that Englishmen rejoiced. Neither the British Government nor people have ever had the slightest wish to humiliate their gallant foes. Before the war, and during the war, there was, indeed, the most lamentable misunderstanding on each side of the ends and objects of the other. Ever since the demonstrations at Johannesburg, on the occasion of Sir Henry Loch's visit, and much more since the Jameson Raid, planned by Mr. Rhodes, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, it became almost impossible to disabuse the minds of the Boers of the notion that the conquest of their country was a supreme end of British policy. And Boer fears were kept alive by the constant reiteration by irresponsible persons of an English intention 'to paint the map red.' On the other side it was not till the war began that the mass of Englishmen discovered that the quarrel, instead of being a mere dispute with President Kruger and a corrupt gang of officials in Pretoria, whom at the worst a few weeks' fighting would overthrow, was one which raised, as truly as any struggle known to history, the national spirit of an independent and freedom-loving people. Whether from the beginning the British meant to conquer the Boers, or the Boers, aided by a grand Dutch conspiracy in Cape Colony, meant to conquer the British in South Africa, history will some day decide. Hitherto the question has been debated mainly by advocates who regard it as a patriotic duty to dismiss or disbelieve any evidence that tells against their own preconceptions!

There have been two views as to whether a better understanding by Englishmen in recent years of the South African problem might not have saved South Africa from the terrible calamity of racial war and the intensity of racial bitterness that it must leave behind it; but there has, for practical purposes, been only one view as to what the necessities of the case imperatively demanded after once the struggle

between the British Empire and the Dutch Republics had begun. Ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred became convinced that the safety of their South African dominions could not be ensured by anything less than the annexation of the two Republics. The policy of distinct national sovereignties had been tried, and had failed. The circumstances of the British colonies in South Africa were peculiar. And those who argued that because peace, after war between European nations, is usually re-established by adjustments, not by the extinction of the defeated nation, a similar course might be pursued in Africa, were really shutting their eyes to the main conditions of the case with which they had to deal. There never was a moment, from the battle of Talana to the final surrender on Lord Kitchener's terms, when a British Ministry would have been justified in making peace without establishing British sovereignty over the whole of South Africa. The temper of the people made such a policy impossible; and, for our part, we think the popular instinct was right.

The Union Jack now waves over South Africa. British sovereignty is supreme, and is undisputed. After very heavy trials and great sacrifices, and risks greater than the public has ever realised, the fixed purpose of the nation has prevailed. The Ministry has spared no effort and shrunk from no expenditure which the attainment of the national purpose required. From the beginning to the end there has not been even the shadow of vacillation on the part of the Government; and the enormous supplies it has had to ask from Parliament have been voted by immense majorities of the House of Commons. It is true that occasionally the Government, by its own acts or the acts of its agents, has laid itself open to deserved criticism and unfavourable comment—which officialism and ultra-political partisanship have, as usual in time of war, endeavoured to represent as the mere cavilling of those who were the friends of the nation's enemies. Criticism has, however (also as usual), done good. Exposure has brought remedy. And British methods of free speech and open comment upon the conduct of affairs by our public men have once more vindicated themselves as the best means, on the whole, of our reaching a satisfactory result.

It was not possible that the war should change all the conditions of the South African problem. Short-sighted men three years ago assured us that the vindication of British prestige by defeating in the field the armed burghers

of the Transvaal would make an end for ever of every difficulty, and would at once enable our South African dominions to start upon that course of prosperous self-government to which our other great colonies have accustomed us. As a matter of fact, South Africa was not suffering from a disease which *could* be entirely cut out of the body politic by the sword. By arms Great Britain has vindicated her authority throughout South Africa. Two new States have been added to her dominions. But the real danger to Great Britain in South Africa did not consist in the power of the Dutch Republics, as separate States, so much as in the possibility that the determined hostility to the British of a few fanatical or self-interested politicians, working upon the national suspicions and fears of the burghers of the Transvaal, would become the predominant sentiment of the South African Dutch. Lord Milner has told us—indeed, many circumstances clearly established the fact—that three years ago the immense majority of the Dutch of Cape Colony were perfectly loyal to the British Crown and flag. Englishmen and Dutchmen were able to work together, and the notion that Cape Colony could not be trusted with constitutional government would have been dismissed as too absurd to deserve serious consideration. When war with the Transvaal seemed to be approaching, the suggestion that even at the best racial war would be but a bad foundation on which to build up constitutional government was scouted. Nay, even after the war had begun, Sir Alfred Milner in various proclamations assured the people of Cape Colony that their constitutional privileges were perfectly safe, and though necessity had compelled the proclamation of martial law in certain districts, he implored our Dutch fellow-subjects to disbelieve ‘the falsehoods’ spread by our enemies that when the war was over they would be deprived of the political rights they had previously enjoyed.\*

It is really astonishing how little throughout all these troubles men have foreseen what, on looking back, appear to have been the inevitable consequences of each step as it was taken. It was anticipated in quarters that at least ought to have been well informed that the break up of the Bloemfontein Conference, the despatch of troops to South Africa, and the calling out of the reserves would induce

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\* ‘Correspondence relating to affairs in South Africa,’ presented to Parliament, January 1900.

the Boers of the Transvaal to surrender everything that was asked, in all probability without striking a blow. It was not believed that the Orange Free State would throw in its lot with the Transvaal; and, when it did so, we were assured that that would greatly facilitate our military operations. It was not anticipated that the Constitution of Cape Colony would have to be disregarded or abrogated and martial law established over the whole of South Africa. Nor when these steps became necessary was it realised that they must inevitably be followed by sentiments the very reverse of those which we wished to encourage amongst men of Dutch blood towards government under the British flag. To us it appears that we have not yet reached the end of a period of continued disappointment due to the determination to believe what we wish rather than what the facts render in the highest degree probable.

The dominating fact of the South African situation is of course unchanged—the fact of the existence side by side of the British, the Dutch, and the black populations. Amongst people of European blood the Dutch predominate to an enormous extent outside a few of the principal towns. The country is, in fact, Dutch in blood, in speech, in sympathy. So far as we can see, there is practically no more prospect of anglicising the population of the boundless rural regions of Cape Colony than there is of anglicising the French of Lower Canada. Dutch they are, and for generations to come Dutch they will remain. There is only one thing to be done, and that is a very difficult thing, and will require time—viz. to win their good will. The war, however convinced Englishmen may be of its necessity, could not but intensify racial animosity, and thereby increase the essential difficulty of the South African problem. During the last three years military considerations have necessarily been more important than anything else, but they should not make us forget that the ultimate problem is not a military one, but one which must be faced by statesmen. This being undoubtedly the case, it is not a little curious that it has been a soldier who has not only most keenly appreciated the necessity of bringing British and Dutch into relations of friendship, but who has been most successful in calling out, surely under adverse conditions, a sentiment of positive good will from his former foes. Men with such gifts as Lord Kitchener are unfortunately rare. With him, and under him, it might even be possible for those who have recently led against us their

armies in the field to labour for the reconstruction of a system of law and local freedom for what is now our common country—a system which can never be really established unless men of Dutch as well as of English sympathies assist the good work both in Cape Colony and our new provinces. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the bearing towards each other, after the peace, of the British and Boer fighting men who had just been engaged in deadly conflict. The feeling at once sprang up of mutual respect between those who had had a severe and honourable conflict and had fairly fought it out. Reproaches and recriminations, of which there had been too many in the past, were forgotten, and the combatants agreed with mutual heartiness to shake hands in good faith as friends.

Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener were far too wise to countenance the foolish view that British prestige required from the Boers in the field an unconditional surrender. In March 1901 they and Mr. Chamberlain had shown that they were ready and willing to make conditions so long as the question of sovereignty was placed beyond dispute. Inconsiderate and unfortunate speeches were made on this subject which certainly did nothing to bring peace nearer, since they tended to obscure the intentions which the Colonial Secretary had throughout professed and ultimately carried out. The conditions finally accepted were, as we have said, generous, as, indeed, were those (substantially the same) offered a year and a half ago. The terms finally accepted by the Boers were, in regard to pecuniary assistance, more liberal to them than those offered in 1901.

By the agreement between Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner, on behalf of the British, and Messrs. Steyn, De Wet, Reitz, Louis Botha, Delarey, and other leaders of the Boers on the part of the two Republics, the Boers in the field were to lay down their arms and acknowledge King Edward VII. Burghers in the field outside the Transvaal and Orange Colony, and prisoners of war, on accepting the position of British subjects, were to be returned to their homes as free men so soon as transport could be provided and their subsistence insured. Dutch was to be taught in the schools when the parents wished it, and used in the law courts when required for the better administration of justice. Rifles would be allowed, under licence, to those requiring them for their protection. Military administration in the two new colonies 'would at the earliest possible date be 'succeeded by civil government, and as soon as circum-

‘stances permitted representative institutions, leading up to ‘self-government, would be introduced.’ Measures were to be taken to restore the people to their homes, and the Government was to provide 3,000,000*l.*, and further to grant loans free of interest for two years, and subsequently at 3 per cent., in order to assist those who, owing to war losses, are unable to start themselves in their normal occupations. It was further arranged, though not mentioned in the agreement with the Boer leaders, that Cape Colony rebels of the rank and file, on pleading guilty, should be disfranchised for life, and that rebels of higher grade should be triable in the Colony for high treason, but that in no case should the penalty of death be inflicted.

If peace was to be re-established on the basis of annexation, it is difficult to see how more favourable conditions could have been granted to our new fellow-subjects. It is a terrible thing for a high-spirited and freedom-loving people to surrender a national independence for which they have fought for years and for which so many of their countrymen had ungrudgingly laid down their lives. Lord Kitchener evidently appreciated this; and his chivalrous and statesmanlike manner of treating his vanquished foes did fully as much as the conditions of the agreement itself to raise sentiments of friendship and good will amongst the Boer soldiers. The British Commander-in-Chief, it is clear, had never regarded Boer resistance to conquest as the action of brigands, but rather that of patriotic and brave men; and he complimented them on the courageous way in which they had done their duty. ‘There was no disgrace,’ he said, ‘in being defeated by an overwhelming force. If he had been one of them he would be proud to do as they had done. He welcomed them as citizens of a great Empire, and hoped they would do their duty to it and their Sovereign as loyally as they had done it to the old State.’\*

So much for the war and the immediate future of the new colonies. But what is to be done with regard to the present situation in Cape Colony, the most important part of our old South African dominion? Natal, it is generally assumed, will still be enabled to carry on its constitutional system, but the conditions there are, of course, very different from those of the Cape. In the latter colony every course is beset with great difficulties which are not to be wholly disposed of by the invocation of constitutional maxims on the

\* Lord Kitchener at Vereeniging.—*Times*, June 5, 1902.

one side, or the recourse to methods of absolutism on the other. As always it is as well to begin with the recognition of facts. At the present moment, and for a long time past, constitutional government in the Cape has been in abeyance. There is there, as we all know, created and sanctioned by the supreme Parliament at Westminster, a constitutional parliamentary system. The legislation of the supreme and of the local Parliament has alike been set at naught, and is being set at naught every day. The country is governed *in fact* by agents in Africa of the Executive Government at home in accordance with the instructions sent out to them from home, and this rule is supported by an army of occupation, also, of course, entirely at the orders of the Home Government. Constitutionally, nothing can be more abnormal than the existing situation. Here are the most solemn statutes of the realm, passed by the Imperial and the local Parliaments, suspended by the mere will of the British Cabinet. No request has been made to either Parliament to repeal or suspend the laws that it has passed. As yet neither Parliament has been approached to indemnify those who, for the public good, have broken the law. There is, it is true, still something of the paraphernalia of constitutional government left in Cape Colony. But a parliamentary system without a Parliament is a conception not to be grasped by the constitutional mind; and men, if they are honest to themselves, must recognise clearly that in sober truth and fact there is no constitutionalism whatever in the present state of things. Cape Colony, then, is at the present time governed absolutely according to the discretion of the Colonial Office and the Cabinet in London, advised by its agents on the spot. The Prime Minister of the Colony also advises the Governor and the Home Government who may or may not follow his advice. But in the absence of a Colonial Parliament there is no authority in South Africa to whom the local ministry is responsible. The Colonial Office and the War Office, like all other departments of the Home Government, are, of necessity, responsible to the Parliament at Westminster, and it is in that Parliament alone that the policy pursued and the acts done in Cape Colony by departmental authority can be constitutionally questioned. Responsibility to the Home Parliament is all that remains to protect British subjects in South Africa against the wrongful or excessive exercise of power by the civil or military officials. This is not a state of things that any Englishman can wish to exist for an hour longer than is absolutely necessary.

The suspension of the law, and consequently of the liberties of British subjects, in South Africa can only be defended by reason of the necessities of the case. It is in itself no more legal or constitutional for the supreme Executive of the United Kingdom to suspend an Act of Parliament in Cape Colony than in Kent. Lord Kitchener in a recent speech at Capetown has claimed that martial law, which really means the suspension of all law, and the substitution of government at the sole will and discretion of military commanders, was required for the salvation of the colony and for the protection of law-abiding men. In this he seems to us, so far as we can judge the condition of affairs, to have been right. For their illegal or extra legal action the Governors, military authorities, and others who brought about or carried out the system of martial law may be made ultimately accountable unless, their conduct having been *bona fide* and for the best, an Act of Indemnity is passed by the Legislature for their protection. It is obvious that such a condition of no law should exist as short a time as possible. Indeed, hitherto, it has always been supposed that the co-existence under the British flag of martial law and peace was an absolute impossibility. In any case it will be granted on all hands that the exercise of powers so absolute requires to be most carefully watched. Even whilst the war lasted British subjects in Cape Colony had their rights, which ought to have been respected whenever the supreme interests of the State rendered it possible to respect them.

A singular instance of the refusal by the military authorities in Cape Colony to respect the ordinary liberties of a British subject occurred when an Englishman in Capetown—Mr. Cartwright—who had undergone a long term of imprisonment for libelling the conduct of British troops, was prevented after his discharge from returning to England. He had been duly tried and convicted by judge and jury in Capetown, before the establishment of martial law. His arbitrary detention was very properly brought to the notice of the House of Commons, and the representative of the War Office justified the detention on the ground that the military authorities thought that Mr. Cartwright sympathised with the Boers, and that there were too many of that way of thinking already in England! This grotesque reply was hardly mended by the subsequent explanation of the Secretary of State that it was intended, before letting Mr. Cartwright sail for England, to obtain pledges from him as to his behaviour in England. Of course the conduct of

Englishmen in England is regulated by *law*, which is here, at all events, quite strong enough to protect the safety of the State, and no English Court would have attached the slightest importance to such an undertaking as was suggested. The mistake that had been committed—indeed, its utter absurdity, if such a word can be applied to an invasion by supreme power of the rights of the citizen—was exposed and sharply criticised on both sides of the House of Commons, the debate affording a useful and much-needed reminder that military power, however absolute, should be exercised with discretion, and that to Parliament it belonged in the last resort to guard the liberties of British citizens.

So far as regards Cape Colony, *if* it is really impossible, with due regard to its safety and internal peace, to summon the Legislature, we seem to have arrived at an *impasse*. Admittedly the non-summoning of Parliament is a continuing breach of the law. Admittedly an Act of Indemnity must be passed to protect those who have honestly acted for the best, though contrary to or in excess of law, during recent troubles. But the only authority in South Africa that can legalise the present position of affairs or pass an Act of Indemnity is the Cape Parliament! What, then, is to be done?

In constitutional theory the authority of the Parliament at Westminster has always remained and still remains unimpaired over Cape Colony. The rights of its local Legislature, and the whole parliamentary system of the colony, are dependent upon Acts of the Home Parliament, and one Parliament at Westminster can repeal or modify that which a previous Parliament has enacted. It would, of course, be impolitic in the highest degree in anything like normal conditions for the Home Parliament which had once established a local parliamentary constitution to re-enter into possession (so to speak), and to attempt to resume in practice the direct legislative authority which it hoped it had delegated once for all to a local Parliament. But we must remember that the whole situation in South Africa is utterly abnormal, and we must keep our eyes on the actual facts of the situation. There is, as a matter of fact, no constitutional authority left in Cape Colony with power at its back; the Colonial Office and the War Office in London are supreme. These departments are instruments of the joint will of the Cabinet, which, again, is of necessity entirely dependent upon the support of Parliament. The sheer force of circumstances

has brought back Cape Colony under the direct authority of Parliament—a curious conclusion to have reached when we call to mind that the war arose out of the denial of local franchises to Englishmen in the Transvaal.

Is it *possible*, without in all probability rendering more remote than ever the return of Cape Colony to peaceful constitutionalism, at once to revive the Constitution? Free elections, freedom of the Press, free debating, either upon the platform or in Parliament itself, cannot, it is certain, exist whilst martial law prevails. It would, of course, be the cue of the one party to describe its political opponents as disloyal, and to call in the military authority to imprison its antagonists as persons disaffected and dangerous to the State. As in Mr. Cartwright's case, the sentiment that there were too many pro-Boers at liberty already would be held by excited men to justify the most flagrant interference with civil rights. If we are to return at all to constitutional ways, the first thing to do is to get rid of martial law. Very probably before this is done it may be desirable to provide strong and trustworthy tribunals, in which Dutchmen and Englishmen may feel equal confidence. But this means an alteration of the law, and here we find ourselves in the old *impasse*. There is, we repeat, in Cape Colony, unless the Colonial Parliament assembles, no authority competent to change the law; yet without some changes in the law the Constitution can hardly at once be re-established in working order. Is it safe *at once* to re-establish the old Constitution just as it was, and to hand the Colony over to local parliamentary government and embittered party strife?

With these formidable questions our statesmen are now face to face. The war, and the rebellion of many thousand British subjects, and the racial antagonism that the war has created or intensified, are great facts which cannot be ignored. We must do the best we can in circumstances of the greatest difficulty to bring into working order a satisfactory system, ultimately developing into complete self governing institutions upon the usual British lines. It *may be impossible*, as great authorities tell us it is, to revive at once precisely the old state of things, as if nothing had been changed by the events of the last three years.

To what, then, does all this tend? In the first instance, surely, to action from home. To revive the Constitution of Cape Colony, means the ending of martial law, and the reassembling of the Colonial Parliament. These things can be brought about only by will of the 'Sovereign de

'facto' who governs the Cape—the Supreme Executive. To suspend the Constitution of Cape Colony, a phrase in everyone's mouth, means the substitution for the time being of a new system, which, of course, must have the authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. To invite Parliament to legislate directly for Cape Colony further involves the making of Parliament fully acquainted with the existing situation in that colony. Now, with a military censorship in force in South Africa, with the suppression of free speech and public meetings, Parliament has not as yet before it evidence upon which it can safely act in a matter of such extreme importance. An impartial and thorough inquiry into the existing state of things in Cape Colony should surely be undertaken, and reports laid before Parliament to enable it to act with knowledge and deliberation. This, it is true, will take time, but it is by no means certain that the lapse of a few months after the cessation of hostilities before the resumption of regular civil government would not be beneficial rather than the reverse.

It is unfortunately the case that those who should be best acquainted with the condition of Cape Colony take diametrically different views of the policy which should be pursued. Lord Milner, in a letter written for publication, commenting upon a petition to Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Cape Colony, from forty-five members \* of the Colonial Legislature, praying for a temporary suspension of the Constitution, uses very decided language.

'I entirely sympathise,' he writes, 'with the desire to preserve the Colony from the disastrous consequences which are likely to result from the resumption of Parliamentary and party strife before the bitter passions excited by the war have had even a little time to subside.' And he goes on at some length to declare that this view is 'no defection from the principle of responsible government. Local independence is the essence of our Imperial system, and so far from wishing to depart from it in this country, we all, I believe, hope to see it extended in the not distant future to the whole of South Africa. But it may well be that an interregnum of non-Parliamentary Government in the Cape Colony will not prevent, but promote, a return to the normal working of the constitutional system, and preserve that system from the complete breakdown with which a repetition of the events of the summer and autumn of 1900 would undoubtedly threaten it. As a matter of fact an interregnum of a sort already exists. For some time past the administration has of necessity been carried on without

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\* Three of these subsequently withdrew their names.

Parliamentary authority. No sensible or loyal man will blame the present Government for that. On the contrary, they deserve the gratitude of the community for not having shrunk from the responsibility forced upon them by the circumstances of the time, and for having preferred to run a personal risk, to plunging the country into anarchy. . . . It does not follow that an interim Colonial Government, because it was not based on popular election, would therefore not be representative. On the contrary, it would be the interest as well as the duty of the Imperial Government to make it so, just as it would be its interest and its duty to see fair play between the various Colonies in any federal arrangement.'

At a great meeting at Port Elizabeth on June 22, at which Dr. Smartt and other members of the Cape Parliament were present, little was said about a short interregnum, whilst it was urged that it would be criminal and cruel folly to allow the Parliament to meet 'for some years to come.' Dr. Smartt, who has left Sir J. Gordon Sprigg's Ministry on this question, seemed to think the Imperial Government would be very unwilling to take the responsibility of putting an end to the Parliamentary Constitution of the Colony. Many of the Dutch better classes, he said, desired this, Lord Milner wanted it, and 'it might be necessary to appeal for aid to the British people in England and in the other colonies to compel the British Government to take a responsibility which the circumstances of the case urgently demanded.' On the same day an equally unanimous meeting at Queenstown, addressed by Mr. Douglas, a member of the Ministry, came to an absolutely contrary conclusion, declaring its entire disapproval of the proposed suspension of parliamentary government.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, the Prime Minister of the Cape, now in England, and Mr. Graham, acting Prime Minister in his absence, are convinced that the suspension of the Constitution would have the most disastrous consequences, and large and enthusiastic public meetings have endorsed their views. In the interest both of English and Dutch they insist that the Parliamentary Constitution must be preserved.

'It is said \* that two per cent. of the whites of the Colony are rebels; and because a handful of the scum have gone into rebellion, is the Colony to be branded with the stigma of rebellion? If every Dutchman in the Colony were branded as a rebel we should store for ourselves a heritage of woe, and if the Constitution were suspended the Dutchmen would certainly think they were so branded.'

Mr. Graham's speech, 'Times,' June 18, 1902.

In solemn language Mr. Graham warned England and the Home Government on the dangers of the course recommended by Lord Milner and Dr. Smartt.

These divergent opinions, vehemently held by men of undoubted loyalty, make it incumbent on the Imperial Government to proceed with great caution before coming to Parliament with proposals to legalise an entirely anomalous position in South Africa. It will be most unfortunate if the internal affairs of South Africa are made the shuttlecock of political parties at home; and means might perhaps be found to avert this most undesirable result. A very great deal will turn upon the wisdom and tact of those who govern the Colony. Even should it be found on trial impossible to revert at once to full parliamentary institutions, steps must be taken to show that the Imperial Government means Dutchmen as well as Englishmen to have their share in governing the country. Men of Dutch blood and of Dutch sympathies are amongst the ablest and fittest men in the Colony for the work that has to be done; and it is of the greatest importance for the future loyalty and prosperity of the Colony that we should avail ourselves of their assistance.

The Government has now decided against the suspension of the Constitution of the Cape, until at least 'incontrovertible proof should be produced either that the continuance of the existing Constitution is a positive danger to the peace of the Colony and to the interests of the Empire, or that the great majority of the white population desire a complete transfer of authority to the Imperial Government, a desire which might be expressed in constitutional form by a resolution of the Cape Parliament.'\*

This decision is in every way satisfactory. Mr. Chamberlain's despatch to the Governor of the Cape indicates his belief that now the war is over Englishmen and Dutchmen will show themselves wise enough and patriotic enough to do their best to bury the past and to work together for the common good. The Government is absolutely in the right in its desire to put, if possible, the responsibility for affairs in Cape Colony upon the people of the Colony. Dr. Smartt's curious speech is too much like an attempt to force the hands of the Ministry at home, and shows moreover little understanding of popular sentiment in Great Britain or in her

\* See Despatch of Mr. Chamberlain, July 2, 1902, Parliamentary Papers, Cape Colony. [Cd. 1162.]

self-governing colonies. As Mr. Chamberlain in his admirable despatch points out, the formal suspension of the Constitution is beyond the power of Ministers of the Crown. If it is to be done at all, it must be done by Act of the Imperial Parliament. It may, however, well be that the aid of that Parliament will yet have to be invoked. It is impossible to see far into the future; but at present there is strong reason to hope that the Cape Parliament will show itself equal to the occasion, and that the free Constitution of the Colony, with its equal laws and privileges for all white men, though it has been suspended by force of circumstances during the stress of war and rebellion, will revive with a condition of settled peace, and find support amongst the great majority of sensible men of both races.

It was of the utmost importance at the present juncture to assure the European population of South Africa that his Majesty's Government was firm in the determination, again and again expressed, to preserve to them the privileges of self-government. In these days it is hardly conceivable that any British Ministry would *wish* to reserve to itself and the Home Parliament the duty of governing a distant and populous European colony, and we may be quite sure that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are genuinely anxious, in the interest both of Mother-country and Colony, that the Cape should govern itself.

The Peace has come; and with the peace new problems for solution, which it is certain will tax the wisdom and patience of Colonial and English statesmen for many a long year. The Home Government is working on sound principles, and if its efforts are well seconded in the Colony, the return of prosperity and concord to the South African population, which has suffered so much during the last three years, will not be long delayed.





